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THE BATTLES ABOUT ATLANTA.

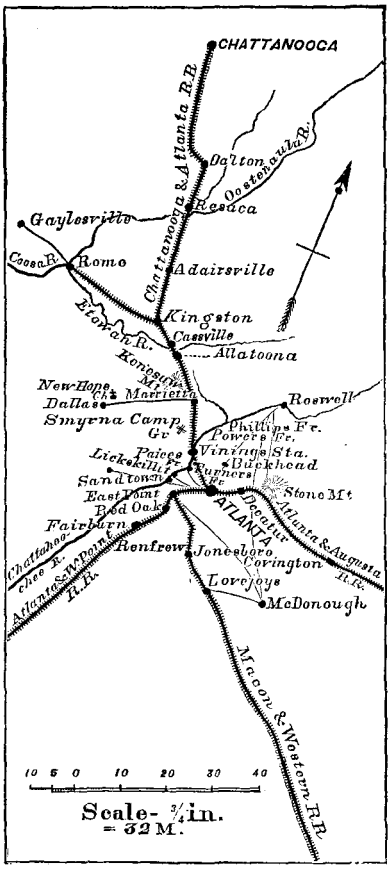
I.

I. THE AFFAIR OF SYMRNA CAMP-GROUND.

IT is difficult to answer the question often asked, "When did the battle of Atlanta begin?"

One could commence an account very properly with Sherman's spring campaign of 1864, starting with the movements about the first of May; but it is better, perhaps, to skip the battles and combats for sixty days — which include Dalton, Resaca, Adairsville, Kingston, Cassville, Dallas, New Hope Church, Pickett's Mill, Muddy Creek, Pine Top, and Kenesaw Mountain, wherein we burrowed and flanked, and flanked and burrowed in front of the retreating Johnston till he was ready to cross the Chattahoochee, six miles from Atlanta — and come at once to the several actions which more immediately resulted in driving Johnston's successor, the famous Hood, from the stronghold of Atlanta.

Pursuing the latter course we take the reader to a place called Smyrna Camp-Ground, some six or seven miles above the Atlanta crossing of the Chattahoochee. It was a bright morning, the 4th of July, one year from the close of the battle of Gettysburg, and the anniversary of Pemberton's surrender of Vicksburg.



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(Many of the participators in these battles were standing there side by side.) Generals Sherman and Thomas had encamped with their head-quarters in rear of the fourth corps, which I was at the time commanding. I had stepped over to the front of General Thomas's tent, and met himself, General Sherman, and several other officers. I was not yet sure just how we were to celebrate the day. Sherman and Thomas seemed to have been having a discussion concerning the situation of affairs. On my arrival the former, turning to me, said, "Howard, what are you waiting for? Why don't you go ahead?"

I replied, "The enemy is strongly intrenched yonder in the edge of the thick wood; we have come upon his skirmish-line."

"Oh, nonsense, Howard; he is laughing at you. You ought to move straight ahead. Johnston's main force must be across the river."

To this I answered, "You shall see, general." Immediately I directed General Stanley, who commanded a division and was present, to double his skirmishers and move briskly forward, with a view to develop the enemy's force, and with instructions to assault and carry the skirmish-line of the enemy. The enemy's outer line, sometimes denominated skirmish and sometimes picket line, was unusually strong, having short, deep trenches, with twenty or more men in each, distributed along the front in places not more than twenty or thirty yards asunder. There was an open grove of shade-trees near us, but between this grove and the enemy's position lay quite a large open field. Generals Wood and Newton, commanding the other divisions of my corps, were ordered to move their skirmishers in conjunction with Stanley and on his right and left. All was in readiness by eleven A. M.

General Sherman, with an amused and doubtful expression of countenance, repaired with me to the shade-trees. Quickly, at a signal, the men sprang up and crossed that open field at a run. Instantly the hitherto silent Confederates opened their batteries and musketry along the concealed lines, but our men were too quick, and the skirmish trenches were captured and many prisoners taken in them; first on Stanley's front, then on Newton's, and then on Wood's. Our main forces moved up and held the position gained, within short musket-range. This kind of work had been the share of the fourth corps in many an encounter during the past two months, that is, to seize the enemy's skirmish-lines, extend the rifle-pits, put the batteries under cover at night on or near the line, and then to keep blazing away, actually for the purpose of holding a strong hostile body of men in front of us, thus facilitating Sherman's flanking operations.

The cannonade in this action was perfectly furious for a time; and the worst, most exposed place on our front was our grove of shade-trees. The general said, as the shot and shell crashed through the trees, that he was satisfied; so then we speedily moved to a safer place of observation.

Those hidden trenches in our front were a kind of outpost to Johnston's main works, which covered the Atlanta bridge. Referring to the latter, General Sherman remarks in his Memoirs: "I confess I had not learned beforehand of the existence of this strong place, in the nature of a *tête-du-pont*, and had counted on striking him [Johnston] an effectual blow in the expected confusion of his crossing the Chattahoochee, a broad and deep river then to his rear." While General Thomas with the fourth, fourteenth, and twentieth corps was pushing square against these most formidable works, which had been previously constructed by a large force of slaves, General Schofield, with the army of the Ohio, was on his right, and General McPherson, with the army of the Tennessee, was still further beyond and below, opposite Turner's Ferry. Our lines were also extended in that direction for miles by the cavalry of General Stoneman. Garrard, with a division of cavalry, had been sent northward to cross the Chattahoochee at Roswell's factory. Our antagonist perceived that both his flanks were virtually turned, and though

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he could still occupy his magnificent bridge-head and outworks, and make a strong fight against any direct attack, he knew this would be useless, for it would endanger his depots and lines of communication. At last he would have to leave them. My field notes of the 5th say concerning the force in *my* front: "During the night the enemy again retreated." We pressed hard upon his rear guard the next morning, and followed it as far as Vining Station and Paice's Ferry near that point. This was the place where my chief of staff, Colonel Frank T. Sherman, to his great chagrin, was captured. While reconnoitring he had passed through a gap between my corps and the next on my right, not being aware of the exposure till startled by the enemy's call upon him to surrender. It was said that for some time the rumor was current in the Confederate camp that our commander-in-chief had been captured. Colonel Sherman, a prompt, bright, hearty man, had been of great assistance to me, and I missed his aid and companionship very much during my remaining connection with the fourth corps. One is never quite reconciled to loss by a capture that could so easily have been prevented.

II. PEACHTREE CREEK: PRELIMINARIES: BATTLE.

It is a little hard to cross a broad river without bridges and with a swift current at any time, but of course very difficult with an enterprising enemy on the adverse bank. General Schofield was moved up to the neighborhood of Power's Ferry, and I followed in support, sending one division, Newton's, with Garrard's cavalry, to secure the crossing at Roswell's. The remainder of the army made demonstrations and trials of crossing at Paice's Ferry, pressed against Johnston's bridge-head, or were put in motion below the Atlanta bridge. The plan, apparently otherwise to Johnston, really was to move the left of the army over first. There was little or no trouble at Roswell's, and none where *we* were, at Power's. As soon as the upper force was well over the river, it moved southward in support of the troops who were next to cross. I sent General T. J. Wood with his division, on the 17th of the month, to sweep along the eastern bank and uncover Paice's Ferry, so that a bridge might be put across at that point. General Wood always delighted in duty, and enjoyed being trusted with anything that would try his skill or enterprise. Wood's movement was an important and a delicate one. This was owing to the rugged nature of the country, the want of roads, and the proximity of the enemy's masses to Paice's Ferry. It was satisfactorily executed, and without bringing on an engagement. McPherson now, moving from our right to the left, crossed his main force at Roswell's; Schofield, at the mouth of Soap Creek, above Power's Ferry; and Thomas, at Power's and Paice's ferries. It was on the night of the 16th that Johnston withdrew his last troops from his bridge-head to Atlanta. Therefore our forward movement began in good earnest on the 17th, and continued during the 18th and 19th. Sherman calls this march "a general right wheel" toward Atlanta. Of course, belonging to Thomas's command, I moved near the centre, that is, along the Buckhead and Atlanta road, encountering the usual cavalry opposition, road obstructions, and burning of creek bridges. The 18th of July, the day that Joe Johnston was relieved from the command of the Confederates, my column reached Buckhead. The next day, by getting an early start, we had struck the crossing of Peachtree Creek (a stream that has now become of historic importance) before seven A. M., and found some sort of works, logs and trenches, on the other side, with an enemy behind them. Wood's division touched the creek on the Buckhead road, Stanley's on the Decatur, and Newton's between the two. General Thomas now ordered me to cross this creek. Wood, by my direction, crossed, turned the small bridge-head, put the enemy to flight, and held the other bank, supported by Newton. Stanley repaired a bridge which he had partially

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saved from the flames, and secured his crossing in the usual way, that is, by temporary barricades and embankments constructed a hundred yards in advance of the bridge. All these operations required severe skirmishing; but they are reckoned the preliminaries of a battle.

As there appeared to be some conflict in my orders received during the night, I visited General Thomas's head-quarters at daylight of the 20th. The general then instructed me to push one division forward on the direct Atlanta road, and to move the other two off to the left to the support of General Schofield's right flank. These instructions, which came from Sherman, now moving in person with Schofield, indicated to us his belief that Hood would give battle to his (Sherman's) left. In fact, the obstinacy of the cavalry in our front and the skirmish and outpost resistance in this quarter were of the sort to lead to such a surmise. Moreover, it would seem Hood's natural plan to assail the left with vigor in order to save his communications toward Augusta and Savannah, which were already half in McPherson's possession. I chose Newton's division for the direct road and work, and the other two, Stanley's and Wood's, for the movement to the left. After giving general instructions to General Newton, I was obliged to leave him to coöperate with Hooker's corps on his immediate right. If the exigencies of the day should require it, he was to go directly to General Thomas for more specific orders. I then accompanied the two divisions. Schofield was on a road a mile distant. As we moved in conjunction with his command, the gap was made wider. When we had reached the enemy in force in our front, there was a break in my line between Wood and Newton of at least two miles. McPherson, it will be remembered, was still further to the left, moving toward Stone Mountain.

Notice now, in brief recapitulation, the general position of Sherman's troops on the morning of the 20th of July, while moving and just before the battle. They were mostly on the south bank of Peachtree Creek, that is, for troops below the fork of that creek, and on the south bank of the south fork for troops above that point. Palmer's fourteenth corps, made up of Baird's, Davis's, and Johnson's divisions, were on the right (northwest of the town), near the Atlanta and Chattanooga railroad. Hooker's corps came next: Williams's, Geary's, and Ward's divisions in order. Then Newton's of my corps; then a gap of two miles; then Wood's and Stanley's. Schofield was next, and McPherson occupied the left, having already reached the Atlanta and Augusta railway. Our cavalry was just then on the extreme flanks, Garrard's division near McPherson, and the rest beyond the right of the general line.

I did not know till after the war that Joe Johnston, as he was familiarly called, had himself planned the attack, the account of which I am about to relate. I have said that Hood had been put into Johnston's place. It was done after Jeff Davis's well-known visit to Atlanta, and was without doubt an expression of his dissatisfaction with the constant retrograde movements of Johnston. The change took place on the 18th, two days before. Hood was well known to McPherson, Schofield, and myself, as we had been cadets with him at West Point. He always had a firm, resolute appearance, rather enjoyed a fight even while a cadet, and was not remarkable for flexibility of mind. He showed no indications of superior genius, but had an honest, manly way with him. Such recollections as these made us anticipate what occurred, that is, hard knocks often repeated as long as he had breath enough left in him to give them. General Sherman speaks of Schofield's estimate of Hood. I remember that he had mine also, but I am inclined to think that Sherman anticipated more wariness on Hood's part, and more manœuvring before battle, than the other generals did. Sherman was hardly ready for a general engagement at Peachtree Creek. Could Hood, like Johnston, have seen straight through hills, knolls, woods, and trackless wilds thickly set with underbrush, and have ascertained just how we were

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situated, he would have thrown a heavy column into the wide gap between Newton and Wood and put our right into a bad box, leaving the rest well outside of the box. Of course his success would not have been sure (nothing is sure in war), for our heavy left, consisting of two armies and part of another, might have swung around, still turning on Sherman's "general wheel," and thus cut off Hood from his moiety in the Atlanta works; so that while he was fighting Thomas desperately (for Thomas never gives up, he always fights desperately, as at the almost hopeless Chickamauga), the rest of us would have been manning the captured trenches at Atlanta. His success would not have been sure, because Thomas was indomitable and Sherman clear-headed and full of expedients, but the issue would have been more problematical.

Atlanta being a city of considerable size, no one is likely to have, before visiting it, a conception of the rough character of the approaches to it. There are no plains about it. The country is rolling and thickly wooded. The undergrowth is dense, with a few openings for cultivation. The creeks cut deep and run crooked. It is just the country to bring on a rough-and-tumble fight between hostile forces, where neither commander can anticipate precisely the place or the time of the conflict.

General John Newton, an engineer officer of mark, had always a vivid knowledge of the possible and probable approaches of an enemy near him, and could not well be surprised. Notwithstanding his orders to advance toward Atlanta, he did not start from the creek till his bridges were well built, nor till Ward of Hooker's corps had come in sight with his division, to occupy a ridge on the right and close at hand. About one o'clock Newton began his movement, skirmishers in front, to the top of a ridge. Enemy's skirmishers fall back without much resistance at first, but increase their fire and stubbornness as he advances, showing the presence of a large support behind them. Newton deploys two brigades to the right and left at right angles to the road, moves the third along the road in columns of fours for support, and places a battery of four guns between his two front brigades. This formation, in the shape of the letter T, proved a most fortunate one, as we shall see. Newton's men covered their front rapidly with rough rail barricades, loose soil being thrown over them.

Hood's or Johnston's plan of attack was substantially as follows: to concentrate his strongest column opposite our right flank; to make a lively demonstration in front of Schofield, that is, against our centre (where Sherman was in person); also to keep McPherson occupied, at least with cavalry; all except the attacking force to retire gracefully and seductively till Thomas should be moving into the prepared ground south of the Peachtree Creek; then to deliver battle against Thomas with suddenness and fury.

Hood's advance extended from and beyond Newton's left far over to the right, covering one brigade of Palmer, a distance, probably, of little more than a mile. The ground near Newton and Ward was quite open. Geary's right and Williams's left, beyond Ward in lower ground, were in thickets and woods. I suspect Hood's starting was simultaneous throughout his front, though Geary and Newton appear to have been first reached. Newton's men had hardly placed their piles of rails, and were still carrying fresh supplies while their comrades were covering those in place with earth from the inside, and a new line of skirmishers pushing out from them was creeping cautiously forward, when, of a sudden, the shrill Confederate cry from a host of voices pitched on the highest key rang along the whole front; a fearful yell, not easily described, but once heard never to be forgotten! On the enemies come, in masses rather than lines. They are close upon our men before they are seen. Our skirmishers fire and fall back, coming slowly within the rail piles. Every man gets ready at once. Our ranks are thin, theirs are thick, firm, and rapid. The three minutes before battle are the most trying to

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men situated as ours are, but they do not move. When all are in line and the battery ready between the brigades, Newton's words are given, repeated by his officers: "Commence firing. Fire steady and low." Instantly the furious rattle and booming begin. And fire draws fire. At first there is little apparent impression. The enemy keeps firing and advancing, with waving banners. Blake's and Kimball's brigades on the front are now hard at work. Our men are partially covered. Walker's Confederates confronting them are not. They fall rapidly; his lines begin to waver, his men hesitate and seek cover. At the same moment another Confederate division turns the flank in the big gap which I have mentioned, and starts for the bridges in Newton's rear. Bradley's brigade (Newton's reserve support) faces this new danger and pours in its fire. Newton has some eight or ten big guns in reserve, two good batteries, and what is more they are just where they are needed. Colonel Goodspeed, the artillery chief, sent them across the bridge on the main road, ready for action south of the creek. These, using canister, are leveled upon the enemy's flanking division, and as the swift Confederates advance toward the creek they are cut down like grain before the mowers. This battling is carried on under the eye of General Thomas, and probably by his immediate orders, for he is sure to be at the most threatened point at the right time. The enemy approach within one hundred yards of these guns, but no column of men can live to traverse the remaining distance. The hail and smoke increase, confusion begins in front, then a staggering, waving motion, then there is a general break for the rear, seen as the smoke is lifting; then for a time it is like the lull in a storm, firing almost ceasing on both sides. Later, one more attempt is made to turn this flank, but General Thomas has brought up an additional battery and so placed it as to break this advance more quickly than the previous one. Meanwhile Newton's right as well as his left, so great is the attacking force, is at first completely turned, causing his right brigade to change front toward the west; but quite promptly, just in the nick of time, Ward's division of the twentieth corps appears on the scene.

You have doubtless often stood on an irregular seashore where there are projecting points of land, rocks of different sizes, and inlets with abrupt banks. You have watched the incoming waters, wave following wave, breaking at the points, thrown into confusion at the rocks, and yet sweeping with inherent momentum within the inlet, to be thrown back by the inflexible banks. So shaped was General Hooker's front, and so like waves came on Hood's men, and so did they break against Newton and Geary in the outer front, while masses in ravines and intervals found inlets to surge into, till met and thrown back by Ward, Williams, and R. W. Johnson. All this chafing and surging that was not concealed by the forest and thickets and knolls, General Thomas could see from his post of observation near the creek.

Endeavoring to secure a closer cooperation, at two P. M. Ward's lines had reached the base of the ridge that Newton, as we have seen, was already fortifying. His (Ward's) skirmishers were already nearing the crest, when the same Confederate battle cry, fearful and shrill, was heard, and the enemy's regiments, with their glistening guns and restless flags, rolled out of the opposite wood, three or four hundred paces off. This time the brave skirmishers, instead of retiring and falling into their places behind the solid troops, held their ground by a brisk, rapid fire long enough for General Ward to unfold his lines and get well in motion forward. The brave Ward, fleshy and heavy as he always seemed at rest, now brightened into youthful activity. Following the impulse of a true soldier's instinct, he did not suffer his men to wait without cover, pale and sick at heart as men are apt to be at such a juncture, but put them at once into rapid motion, ascended the hill, absorbed his skirmishers as he went, and met the Confederate charge with a vigorous countercharge. An eye witness says, "So

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great was the momentum of this countercharge that several regiments became commingled, the rebels in such cases exhibiting the greatest disorder and submitting to capture without debate.'' At some points on Ward's front the enemy gave way at once and fled. At other points all on both sides went to firing anywhere, as men do when excited, delivering irregular volleys of musketry. Ward had no artillery in action here, yet the destruction of life was very great, and his own losses, as he had no cover, were heavy. He cleared his entire front within a half hour of the commencement of the attack. Upwards of one hundred and fifty wounded, three hundred prisoners, and many battle flags fell into his hands. The enemy's dead, as usual, he could only roughly estimate.

General Geary (a Marshal Ney in size, deportment, and vigor), always on hand for a battle and sure to be in some exposed position, was this memorable afternoon on a hill quite as far advanced as Newton, making arrangements to intrench his skirmishers. He probably intended to bring hither his main lines. While thus engaged, the cry of battle, already too well known to him, was heard. Part of his line had an open field in front, but his right was in a densely wooded ravine closely set with underbrush. There was still a gap in the woods between him and Williams. Geary's division, from right to left, was made up of three brigades, commanded by Colonels Jones, Ireland, and Candy; and one battery only was at hand. They had left the bridge-head near the creek, and were fortifying a new position considerably in advance — I should say, just beginning to fortify — when the blow came.

Without skirmishers, without previous warning, in masses with a quick, springy movement, the Confederates came upon Geary up there with his skirmishers. Of these, fifty per cent. of one regiment (all doing skirmish or picket duty), the thirty-third New Jersey, were instantly placed *hors du combat*. Geary passed quickly to his main infantry and battery force, where his left and centre brigade, by quick, low, and straight firing, held in check the fierce onset; but unfortunately his right brigade and part of Ireland's were confused by the woods and turned. They changed front as soon as they could, but being too late to hold on they were forced to fall back to the bridge-head of the morning. The contest in this front was not more furious than near Newton and Ward, but it was more evenly balanced than elsewhere. The trees and thickets afterward seemed to have been bruised and broken by some terrific tornado. This part of the fight, obstinate and sanguinary, was kept up till night, when the enemy slowly, reluctantly withdrew.

We have seen that Hood's troops passed Geary's flank. It was through a ravine between Geary and Williams. They then seem to have struck Robinson's brigade of Williams's division, even while he was in motion by the flank to connect with Geary. This brigade thus placed in the worst condition faced them, and received, to start with, a severe fire, yet wonderful to tell did not give way, but stood (those of course who were not wounded or slain) and returned the fire with increase. After a time Geary's regiment that had retired was brought up to help; recovering under Robinson's protection, they were sent, doubtless by General Hooker, to this support. Williams, the division commander, wide awake at the outset, at the first signal — Hood and his men ought to be thanked for their rallying cry, doubtless alarming to recruits, but a grand signal to veterans — immediately put into position abundant artillery, arranging it on his hill so as to get an oblique fire upon the enemy in the woods, in Robinson's and Geary's front. As the assault rolled along, like an oblique wave against the beach, it touched Williams's other two brigades, Knipes's and Ruger's, and even broke a little upon Anson McCook's, of General Palmer's corps. An officer present, speaking of the battle on this front, which could not have equaled the prolonged contest at other points, says: '' The awful picture of the battle as it raged at this moment, no pencil can paint or pen describe. . . .

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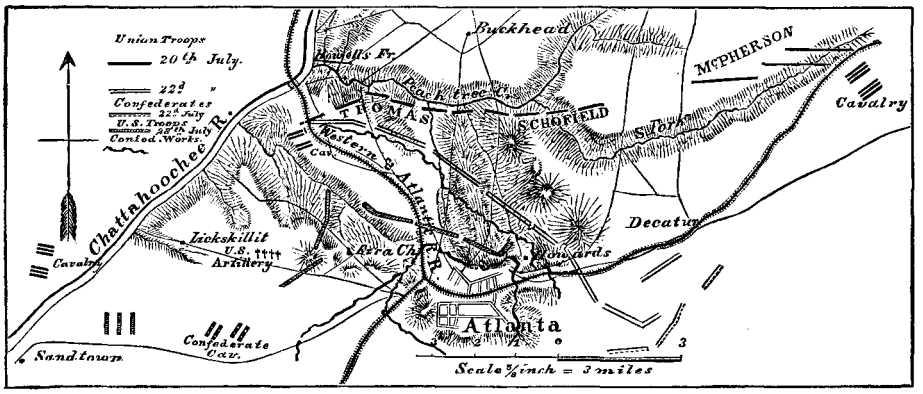
Wounded men were borne to the rear by scores, the blood streaming from their lacerated flesh, and presenting a sight which at any other time would sicken the heart with horror."

This was Hood's first battle. It was well planned, and as well put into execution as it could be; but the steady, fearless resolve of our veteran soldiers won the day against a spirited and well-sustained attack, so that at dark our troops were masters of the bloody field. Our entire loss was not far from two thousand men, and the enemy's loss estimated, from the five hundred or six hundred dead and the several hundred prisoners left in our hands, to be in the neighborhood of five thousand. Estimates vary from five to seven of the wounded to one of the killed, but I confess they are not very reliable at such times.

The main success to Sherman was that Hood's attack, the 20th June, 1864, had failed, and Peachtree Creek was to be inscribed hereafter on our victorious banners.



III. BATTLE OF THE TWENTY-SECOND OF JULY.

There are so many elements to deal with, namely, three small armies and two columns of cavalry, making altogether eight army corps or twenty-four divisions, each constituting a major-general's command, all operating simultaneously, that it becomes difficult to give a clear account and yet condense within reasonable limits.

On the 20th, Garrard's cavalry had been relieved from its watch on our left flank, and had gone, by General Sherman's orders, to burn some bridges and destroy the track and material along the Augusta railroad as far away as Covington. Stoneman, with the remaining cavalry, had not yet replaced Garrard. He was really needed where he was, to protect our line of communications against the enemy's enterprising raiders. For it may be remembered that what we call "raiding" had become about this period of the war a very popular method of petty annoyance to opponents, certainly bothersome and irritating to generals who had nerves. Railroad tracks broken; cars thrown off in transit; small bridges burned; trees, logs, and stones cast into the way; beef-cattle caught and driven off; everything at unexpected times and places, — all these things were chargeable to raiding.

Hood had abandoned the Peachtree Creek defenses after his unsuccessful battle on the night of the 20th, and had apparently drawn everything into the works close around Atlanta. (These works were mainly the ordinary redoubts nicely arranged for heavy guns, and connected by shallow dry ditches sometimes called "curtains of intrenchment," with an abundance of obstacles in front, such as abattis, *chevaux-de-frise*, felled trees and brushwood.) We pressed up during the day on all the roads, marching in the same general order, and coming together so as to close the gap in my corps and to

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crowd out that portion of the sixteenth corps (Dodge's) which was with the field-army. Schofield and McPherson, having turned gradually toward Atlanta from the east, had passed Decatur. General J. W. Sprague, with his brigade, was left at Decatur by McPherson, to replace Garrard at that point and protect the trains.

McPherson, following substantially the line of the Augusta railroad, moving in a westerly direction, encountered the enemy's observing force soon after leaving Decatur, and drove it steadily toward Atlanta. Coming upon the enemy's abandoned rifle-pits, now in plain sight of the city, he placed the fifteenth corps (Logan's) in position and brought up the seventeenth on its left. General F. P. Blair, then commanding the seventeenth, gives a detailed account of this movement: "After marching three or four miles [from Decatur] I struck the road running nearly north and south in front of Cloy's house. At this point the fourth division, Brigadier-General Gresham's, discovered the enemy posted half or three quarters of a mile west of Cloy's road [nearer Atlanta] in a strip of timber, who immediately opened with artillery upon my advance." . . . Blair deployed his lines, replied with artillery, and "drove the enemy full a mile and a quarter to a ridge of hills. At this point my right connected with Major-General Logan [fifteenth corps]."

A bald hill was on the left of this position, from which a sharp-shooter wounded Brigadier-General Gresham, who was not only an able and gallant officer in action, but excellent in council. His loss from the front at this time was much felt. Blair sent another division commander, General Leggett, an order to assault this hill. This order, for some unexplained reason, he did not get on the evening of the 20th, but "with great gallantry carried into effect" the morning of the 21st. The division moved upon the enemy's works at a double-quick, capturing forty or fifty prisoners. The position being important, the enemy attempted to regain this bald hill, but was handsomely repulsed, Gresham's division having been brought up to assist.

General Giles A. Smith, a clear-headed, self-possessed soldier, who, it will be remembered, became Assistant Postmaster-General after the war, was assigned to the division of Gresham on the latter being disabled by his wound. The ridge terminating in what, since Leggett's combat for it, has been called Leggett's Hill, formed the left of the general line. We now had every part of Sherman's force, except the cavalry, in position facing Atlanta and connected from left to right: McPherson's command including Blair, Logan, and Dodge (the latter's force mainly in reserve); Schofield's, the twenty-third corps (Cox's), and a few other troops; Thomas's, the fourth (Howard), twentieth (Hooker), and fourteenth (Palmer); the whole extending around almost a semicircle from Leggett's Hill, just south of the Atlanta and Augusta railroad, to the south of the Chattanooga and Atlanta railroad.

Now, when Garrard's cavalry was away from the left, was the opportune time for Hood. During the night of the 21st, leaving a smaller force in the works close around the city, to keep our attention and resist any attempt at assault, he moved Hardee's and his own corps, now under Stephen D. Lee, by quite a detour, probably of eight or ten miles, to the McDonough and Decatur road, and having by this means gained our unprotected left and rear, he formed lines of assault under cover of the night and the favoring forests.

Through the thick woods, and much impeded by underbrush, the Southern men worked their way forward in lines, skirmishers in front, and sprang upon General Giles A. Smith's division without warning, precisely as Stonewall Jackson had led his troops, twenty-five thousand strong, to the attack of the right of the eleventh corps at Chancellorsville. A regular battery, some field-hospital material, and some pioneers and soldiers detailed to assist them, were immediately captured, but General Smith's veterans sprang over and into the Confederate works, and quickly repelled the first

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assault. By this time the enemy, from the continuous line of attack, had swept around to Smith's front so as to come up on the reverse side of the old parapet. Smith's men sprang back to their first position, and, facing them again, fought hard and drove the enemy back from this quarter. Few troops, with their flank turned in this way by an enveloping force, can ever be kept in position. General Smith and his corps commander, General Blair, were justly proud of this feat of arms, namely, repelling the enemy in two opposite directions with a line in air, gradually withdrawing with a comparatively small loss, and finally making a strong flank for Leggett at the highest point of the hill. While this struggle was going on, Dodge's command was in motion by a country road running south of west, and was thus, fortunately, well situated as an effective reserve for this sudden emergency. They were marching by the flank, so that on the enemy's approach through the wood they simply halted and faced to the left, and doubtless surprised Hardee himself by an unexpected vigorous fire well directed into his swinging flank. At the first onset McPherson was with General Sherman, not far from the famous Howard house. Hearing the sharp clangor of musketry not far off, in the direction of his rear and left flank, he mounted immediately, and followed by his aids and orderlies rode rapidly toward the sound of battle. As he neared the seventeenth corps, the noise of artillery and musketry increased so much that he sent off messengers for reënforcements to the fifteenth corps, and elsewhere with information and warning. He in person gave orders to Dodge's command, and then passed on up the road southward, the route Dodge was following. There was an interval not yet closed in his line of battle, but the woods were thick, and it was doubtless inconceivable to McPherson that his seventeenth corps flank could be so far passed by the enemy as to endanger his passage to his own troops on the front; but so it was; and he there received the fatal shot. It was probably a volley that was fired, as his horse was badly wounded at the same time, and ran back bleeding without him.

General Logan, being next in rank in the army of the Tennessee, was at once assigned by General Sherman to McPherson's command, for the battle. Besides putting his left into good practical shape, he sent Martin's brigade of the fifteenth corps to further strengthen the exposed flank. The first check by Blair, together with Dodge's successful counter-charge from his fortunate position, and then the bloody repulse along Blair's front, only opened the battle. Hardee, followed by Lee, had marched many long miles, and pressed with extreme difficulty through the thick and tangled wilderness. Hood would never give up with merely one effort. Stephen D. Lee was noted for his energy and enterprise, and Hardee was also a thorough soldier. It is not surprising to find this battle renewed again and again at different points after the enemy had successfully gained the rear of the exposed flank. There was sudden charging, rapid firing, and then a counter-charge. Ground was gained and then lost. The woods kept up a continuous roar from eleven A. M. till four P. M. The Confederate Wheeler with his cavalry had made one desperate trial for the wagons at Decatur. Our General Sprague with his infantry brigade assailed, dispersed, and drove off this cavalry, and sent the train into safety behind my position in the line.

During the afternoon, as I found that the battle continued, and as I was under orders not only to keep the force already in my front along the strong line of intrenchments busily employed, but also to hold myself in readiness to go to Logan's aid if needed, I rode over to General Sherman's position at the Howard house. He and General Schofield were there, both mounted and watching the movements of troops which were in plain sight. They were near the right of the fifteenth corps. Just before this time Hood's men had broken the line of the fifteenth corps at the place which had been weakened by the withdrawal of Martin's brigade. Lightburn's brigade, near the break, doubtless too

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much stretched out, had dropped back considerably, and DeGress's four-gun battery of choice thirty-two pounders had fallen into the enemy's possession. The proudest of battery commanders, Captain DeGress, exhibiting much feeling and complaining of his loss, was standing near Sherman. Schofield had caused several cannon to be so located as to give a sweeping fire along the line of works at the interval held by the enemy, and also to bear on the approaches from Atlanta in order to keep back any more Confederates. These cannon were blazing away with a terrific roar, making volumes of smoke. Just then General Charles R. Woods (known in the army as "Susan" Woods; called Susan, in cadet fashion, probably because of his ungirl-like qualities, except perhaps his modesty of deportment, for he was the largest, tallest, stoutest officer on the ground, showing at all times a nerve unconscious of danger), was drawing out his brave division by the flank, in column of fours at right angles to the occupied line of works. He formed this line under cover of the batteries, while they were pouring solid shot and canister into the gap which he wished to regain. As soon as ready, his division moved steadily on till it had swept the lost interval clean of Confederates, regained DeGress's much coveted battery, and entrapped many prisoners.

General Schofield now suggested to General Sherman that it would be well to follow up the retreating enemy with his command, and thus interpose a corps between Hood's flanking force and Atlanta, but Sherman thought he would not risk it, and said, "Let the army of the Tennessee fight it out, this time." The *esprit de corps* was much increased by these independent successes, but my judgment would have leaned to Schofield's suggestion at this crisis, for it seemed the opportune moment to strike a decisive blow. Still, if it had failed of absolute success, it were better not to have undertaken it. Hood finally gave up his attempts and retired into his Atlanta works, carrying with him several guns and many prisoners. He issued confident bulletins, as if he had won a victory; but he really had not, though he had inflicted great injury. We had now fought ourselves into a good position to resist a sally, and were becoming familiar with this rough wilderness around the city. There was great mourning for McPherson, who had been fully trusted by his command, and much beloved by all who had come into personal contact with him.

We now spent four days in renewing supplies, putting batteries into position, and covering the troops with strong earthworks. Atlanta could be seen plainly from several points, and shells were easily landed by our rifled cannon within the city limits. It was a partial siege, but like that of Yorktown under McClellan, where a complete investment was impossible, it would be a long one to terminate while the enemy's communication remained intact. On the 24th or 25th, I was reconnoitring with General Sherman along my own front (that of the fourth corps), when he asked me, "How would you like McPherson's army to command?" I remember to have said, "I have a good corps and am satisfied, and as General Hooker is senior to me in rank he might be deeply offended." General Sherman said in substance, "General Thomas and I have considered the subject, and we think you had better be assigned." I replied again, "General, Hooker is a good commander, and I believe will be really truer to you than you think." General Sherman, with a little of his quick impatience when unexpectedly hindered by opposition, said, "Hooker has not the moral qualities that I want — not those adequate to the command; but if you don't want promotion, there are plenty who do." I answered, "General Sherman, you misunderstand me; I am grateful for your confidence and that of General Thomas, and will undertake anything." No more passed between us till the evening of the 26th, which brought to my tent a dispatch from the president, assigning me to the command of the army and department of the Tennessee, that is, to the place made vacant by the death of McPherson.

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He was in the class before me at West Point. I followed him in the office of quartermaster-sergeant of cadets the third year, also of quartermaster of cadets the fourth year, and was elected to succeed him as president of the Cadets' Literary Society. Now here again, in the field, Providence made me his successor in the more responsible office. It was at that time a hard place to fill. Some of the warm friends of McPherson thought that I could not satisfactorily hold his place and keep up the confidence of the army. Some of Logan's friends were ambitious for him to succeed to the position, as they thought he had already shown the adequate ability and was not a "West Point man." Prejudice against officers from the Potomac existed to some extent. The personal gossip of mischief-makers came in here to make me a great deal of trouble at first, but the steady confidence of the parallel commanders, Thomas and Schofield, and the frank, genuine support of General Sherman, who always told objectors and fault-finders to wait and see, added to the true patriotism and observing loyalty of the command, soon gave me the footing I needed.

IV. BATTLE OF EZRA CHAPEL, NEAR ATLANTA.

The army of the Tennessee was already in motion, from our left toward the right of the general line, when at daylight on the 27th of July I joined its head of column, as it was crossing the Buckhead and Atlanta wagon-road. General Sherman, who rode with me as far as the right of Palmer's line, there indicated the wooded ridge on which he wished me to form. He hoped that I could get hold of Hood's railroad before he could so extend his intrenchments as to cover and protect it. He thought I had better run my line along the ridge, which was mostly covered thickly with trees, by continuing the usual flank march in column of fours. But as the general did not order me to preserve this formation I asked to vary from it, giving my reasons. I said to him that I anticipated another blow from Hood as I pushed my right flank into the air, and that I would like to unfold by division, that is, by army division, with a view of having each division succeeding the first protect the flank of the one ahead. Sherman said pleasantly, "I don't think Hood will trouble you now, but would rather you would deploy in your own way." General Dodge's corps took the lead. General Corse, one of his division commanders, who subsequently became distinguished for his indomitable defense of our provision depot at Allatoona Pass, was then in advance, and deployed his line on the ridge not far from Palmer's right. He got as near as possible to the enemy's line concealed in the thicket, curving his own and facing it toward Atlanta. General Fuller's division deployed, passed beyond Corse, and wheeled into line. Succeeding divisions did the same. The long march, the preliminary reconnoissance in a new place, and the difficulties of the ground in the immediate presence of the enemy consumed the day, so that General Blair's corps, following Dodge's, was barely in position at nightfall. I had the fifteenth corps (General Logan's) in reserve.

This movement was resumed at dawn of the 28th. Logan marched slowly and carefully into position, while Blair and Dodge covered their front as well as possible by rails, and by digging and scooping up of soil with the tin of broken canteens, and bayonets, and with the hands. (It will be remembered that the enemy captured pioneers and tools belonging to these troops, when Hood turned their position at the beginning of the last battle on the 22d of July.) The skirmishers in front of the fifteenth corps were resisted more and more as they advanced eastward; when the last division, General Morgan L. Smith's, was crowning a ridge in his front, General Sherman and I were together in rear of it, in the neighborhood of the line of battle. The enemy had opened a battery not far off, and what was apparently grape-shot or canister was striking and crashing through the tree-tops over our heads; occasionally there was the

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explosion of a shell uncomfortably near; and the report reached me that our skirmishers could get ahead no farther. I directed that the front be covered as rapidly as possible with rails and logs. There was an open space but partially cleared of old trees and stumps, and rather a steep slope, just in rear of Logan's hill. The officers and men worked rapidly in piling up rails and logs. Batteries were brought up so as to be near at hand; reserves were carefully located, and so instructed as to be ready for any emergency. General Sherman, hardly thinking yet that a battle was near at hand, after telling me that Morgan's division of Palmer's corps had been sent by him to make a reconnoissance to Turner's Ferry, beyond my position, and would soon return as a protection to my right flank, went back to his headquarters near General Thomas's position, leaving the right to my care. Morgan L. Smith had just located a battery to engage the troublesome one to which I had referred, placed somewhere in the blind woods in his front, when the well-known piercing yell came to our ears with its continuous, tumultuous, increasing sound.

"Be ready, boys!" passed quickly along the lines as every man dropped into his place, kneeling behind his fragile protection, or lying on his stomach with his head raised and musket in hand, watching through the trees. "Take steady aim, and fire low at the word," are the orders. In three minutes after the charging cry, glimpses of the on-coming line are seen in the thickets; gleams of bright bayonets, or gun-barrels, or swords flash through to the watching eyes. Then the fire (nobody knows who began it), roar of cannon, rattle of musketry, breaking of trees, running back of a few scared men and officers — very, very few — from the right flank, which is enveloped at the first charge. Logan brightens always after the battle is really joined; he gives all orders clearly, goes back a little for stragglers and drives them with voice, horse, and drawn sabre to duty. The attack burst on the front of Generals Harrow's, Wood's, and Morgan L. Smith's divisions; and, fearing the necessity of support, I sent at once to General Blair to give us all the troops he could spare. In response, four regiments were sent. In less than twenty minutes from the first assault, Captain Gilbreth, of my staff, placed two of these regiments on the right. Lieutenant-Colonel Strong, my inspector-general, led two others, fortunately provided with breech-loading guns, to clear the same flank. Quickly they came into line, and they were quick to commence that fire that never stops till the ammunition is exhausted. Enemies were close up to the right, some on the rails already, some past them, when these fearful weapons swept this part of the field. Hood's men fell where they were; few got back thence. I had batteries put into position by my chief of artillery, a little to the rear of the right flank, that could sweep every approach and cover easily a quarter of a circle. A slight épaulement was raised in a few minutes, while the guns were already at work. A few words of my report, written while everything was fresh in recollection, bring out the method of this defense: "The position occupied was a very strong one, naturally, to resist a front attack; but I supposed that the enemy had now discovered the right, and would push in a body to hold that point before making his second assault. Therefore, in order to secure my right more substantially, twenty-six pieces of artillery were placed in position in such a way as to sweep the approaches in that direction."

The attack of Hood, or of his representative, Stephen D. Lee (a classmate of mine at West Point, — he appeared and was recognized by our men, urging on his troops), was renewed again and again during the day. It was as severe a musketry engagement as it was my fortune to see during the war. Our men, being in position, had the advantage. The slight cover of rails and logs was a great protection. They fired low, and ceased firing when the enemy was driven back, thus keeping cool and self-possessed. As I moved along the line to make a better acquaintance with my

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forces, the men cheered, and their officers said all preferred to fight the battle through without being replaced by others, who were waiting at hand to give them a rest. Logan's report says Colonel W. W. Belknap brought him reënforcements of two regiments from General Blair, and Lieutenant-Colonel Phillips four regiments from General Dodge. "These troops were received at a time when I much needed them, and, under the skillful management of the officers who commanded them, acted gallantly until the battle was ended."

It was necessary to meet Hood's assaults all along my line with active firing, and having used up all the reserves that I cared to spare from Blair and Dodge for the fifteenth corps front, and finding that the enemy's assaults exhibited singular pertinacity, I feared that by continually throwing in fresh troops he might at last succeed in breaking our line, as he had done on the 22d, at one point. For these reasons I asked General Sherman to send me at least a brigade.

At first Sherman replied, "Morgan's division will be back in time, and will come in on your right flank." But Morgan, delayed by the enemy's cavalry, did not appear. Toward night I sent my brother, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles H. Howard, then on my staff, to represent the facts to the general. He sent me a brigade immediately. I learned, I think it was through Colonel Howard on his return from Sherman, that those men who had given way at the first onset had fled as far as Sherman's headquarters, and that an officer had headed them in the retreat, and had said to the general, "Everything is lost; the troops are missing McPherson; if you don't at once take care of that flank you will be defeated!" Sherman simply asked, "Is General Howard there?" "Yes." "Then I shall wait for his report."

It is difficult to fight any battle without suffering from at least a few stragglers and croakers. Approaching the battle line during the progress of an engagement, the nearer you come to the actual front, the cooler and steadier you find the men. This was my first trial with these troops, and I was delighted with their conduct. Our losses were in the neighborhood of six hundred. In a letter to General Sherman, dated July 29th (the next day after the battle), I reported the enemy's dead at six hundred and forty-two. Between one and two hundred more bodies were subsequently found, and two hundred prisoners taken. As it was presumed that many others were removed, as well as the wounded, our officers estimated Hood's loss in this battle at upwards of five thousand all told.

I meditated sweeping the field after the last repulse, and making a bold push for Atlanta, but the troops were tired, Morgan's division was still held back, and it was near night, so that I contented myself with the old game, namely, "strengthening the skirmishers and pushing them out." This was done as Lee drew his defeated men within the Atlanta works, and opened on our advance with his musketry and artillery reserves. Thus ended Hood's third attempt to defeat Sherman and drive him from Atlanta.

V. AN INTERIM OF SMALL COMBATS: CHANGES OF OFFICERS.

From this battle to the 26th of August the enemy stood on the defensive, and "our command," in the words of Blair, "was occupied in making approaches, digging rifle pits, and erecting batteries, being subjected day and night to a galling fire of artillery and musketry." During these operations of pressing up closer and closer to the enemy's lines, putting our batteries in place within forty or fifty yards of his, a man could not put up a hand without drawing fire. The heads of the men were protected by a large piece of timber laid upon the embankment, which the soldiers named "the top log." General Dodge was one day reconnoitring under this cover, when a ball struck his head and gave him a serious and painful wound, and he retired from the field. General S. E. G. Ransom succeeded him, a young

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man, very able and very handsome, like his father, who fell in the Mexican war. Before the close of the campaign he, too, gave up his life.

General Lightburn was also disabled by a wound, and General Hazen, at my request, succeeded to his division. General Osterhaus, returning from a leave of absence, took General Charles R. Wood's division of the fifteenth corps, and General Wood passed to the third division, seventeenth corps. By lengthening the fourth and twentieth corps fronts, the fourteenth was drawn out and passed beyond me. Schofield with his command moved from the left to the right. A little trouble arose concerning seniority, during this movement. General Hooker took offense at my assignment, apparently because he was senior to me, and thought that he should have been chosen. He probably forgot that he had previously done substantially the same thing as Sherman, that is, he let a junior general command a corps while his senior was commanding a division.

General Palmer now took offense because General Schofield (really a junior, but acting senior because commanding an army under the president's assignment) was placed by General Sherman in charge of a combined movement to strike the enemy's communications. Palmer was thus put under Schofield's command. He gave up his own command and went home. General Jeff. C. Davis (now so well known to the country) succeeded to Palmer's corps.

O. O. Howard.

FABLE.

A CERTAIN bird in a certain wood,
Feeling the spring-time warm and good,
Sang to it, in melodious mood.
On other neighboring branches stood
Other birds who heard his song:
Loudly he sang, and clear and strong;
Sweetly he sang, and it stirred their gall
There should be a voice so musical.
They said to themselves, "We must stop that bird,
He 's the sweetest voice was ever heard.
That rich, deep chest-note, crystal-clear,
Is a mortifying thing to hear.
We have sharper beaks and hardier wings,
Yet we but croak: *this* fellow sings!"
So they planned and planned, and killed the bird
With the sweetest voice was ever heard.

Passing his grave one happy May,
I brought this English daisy away.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

ROME, 1875.

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THE THORSDALE TELEGRAPHS.

I.

When I first arrived at Thorsdale I was nineteen, having just graduated from a Western college, with a magnificent diploma, and, if it had not been for a knowledge of telegraphing and machine sewing, would have been assisting a widowed sister of mine, keeping school, in a town in the western portion of the State. Thorsdale had then rather a typographical than a topographical existence. While Twoboysboro and Smoilersville enjoyed the distinction of capital letters in the railroad guide, Thorsdale had to be satisfied with the smallest type. Thorsdale was simply the intersecting point of two railroads, which formed an X at that point, and for buildings had a dilapidated freight depot, a few straggling houses, and a telegraph station, in which for a certain time I was an employée. Thorsdale office had a great deal to do with railroad business, and although the two roads were at daggers drawn, and were continually quarreling on the subject of time-tables and schedules, messages relating to the safety and business of the trains were always being received at and forwarded from the Thorsdale station.

It was an oppressively sultry August afternoon when I first presented myself at the office, and became acquainted with Mr. Thor, its occupant. Apparently Mr. Thor did not much heed the few words of salutation I gave him, though he rose from his work and offered me a dilapidated office stool. Somewhat tired, perhaps rather confused by his manner, which, though not uncourteous, was in the highest degree indifferent and hardly calculated to inspire self-reliance, I sat rather uncomfortably on the high chair for some minutes, wondering whether I would like a position in the Thorsdale office, and coming pretty rapidly to the conclusion that with Mr. Thor as a fellow telegraph clerk I should not relish it. I excused his not talking to me just then because he seemed quite busy with his instrument, studying at the same time a railroad time-table, which was pasted on the wall before him. Suddenly he turned towards me, and said, "Miss Brown?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"M. Brown. Is M for Miranda, Mirabel, or Madeline?"

"No, sir; my name is Mary. Yours is Mr. Thor, I presume."

"Yes, Jahn," and he spelt it out for me on the machine. "J-a-h-n — so, and not John. Are you a quick operator?"

"Not very, sir; though I have had a fair practical experience."

"So! Rather easily flustered?" he inquired, moving towards another machine, which commenced working, and over which he was now bending somewhat attentively. "Did you understand that last message?"

"No, sir," I answered, "I was not listening; I could have understood it had I chosen to."

"Then you are not curious?"

"Yes, I am," I responded, by no means relishing his interrogations.

Here there was quite a pause in the conversation, two of the machines going at once, to both of which Mr. Thor paid attention, sending back replies. Presently he said, not at all quickly, — there was even a slight drawl in his manner of speaking, — "Here, Miss Brown, Miss Mary Brown, be good enough to send this message; I will call it off for you. Ready? 'Thor to Smoil. Certain collision on or about ninety-three mile post. Keep the up-train at station, if there is time.'"

I had been rather listless so far; in fact, my mind was a thousand miles from where I was seated on the high stool, but now — upsetting the stool with a crash, my hair ribbon getting entangled somehow in one of the machines, which ribbon I tore from my head, my hair

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tumbling down — I transmitted in an instant the message, a great deal faster, I think, than I ever did anything before in my life.

"Correct! Miss Brown will do for an emergency. Excuse my forgetfulness in not offering you a glass of water. The day is quite oppressive, and it is likely to storm." He poured me out a glassful of water. I took it, and looked him in the face. His countenance was imperturbable. Suddenly it flashed across my mind that it was some stupid hoax on his part, and that he was hazing a new-comer in the office. I felt enraged at this method of procedure, and instantly resented it.

"This is scandalous," I said, moving from the telegraph table. "I do not wish your glass of water. To have imposed upon me with a message of this kind is singularly out of place. It is some stupid joke. The wires were disconnected, or led to nowhere, or you have told the receiver of the message that it amounted to nothing. I have no respect for" —

"Stop, Miss Brown, and watch your instrument. I fooling you? God forbid! Keep silent, and listen."

He said this very quietly, his face not exhibiting a particle of resentment, or even surprise. There was a lapse of a minute, when off went the machine, and ticked out: "Just in time. Train stopped. Church excursion. Might have been harrowing. All right. Mamma on board. Somebody intoxicated."

"Will you have some water, now? Thorsdale water is the sweetest, coolest in the world," he said. I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself, as I turned my head aside, and gulped down the water. I was about thanking him when, seeing my confusion, he offered me his hand, and led me to a little partition on one side of the office. "Your bower," he said. I peeped into a kind of closet some six by eight, and ventured in, when he shut the door softly after me. It was the merest bin of a place, roughly put together, though there had been apparently quite a determined effort to make it look comfortable. There was a stone pitcher, a tin basin, a looking-glass, and a pretty bunch of flowers in an ale bottle. On the walls were pasted a variety of pictures, views of scenery in Norway and Sweden, taken from the illustrated papers, and occupying a whole side was a carefully drawn map of a city, with its broad streets and lanes, its public buildings and churches, with parks and fountains and boulevards; and over that again, surmounting it, was a strongly colored wood-cut, evidently taken bodily from a circus-poster, of a nondescript animal, half horse, half fish.

"You can use the brush and comb with impunity," said Mr. Thor, from the office; "they are immaculate, bought for the occasion with the company's money, and may be found in the inventory under the head of office furniture; likewise the looking-glass. I mention this simply because it will be one of your duties to keep the accounts of the office. As I did n't know exactly how tall you might be, probably the glass is hung too high or too low. You will arrange everything to suit you. The key to the closet you will find in the soap dish. It is brown soap. Thorsdale, though bountiful in soap, is undiscriminating, saponaceously, I am afraid; and I am even forced to admit that a nail-brush fitted for a lady has been beyond our powers. The key, too, is dreadfully large, though mediæval in style. I purloined lock and key from one of the depot doors, but no amount of filing the wards would get the creak from it. Oh! I must not forget to tell you that you will please give the door a kick when you want to shut it."

To relieve my feelings, I used the brush vigorously, arranged my hair, and then looked at the flowers. When I felt that there could be no excuse for my remaining longer immured, I stepped out into the office. Mr. Thor was apparently dozing over his table. His hands supported his head, his flaxen hair streaming down over his shoulders. Even in this position, his tall stature was manifest.

"So very much obliged to you, Mr. Thor, for all those kind attentions on

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your part, in my boudoir. They are exceedingly grateful to me; and — and I am quite distressed — very sorry — that at the start I should have made such an absurd dunce of myself, Mr. Jahn Thor; and pray tell me about that train; is it all right, now?"

"Oh!" he said, rubbing his eyes, as if awaking from a dream. "It was a woman at the other end of the line, who gushed back. Now to think of a telegraph woman sending the word 'intoxicated' when 'drunk' would have been much better, and six letters shorter; and what does she mean by taking up my time by sending me stuff about a church train, and her blessed 'mamma,' just as if Providence was especially careful of church people and fond parents on a railroad? She skips letters when she is the least excited. If a cow is run over, she sends me news about it, in spasms. And now she wants to know who it was sent the reply to her; she recognizes a new hand at the bellows."

I felt somewhat hurt at his having taken no notice of my apology, but I meekly replied, "I trust you will excuse my rather hasty expression."

"Miss Brown, I have no doubt that we shall get on quite pleasantly together. You know that I am master here by seniority. To-morrow is Wednesday, and mostly a quiet day; some three trains are off. You will want some rest. Probably your household arrangements are not yet completed."

"Indeed they are, sir. I have secured quite a good boarding-house, and a trunk to unpack is not much."

"I shall have no use for you to-morrow, though you had better come at sundown. On Thursday you will commence work in earnest. We might as well understand one another at once, Miss Brown. The office will expect your whole time and attention; and holidays will be few and far between. Thorsdale may have its faults, but there are no barbecues, nor picnics, nor bands of hope, nor Sisters of Washington, nor woman's rights, nor *fête* days, nor festivals here. Thorsdale has no time for pleasure, but works on silently, unceasingly, toward its great destiny. After a while, I do not gainsay it, may come Thorsdale's period of relaxation, but not until the arms of Thorsdale, the seahorse, red on a white field, shall be emblazoned on the flag of this good State, and men shall give to the Thors that proud position they once assumed, a thousand years ago, in the country of the vikings. I have placed their blazon on the walls of your closet!"

I was somewhat startled at this unlooked-for vehemence on his part, and could by no means exactly understand what he meant. "Do you allude to that picture — half horse, half fish — which is tacked over some map or other, in my closet?" I asked, considerably astonished.

"Yes; I cut it out myself from a circus-poster that decorated one whole side of the depot. Of course, such an animal does not exist" —

"I should suppose not," I interrupted, unable to suppress a smile.

"Though it was once carved in wood," he went on, "and was one of the ornaments of the triumphal car in which a very bad circus band made its entry into Twoboysboro. They did not honor Thorsdale. I have an antique seal left me by my father, precisely like it. My father was only a blacksmith, but he treasured that old seal. He told me it was centuries old, and had come down to him from his grandfather. The seahorse is, then, our crest; I tattooed it on my arm when I was a boy. I can show you a rock, overlooking the lake, where I chiseled this same device deep into the stone. There it was that my poor old father used to spend sometimes whole days, waiting for me to come home, for I was absent from him many a year. He used to tell me that our lake was like his native fiord, where he was born, and where my poor mother came from. That rock is my landmark, and it is where my wharf must start from, some of these days. Thorsdale! Thorsdale!" Just here he seemed quite to ignore my presence, and was apparently talking to himself. "Dale! dale!" he continued; "that final syllable has a diminutive

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sound, and is impossible when connected with the idea of anything like a city. Busy men, inclined to clip their words, would never say Thors-dale. I must drop the 'dale' and call it simply Thor." Then, turning to me, he said, "You would have no objection, Miss Brown, to calling this place Thor? The necessary abbreviation used in telegraphing has already inaugurated its use. It is always signaled Thor, and the new railroad-guide publisher has printed it so."

"Evidently," I said to myself, "Mr. Thor has some decidedly original ideas in regard to Thorsdale." So I replied to him not mockingly, but rather carelessly, "I had no idea you were lord of the manor. I shall be pleased to be the humblest of your vassals, and prithee call it Thor;" and I made a reverence.

He scanned me curiously for a moment, half smiled, and then, looking serious again, said, "I trust Miss Brown is not laughing at me? A very narrow manor is it. The office we are now in is on my ground. The depot lot I gave to the railroad company, thinking that it might be the future nucleus of some cluster of buildings. It takes so little to start a city — a mere whim, the simplest chance. Caprice can do it, a spring of running water, a clay-pit where bricks can be made; why, a child born has done this wonder. Even a fallen tree across a prairie road, blocking up the path, has induced men to loiter there, to build a shelter of boughs against a passing storm, and lo! a city has sprung up from it. Here, here," and he stamped his foot, "we have everything, all ready at hand, to make a city: a noble lake, a navigable river, fine soil, building material; and yet Thor is nothing, and I am the lord of the manor!" Here I winced a little. "If it was not for this position of telegraph clerk, I should starve, for I have no brains for true work!"

I was a good deal startled at his vehemence. Possibly, if there had been a third person present, I might have tittered or giggled in a suppressed way. I only said, rather at random, "Why not sell out one part of the property, in order to improve the other?"

He turned on me instantly, as if I had struck him. "What! Barter off the few acres left, the place where the old Thor forge stood? where my father is buried? Never! We once owned all the land from the lake to here. My father had an emigration scheme, — a noble one, and sold most of the land, for a mere song, to speculators years ago. The money he received he gave to a friend, who was to have gone to Norway, to our own village on the fiord; he was to have induced the good peasant folk to take ship, and to settle here. That agent cheated him. It killed my old father. His was a grand, big heart, and it was broken. He left me a sacred inheritance, that of following out his wishes. Well," he added with a sigh, "by this time, Miss Brown, I trust you have been made quite at home with all the mysteries of Thor. I talk this same thing to anybody who will listen to me. I dare say I am a very annoying person, and have bored you sadly."

"On the contrary," I replied, "you have interested me. There would be something noble in the idea of a man as young as you are founding a city. That map so neatly drawn in my closet is, I suppose, the plan of Thor?"

"You have noticed it? I have made ten of them, each one more elaborate than the last. It is a great enterprise, an absorbing one, requiring an immense range of thought, to plan out anything which has a bearing on the life, health, and happiness of thousands of human beings yet unborn." Here Mr. Thor again paced up and down the office, as if carried away by the thought. It was then that I saw Mr. Thor at his best. The head was large and massive, the brow broad and lofty, and the eyes flashed as if fired by some internal inspiration. "It is shadowy, vague as yet," he continued, "and rests, this plan of mine, on a very frail foundation — a poor telegraph station and a tumble-down depot. Young, you say I am? Why, I am almost thirty, and am nothing, like Thor: my forefathers at my age went forth and founded cities!"

"Excuse me, Mr. Thor," I said, per-

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haps unfortunately, with that tendency a young woman has, fresh from her books, to air her slender stock of knowledge, "it strikes me, those old vikings were rather prone to" —

"I understand you," he interrupted, "they tore down rather than built up. Nations, races, have their rhythmic periods. If they sacked, ravaged, and burned down in the Old World, they are reconstructing here. But here I am driveling out an existence over this miserable machine, tapping it as would a young miss her piano keys, when heavier, more sturdy toil should be mine. Curse all such feeble work! Sometimes," and here he gave his instrument a contemptuous fillip with his finger which threatened to smash the ebony buttons, "sometimes I wish this right hand of mine might shrivel. What it wants is a sledge to wield, some mighty work to do, something to carve and whack, something that would make thews and muscles stand out in tension, till they snapped." Just here I stood aghast at his excited manner. The man was in an agony, and the expression of his face was terrible. The calm, quiet repose about him had all gone. It was not a fume or a fret, but as if some pent-up geyser of energy had suddenly burst forth; he seemed so shaken to his very heart. As I was wondering what would be the next phase of his temper, I was rather pleased that the machine before him commenced working. He seemed to be paying decided attention to the communication. Suddenly, with an explosion, he cried out, "That confounded woman at the other end of the line! She says sometimes she cannot make out my messages, and that in case anything should turn up of importance, I had better repeat it. I know her ways; anything disagreeable about these murdering railroads she always announces in this way. She wants to spare my feelings before breaking the news to me."

"It is not surprising, Mr. Thor," I ventured to remark, "that there should be some difficulty in deciphering your messages, at least in certain of your moods, when you take a delicate telegraphic instrument and convert it into an anvil, using your finger as if it was Thor's mallet."

He smiled at this, and replied, "The old blood. You know the old stories, then?"

Now his machine worked off a long message. It was an important one, evidently, as when he had written it down I heard him signal to repeat it.

"Please listen, Miss Brown. The woman at the other end is nervous and hysterical, as usual. You might as well at once be let into the secrets of these two railroads, both of which are shamefully mismanaged. Sometimes, if it were not for promptness and decision on the part of the telegraph people, passengers would be murdered in the most wholesale way, every day in the week. Be good enough to put down in pencil what comes. I will call it out for you: Smoil to Thor. Down train fifteen — no, eighteen — minutes ahead of time. Kettridge, the engineer, said to be intoxicated or insane. Retain him if possible — if — but — however" — Here something like an oath escaped Mr. Thor's lips. "Excuse me," he cried, "but the woman is so provoking." Just then the machine began again, and he continued, "Thank goodness, some one has pushed her aside, and has her instrument now, and here comes the message, straight. Write it down in ink now, Miss Brown; there will be no corrections to make." And he called out to me rapidly as follows: —

"Kettridge crazy drunk; is armed and desperate. There will be a smash. Have telegraphed all along the line to people at stations to jump the train and choke the villain. If he reaches Thor, he may stop. If so, take him yourself. O'Bryne, his fireman, just in with ankle sprained; Kettridge heaved him off the tender. Conductor new hand, and a skunk. Watch out. Get depot hands to help you. Shoot him on sight if necessary. If he gets by Thor, he will smash into the up express, which, though instructed to back, is too far this way to be saved on a single track.

"WATKINS."

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As I read it over, my heart was in my mouth. Mr. Thor whistled a moment, then came to me, and read the message which I had transcribed on an office blank.

"Good hand, quite legible. S-h-o-o-t him" (he spelled it out) "not quite as plain as the rest; fault of the pen, doubtless;" then he carefully blotted the paper, and put it in a drawer. Now he went slowly to a closet, and opened it. I shuddered, as I thought he might have some weapon there. He did take something carefully from a shelf; it was in a case. It was almost sunset then, and the room was getting a trifle dark. There was a slight snap, and I started to my feet, thinking it was a percussion cap. Mr. Thor was lighting a match, which flickered for a moment, and presently he applied it to a pipe.

"Please now take the instrument, and do not be too quick, or in the least bit flustered; Thor must not lose its reputation. Just say," and here he blew a steady cloud of smoke, — "You do not mind my smoke? — just say," —

"This is tantalizing, Mr. Thor," I cried, now quite beside myself. "What — what shall I say?"

"Thor to Smoil. We will do our best. THOR."

"We — we!" I exclaimed; "what can I do?"

"Why, shut yourself up in your closet, if you want to, and criticise my map there. You shake your head? I wish you would. By studying out the localities you might devise for me a place for a grand female university, or a pantheon."

"This is trifling, sir," I said, as I jumped up and walked the office in an agony of suspense. There was a large clock hung up on the wall, which now suddenly acquired the power of ticking, and its beats resounded through the room.

"Agitated you are, and a trifle nervous, Miss Brown," he said, in a rather bantering tone; then seeming to be aware of my condition he remarked, "I am a brute; I know it, but cannot help it." Here he opened his closet, and made a running inventory of its contents. "A violin, sixteen volumes of agricultural reports, a demijohn of acid solution for batteries, and a bottle of patent medicine. Wish I could pour it down Kettridge's throat; it might do his business for him. Suppose we reason this out a little. Providing he is running under a full head of steam, it will take fully fifteen minutes for him to get here. That clock is right to a half minute or so. If I had now only the absolute time of that train! We must find that out some way, — when it started on this race. Ah! here comes something from Twoboys."

With a palpitating heart I read off, "Kettridge's train just passed, tearing through; valves all open. Watch out for him. Only had time to move construction-train on siding. Have started engine after him. Look sharp. Time, six forty-five. MANDLY."

"Good!" cried Mr. Thor, "there are some data to go on. Then he may be here three minutes sooner than we expected." I looked at the clock, which now indicated some five minutes before seven.

"The intensity of sound, — as you may have been taught, Miss Brown, for I suppose your scientific acquirements are on a par with your historical information, — the intensity of sound is at times very much increased, and at other times sensibly diminished, by sudden atmospheric changes, and it looks as if we were going to have a thunder-storm. These storms mostly come from the lake shore; the lake lies this way," and he pointed to a window away from the railroad. "Now you had better go home as fast as you can — and take my umbrella — before the rain comes."

By this time I had been wound up to such a pitch of nervous excitement that I was quivering all over. Yet the idea of leaving the office was furthest from my thoughts. I do not think I could have gone to my boarding-house, had I tried to. I felt like locking myself up in my closet, and cowering there, but then, I knew that would be a dastardly act.

"It is rough for you, Miss Brown,"

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said Mr. Thor, looking at the clock. "Though apparently careless about this ugly business, I am not assuming a character foreign to my nature."

I scarcely listened to what he said. The clock-face had a fearful fascination for me. I only shuddered at his indifferent talk. Just then I heard — I am certain it was before he heard it — the indistinct, far-off rumble of some train, and I shrieked out, "What in God's name are you going to do?"

"It is the train, sure enough. Track makes a loop near the lake shore, and the sound comes uninterruptedly over the water. He is a good way off yet. Now, Miss Brown, if after a while he whistles, he will stop. Crazy though he may be with rum, habit may to a certain extent control his madness. If he does whistle, then signal down brakes; there will be no trouble about it."

"But the depot hands, who might help you, where are they, sir?"

"They have gone home just an hour and five minutes ago."

"But," I asked in a whisper, "if he does not whistle, does not stop, what then?"

"Well, I suppose I shall have to climb into the water-tank, hang on the spout, — a ludicrous position, no doubt, — and drop into the tender or the train as it passes underneath me; that is, if he is going too fast for me to jump on."

"But it will kill you — must kill you. It is madness; it will be the sacrifice of another life," and I caught him by the sleeve; "you would not have one chance in a thousand. You might just as well lie across the track, hoping to stop the train. You must inevitably be crushed to atoms." Just then a plaintive screech was heard through the storm of wind which now was blowing. "He has whistled! Thank God for that!" I said, with an intense feeling of relief.

"That is three miles off, and he must now slacken his pace, whether he will or not, from the fact of there being just there a bad bit of track and an up grade. But, Miss Brown, I knew all this, and that there was likely not to be much danger about it. Kettridge, I think, will stop in — say, five minutes. It is wonderful how fast the time goes!"

"No, no!" I exclaimed; "there has been to me a whole existence in these last fifteen minutes!"

"You don't say so! Would Miss Brown be kind enough to hold my pipe?" and saying this he placed the pipe in my hand. I gazed at him as if in a dream, when he continued, "It 's quite a good bit of meerschaum. I cut the sea-horse on it. Please do not break it. I shall want a good smoke when I come back." Then I felt the tremulous motion an approaching train imparts to the ground, next I heard the rapid snorts of the exhaust steam, and then the whistle screamed, and it seemed to me that the train would whiz directly through the office the next moment.

"Just a third of a mile off; now he slows, and the train hands must have some idea of their danger, and may uncouple, or put down brakes, and so prevent his budging. So good-by, Miss Brown." And with this he leisurely walked out of the office. Now I strained my ears to their utmost, but did not dare to look out of the window. That the train had slowed somewhat, close to the office, was certain, for a volume of sulphurous gas, beaten in by the storm, drove through the windows. Still the train did not halt, but was moving on rapidly. Presently I heard something like the cry of a wild beast. Then there was a struggle on the platform. The noise approached nearer and nearer. The very office now was shaken, and the door bent inward on its catch and hinges. I sprang to the door, and with all my strength pulled at it. It opened inward. Just then a pistol was fired, and I got out of the way barely in time to escape from a man falling on me; for like a stone thrown from a sling, there lay on the floor, a pistol smoking in his hand, the body of a man all begrimed with oil and coal, while over him stood Mr. Thor, one knee on his adversary's breast, and both his hands tight gripped around the prostrate man's throat.

"Why did you not go into your clos-

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et? And I dare say you have smashed my pipe. Keep quiet, you poor drunken fool, or must I choke the life out of you?" That was all I heard. Then the room was crowded with people, and next I fainted, for the first time in my life, and, as far as I can remember, in quite a resigned and satisfactory way.

II.

It was Thursday, and rather late, before I made my appearance at the office. Mr. Thor was seated at his desk, quite busily engaged, working at something. As I entered he rose quickly, bowed to me, then offered his hand, which I took and gave a hearty shake. He glanced at the clock. "I know, Mr. Thor," I said apologetically, "I am an hour and more late."

"Miss Brown's indisposition is a sufficient excuse. You are in good time. We are rather — ahem! — used to fainting; the Smoiler young person you know faints twice a week at stated intervals; on her mother's wash days, I believe. The Smoiler young lady will open her batteries presently. Take charge of the machines; I can dictate replies. I have quite a job here;" and he removed, bit by bit, something from a newspaper which he had spread on the desk, to a table in the corner of the room, and began working with the pieces.

"Well," I said to myself, smoothing out the crumpled newspaper he had left, "I don't exactly like this sort of reception. It is a kind of affectation of indifference on his part, which is a sham. I don't care. He is a brave man, and as cool a one as I ever read of; and I want to tell him so. I cannot intimate to him, however, that Mary Brown is going to be wretchedly uncomfortable here, with her heart in her mouth all the time, and that a position as a permanent telegraph operator at Thorsdale would be just the death of her. It may be a sinecure, but a few more incidents of the character of the evening before last, notwithstanding the thirty-eight dollars a month she receives, might very much weaken her mental and physical condition and — I wish I had never put my foot into the Thorsdale office." Then I thought my bin wanted looking after, and I went there, and in the glass found my face was all crimson. I noticed, I must confess with some pleasure, that there was a fresh bunch of flowers in the Bass's ale bottle. I took a brilliant crimson poppy, placed it in my hair, and then put it back again.

"You have broken my pipe," said Mr. Thor, from the office. "Smashed sea-horse all to bits; cherry stem likewise splintered."

"I am so sorry, so very sorry," I said, almost nervous enough to cry. "I had no idea I had it at all."

"If a young lady expects to lie down on a pipe which she has been merely requested to hold, and thinks that meerschaum will stand such a strain, all I have to say is that her acquaintance with the physical condition of such substances is of the most meagre and superficial character. There, I give it up." Here I saw him gather up the pieces of the pipe and put them back in his drawer. "I am going out, Miss Brown," he continued; "some business at the depot. If I am wanted, or anything important turns up, ring this bell, — the wires run across to the depot, — and I will come." He looked at me now, as I left my little room, with a kindly smile on his face, and in a moment was out of the office.

"Broke his pipe? I wish I could mend it. I wonder if he wants a tobacco-pouch. I might make him one, with his old sea-horse on it. I wonder if there is such a thing as embroidering silk to be found in Thorsdale. By the way, I must ask permission to be absent a half-hour some time to-day, so that I may thank the grocer's wife, who laid me out so nicely in the bottom of her husband's wagon, and carried me home. That accounts for the molasses on my skirts. I wonder if Mr. Thor called to see me yesterday." Then I tried to drive Mr. Thor entirely out of my mind, but though I succeeded in this, the tobacco-pouch would come back. I kept on racking my brain, until I got headachy,

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when I turned over the newspaper and read the title, The Smoilersville Sentinel. I waded through the outside sheets, which were filled with grandiloquent advertisements, but noticed that embroidering silks were unheralded. Then I looked inside, and this was what I saw, in the most blustering type:—

HEROIC CONDUCT!

A NOBLE WOMAN AND A BRAVE MAN; FEARFUL ACCIDENT FRUSTRATED; MANIAC IN CHARGE OF A TRAIN.

Full Particulars! Pass round their Names! Excitement in Smoilersville! Meeting of Citizens!

I then read a wonderfully inflated account of the occurrence of Tuesday, and was horrified at seeing my name, Mary Brown, scattered about in the most lavish way, from the beginning to the end of three whole columns,—how I had clutched the drunken man's pistol, who was described as "the maniac engineer and Herculean ruffian;" how I had wrestled with him; how my "beautiful hair had streamed down my back, disheveled in the mortal strife;" and how I was now at the point of death from the wounds I had received when "battling with the Herculean engineer and maniac ruffian." I tried to see what amount of truth there was in it. If any reliance could be placed on the account, Mr. Thor had been just in time; for although the engineer had slacked the speed of the train somewhat, he was in the act of letting on a full head of steam again when Mr. Thor had grappled with him, and had mastered him. I felt immensely provoked at the very false notoriety I had acquired, especially when at the conclusion I read that the Smoilersville people had determined that "a substantial token of their esteem and regard should be presented to Miss Brown and Mr. Thor," and that subscriptions were invited, which might be left at the office of The Smoilersville Sentinel. I became so wretchedly uncomfortable over it all, that it was a relief when the instrument commenced working. It said,—

"Smoil to Thor. Heroic preserver of hundreds of lives! How can I appreciate the noble work done! Mother hopes you will join the church after this, for you are destined to a noble future, some great end and *ame*. Hearing of your *narrer* escape has put me all in a shudder. EUSEBIA."

I could not say the message was exactly an important one, and Mr. Thor was so uncertain in temper that he might scold me if I rang the bell for him. While I was hesitating, the machine started. It said,—

"Was last message received? Please do, do, do reply. E." Then there was a pause and it resumed: "Pray do not be haash [*harsh?*] with me. Let me, as a poor, confiding woman, twine a crown of laurel to place at your feet. Do not stamp on it." Here there was an hiatus, and it went on: "Watkins just in; will use the wires; need not reply now. E." Then came a rattling message: "Is Thor at station?" My answer was, "No. Brown." Now came galloping over the wires, "O. K. Glad to make Miss Brown's acquaintance. Miss Brown is a trump. Jackson Watkins takes off his hat to her. Howdy, Miss Brown. Tell Thor, mixed deputation from directors of both roads coming to Thor to-day, to wait on him; likewise our long-winded mayor. Champagne, cigars, chickens, sardines, and general spread, with niggers and ice-cream, on the twelve forty train. Tell Thor to write a speech. Miss Brown must do it, too. Big thing. Miss Brown may count on Watkins until something freezes over, say crack of doom, for short. She is pluck, and so is Thor. Whole office, down to messenger-boy and pole-raiser, send compliments, as does J. WATKINS."

I could stand it no longer, so I rang the bell loudly, more vigorously than I should, for in a moment came Mr. Thor.

"Well, what *is* the matter, Miss Brown?" he asked.

"Two or three messages which I have copied," and I handed him the lady's message.

He scowled fearfully. "If I am to be rung up for trash of this kind, I shall never have time to attend to my work

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at the depot," he said, rather snappishly. "Is that all?"

"No, sir. Mr. Watkins sends a message; here it is."

He read it, and commenced stamping up and down the office like an infuriated mastodon. "The idiots, the dunces, the asses! That confounded Smoilersville Sentinel! Did you read the stuff?"

"I did."

"Pack of lies."

"No, not all of them. What they said about me was fearfully false."

"I beg your pardon."

"Pardon me, sir, but it was."

"You are the heroine of a dime novel. You shall receive the deputation."

Now was my chance, and I determined to make the most of it. "Mr. Thor," I said, very demurely, "I wanted to say to you, this morning, how well you behaved on Tuesday, and how much I respect an action" —

"Was that what you rung the bell for?" He looked at me crossly, but there was so much earnestness about my manner that he now took on an aggrieved mien, and said, "Miss Brown, I should hardly have thought it, from the limited acquaintance I have had with you, that you would have joined with Smoilersville in doing what, you certainly must be aware, can be nothing else than an annoyance to me."

"I will never mention the circumstance again; drop it entirely out of my mind, if you desire it," I said. "At least, I will try to," was my mental reservation.

"But, Miss Brown, though you are perhaps unaware of it, if you had not opened the door precisely when you did, he might have shot me. I saw he had an ugly knife, but I had no idea he had a revolver until I heard the explosion. I did not notice how you managed, but it seems to me you must have knocked the pistol out of his hand, or turned his arm. Of course he was no match for me; this I knew all the time. His drunkenness gave me every possible advantage. So you see, Miss Brown, *nolens volens*, you are a heroine. Here is where the ball went through the ceiling. With all these proofs of prowess, Miss Brown must certainly receive the deputation in my stead."

"Mr. Thor," I said, getting incensed now in my turn, as he seemed to be quite in earnest, "if you mix up my name in any way whatsoever with this disgusting business, or put me in a position of false notoriety, which I should despise, I will quit Thorsdale instantly."

"And pray where will you go to?" he asked, quite demurely.

"That is none of your business," I answered, tartly.

The conversation was becoming acrimonious, so I went in high dudgeon to my little room. There I pulled a rose from the bunch of flowers, and put it in my bosom. I would keep that, at least.

"Miss Mary Brown," said Mr. Thor, in a rather sing-song voice, after a pause of at least ten minutes, "I covenant and agree to do, at least for the present, that is, for the next twenty-four hours, exactly as it shall suit your august and somewhat exacting pleasure. Being justice of the peace of Thorsdale, likewise notary public and constable, I will, if you please, write it all down officially, and swear to it and sign it in my triple function." I did not answer.

"You cannot leave, you see," he continued, "without great detriment to the State; you will be wanted to give your testimony in this business."

"Is Kettridge dead?" I gasped out.

"Not quite. Of course there will have to be an official examination and consequent whitewashing, and as executive officer of Thorsdale I am quite capable of issuing a warrant for your arrest. There, what do you say to that? Look up at the left-hand corner of the map, and tell me what you read there, under the plan of a building like a gridiron."

"A prison," I said, reading it off.

"That is where you will have to languish."

"A prison!" I exclaimed, as I examined the map. "How queer! for next to it is a public garden and park. What a strange fancy, to put a prison there."

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"Not at all. The locality for that prison it took me a long time to decide upon. Alas that there should be squalor and misery in every town!"

"I accept the agreement," I said, as I came out from the closet; "you are to do my bidding; that is understood. Then, firstly, you must reply to Mr. Watkins and inform him that you will be prepared to meet the deputation."

"The humiliation of being put in an omnibus, with a band of music on top!" Here he groaned aloud, and seemed inclined to be contumacious. I felt that I must get his mind away from the subject of the deputation, if but for a moment.

"What has become of Kettridge? I am so thankful you did not have to hurt him."

"Kettridge? He is at the depot, as quiet as a lamb now. Poor devil, I must have choked him very hard; he was so nearly dead that they were afraid to move him."

"Have you been nursing him?"

"Pretty rough nursing, if you call holding him down by main force, off and on for the last twenty-four hours, nursing! The doctor came here this morning from Smoilersville, and chloral and morphine have at last quieted him. How to manage the sale of alcoholic stimulants in Thor, I must confess, has at times caused me sleepless nights."

"Attention, now, if you please, Mr. Thor. You will allow me to telegraph to Mr. Watkins that you will receive the deputation, and you will let me ask him to send some one to take my place here for to-day. The lady at Smoilersville would, I have no doubt, do the work willingly."

"She shall do no such thing," he cried now, rising in a towering rage. "If you really are in earnest, I can get some one from a station below to take your place. Are you not well?" he inquired.

"Rather an inclination to a headache; I am not used to having them. They took the best care of me, however, at my house."

"If you had remained quietly at home yesterday afternoon, and not gone strolling over the country, and scaling Thor's Rock, and getting yourself chilled in the evening air, you would have been quite well to-day."

"Does the authority of the office, Mr. Thor, extend so far as to place limits on what amount of recreation I may choose to indulge in?" I said, quite angrily.

He opened his eyes very wide, but said nothing, and went to an instrument and commenced working it. "It is done," he said, "and here comes a reply, which informs us that your substitute for to-morrow will be here. In fact, Miss Brown, I could get all the young men on the line to work for you, without salary."

"Pray, Mr. Thor, do not irritate me. I will now send your message to Mr. Watkins."

"Do what you please; for I perceive I am in despotic hands."

"Will this do? 'Will be pleased to receive the deputation;' there, that is all."

"Pleased! No, I am not pleased. But who is going to write my speech for me? The long-winded mayor is sure to get off some interminable twaddle. I solemnly declare that had I foreseen what an egregious ass I shall now be forced to make of myself, I would have let the train go to perdition."

"Mr. Thor," I replied, "all positions in life have their responsibilities."

"Oh! it is all very well for you to say so," answered Mr. Thor, maliciously.

I was determined not to be annoyed at whatever he said, now, so I thought I would take another tack. "What is Thorsdale, or Thor?" I asked. "A mean, poor, wretched place, as far as man's hands have wrought it. There is an unpainted depot, and a ramshackle telegraph station, both of them pictures of decay and neglect. What might Thor be, situated as it is on the border of a glorious lake, in the midst of rich pastures, with a grand river flowing through it? Thor might be a centre of trade and commerce, a second Asgard." Mr. Thor, who had heretofore been rather an uninterested audience, at the mention of my mythical capital suddenly clapped

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his hands, and was now all eyes and ears. "Chance," I continued, "may have something to do with the founding of a city. Some men may wait for a storm to fell the trees which may block the way of the passing emigrant train, but in other cases only time and tide and opportunity and perseverance all together may effect this noble end. Can you see nothing in the occurrence of the other day?" Up to this point I had hardly believed very much in what I said, and found myself inclined to listen to the echo of my own words; but when I looked at Mr. Thor, who seemed to hang on every word I uttered with breathless anxiety, I must confess I felt an unknown pleasure in seeing that I had produced some effect, and I became suddenly elated with my power, and warmed up to my subject. Now I was in dead earnest, and believed in what I said. "Mr. Thor," I continued, "you did a brave action, and such action must always bring its own reward" —

"Bad champagne, a yellow omnibus with six spavined horses, a brass band, and a subscription to be received at the office of the Sentinel," said Mr. Thor, rudely interrupting.

I felt like leaving off right there, but I would not give in. "I will suffer no such irrelevant remarks. Perhaps a hundred people owe their lives to you. Talk to the directors; show them the advantages of Thorsdale; they are bound to listen to you, and may favor your views. You have an idea — a most ambitious one, it is true — of making Thorsdale, if not a city, at least a town. You have brooded over it so long that by a not unnatural process of the mind your ideas of how to give life to Thorsdale have partaken too much of the character of a dream. Think of Thor as possible, not with triumphal arches, art galleries, or theatres, but simply as Thor with a single street, even if it be a straggling one at that. Make but a commencement, and the future of Thor may be only a question of time."

"By heavens, Miss Brown," cried Mr. Thor, coming towards me with both his hands outstretched, "you have struck the chord. A single idea, far too big for me, has lodged in this poor brain of mine until it has crowded out all the lesser methods for accomplishing it. I thank you for what you have said, from the very bottom of my heart, and I swear to you I will act on it. I will not detain you any longer; I must make the best excuses I can for your absence, though I should feel much less awkward could you stay with me. I am selfish enough to have forgotten, however, your headache. I suppose I have, as usual, been very coarse and inconsiderate, in regard to the shock you may have received on Tuesday. Men rarely appreciate those more delicate vibrations which sometimes shatter the weaker vases."

"Il ne faut pas brutaliser la machine," I said, to myself rather than to him.

"Oliver Wendell Holmes never made an apter quotation, nor one which is as little respected," replied Mr. Thor, musingly. I blushed crimson, I suppose, as I had not imagined he would understand me.

"Just one thing more, Mr. Thor." Here I hesitated and felt afraid I was going too far, but added, "I am about taking a liberty with you. I would most respectfully suggest that, when you talk to these railroad magnates, you drop all allusions to berserkers and vikings and jarls, battle-shields and sea-horses." He seemed to wince when I said this, but I continued remorselessly, "What do these men know or care about Eddas, or Gyda, or Snorro? Talk cattle, grain, lumber, and coal to them. No one knows better than you do what are the capabilities of Thorsdale, geographically and commercially considered. Speak to them about dollars and cents, and not myths and fables. To come down to the essential, if they only establish a grain depot here, that would be something."

Mr. Thor looked at me wistfully, and seemed a trifle shocked, but I had reason to suppose that my words had made some impression on him.

"So be it, in God's name," he replied in a subdued way. "It is almost time for the train now. You have not taken my hand yet, to show you have

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forgiven my abruptness. The fact is, Miss Brown, when the general superintendent informed me that he had sent a young lady here, I was terribly opposed to it. All female telegraph operators embodied in my mind the peculiarities of the Smoilersville young lady."

"What fault can you find with her? If I am to stay here, I should want one of my sex to prattle with. A crochet pattern sent over the wires would be charming. But here comes a message precisely from the lady in question;" and I read off for him as follows: "Glorious deeds should be welcomed not only with the laurel crown but with outbursts of song. The Smoilersville German Silver Orpheons have offered their services, and will join the deputation. E."

"I knew it," cried Mr. Thor; "this is the last straw which breaks the camel's back. If Thor ever is built, any member of an amateur band given to abusing wind-instruments shall be driven from the place with stripes."

"Good-by, Mr. Thor," I said, and shaking hands with him I left the office.

How much of a headache I had on that important day which was fraught with hopes for Thorsdale I cannot exactly determine. I could not stay at home, but took a scramble along the rocky shores of the lake. From time to time I heard the booming of a big drum and the blare of trumpets, which, I suppose, came from the German Silver Orpheons, and not unpleasantly did it sound in the distance. That all this hubbub was in Mr. Thor's honor I felt somehow proud, and had they fired off a salvo of cannon, I should have enjoyed it. Towards evening I found myself on Thor's Rock. Just as the sun was setting, I heard a loud steam whistle, then three lusty cheers, and a most vigorous pounding of the drum, which told me of the departure of the train of festival-makers. I confess I felt sorry that it was over. Then I watched the setting sun, amid the crimson clouds, until a purple city stood out in the sky, floating in a sea of gold. As it faded out I thought of Thor the city somewhat, and of Thor the telegraph clerk more; and next I had the good, hearty cry which had been threatening to come on for the last two days. Then naturally commenced a process of self-laceration. There was no use in denying it, I cared a good deal more for Jahn Thor than I did for his impossible town. I was too sure of that, and what was more degrading, I could not help it. I felt that I had no business to remain in Thor, and that I had the best of excuses for leaving the place. A position in the office would be fraught with anxieties, and in a moment of carelessness I might be the cause of sending a whole train of cars to destruction. It was the place for a man and not for a woman. Thorsdale would have to get along without me. And Mr. Thor? Well, in time, — time does so much, — I said, I would forget all about them both. Go away I must, and the sooner the better. So ended my court-martial, and taking a last look at the lake, with a very proud and stiff gait, holding my head very high though it was splitting with a genuine headache, homeward I marched.

"Thor was here an hour ago, Miss Mary," said my hostess, "and seemed kinder disap'inted like, to find ye eout. He 's brought a killin' lovely cake, with a sugar steam-engin' atop of it, trimmed with flowers. The children has been hiving areound it like flies; likewise a bottle of wine. I do so hope you 'r' a temp'rance girl. Sakes! what a lot of men as has never draw'd a sober breath since they left Smoilersville, all a-hollering themselves red in the face. Them kind of cakes, they say, is good to keep, and this un might do for your weddin'. Cl'ar out there, you children, and let Miss Brown have some showing at her cake. It 's mighty hard to keep children's fingers from picking at the frosting."

"Please divide the cake among your little ones," I said. "I am not feeling very well. Would you oblige me very much by not letting any one disturb me? I want rest and quiet."

"Souls alive! and are you as bad as that? Kettridge must have hurt you wusser than you will allow." I felt really too wretched to make a reply, and,

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mounting to my room, went to bed. I went to sleep, feeling dreadfully broken down, and dreamed that I wandered all night through gloomy thickets, picking flowers out of Bass's ale bottles, which all turned to thorns, and pricked my fingers.

III.

Next morning, I took a roundabout way to the office. There were two doors to the station, one of them close to my closet. I looked in and saw Mr. Thor, with his head supported on his hands and his tawny hair streaming down. I coughed purposely, but there was no answer. I passed in and opened the door of my little room, and uttered a cry of surprise at its altered appearance. It was decorated from top to bottom with garlands of flowers. To suspend the festoons of leaves, nails had been driven into the walls, and so smothered were the engravings with greenery that they were completely hidden. Sea-horse, however, being partly on the ceiling, still held his own. My ale bottle was gone, and was replaced by a pretty little *jardinière* filled with ferns and creepers. The map of Thor, where was it? I searched for it in vain. At last I found it, torn and crumpled and thrust ignominiously into a corner. I quickly had the map in my hand, and smoothed it out, and, in order to replace it, mounted on a cracker-box, which did duty in my boudoir as an ottoman. My lugging about this piece of furniture, I suppose, awakened Mr. Thor from his reverie.

"I 'm so glad you have come, Miss Brown." I heard him rise. "I wanted to have some person to condole with, after yesterday's asinine proceedings. I hope you are well again. That accursed band, how it must have disturbed you. I had almost a fight with Watkins; he wanted to have the whole concern stationed under your window. 'See the conquering hero [or heroine] comes,' played on a big drum and ophicleide, would have given you a brain fever. I never was so irritated in my life. I tried my best to keep them out of your room in the office, here, but could not. I suppose they have decorated it. The young man who took your place yesterday, and the Smoilersville lady undertook the business. I have not looked at it."

"Pray look in, Mr. Thor," I said, half-amused at his solemn and abashed mien. "It is indeed a perfect bower, now. How I have merited all this kind attention, I cannot divine." He stood at the door a moment, and glanced around.

"That map is strangely out of place," he said, after a pause. "Away with such nonsense! I am well over it all, now;" and here he made a step towards coming in.

"Please do not. Please, Mr. Thor. Some one threw the plan into the corner; has torn it, I am afraid. I took the trouble to hang it up again."

He stopped just then, as with outstretched arms, both of my hands holding fast to the sides of the door, I barred the entrance.

"If it stays there," he said bitterly, "it must be a constant reminder of as stupid a folly as a sane man could have been guilty of. Why keep it? Thor, with its paper streets, its mock avenues, its sham distances!"

"Pray cease, Mr. Thor. Is not this room mine, at least for the present?" Here I locked the door. "What did the railroad people determine about the place? Did they promise anything?"

"Yes," he replied, gloomily, "they have decided on a cattle-shed."

"A cattle-shed!" I exclaimed, concealing with difficulty my own chagrin and disappointment. I recovered myself quickly, however, and added, "A cattle-shed? That is something, much better than nothing. Some — some of the greatest cities of antiquity, you may remember, owed their foundation to a cattle-mart."

"Allow me to correct your history, for once. Rome's great forum, when Rome became nothing, was degraded to a cow-pen."

"It is worse than folly to draw any parallel between Rome and Thorsdale.

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A cattle-shed! Why, that is just what was wanted!" Following the lead of my sanguine temperament, I went on tumultuously: "Wise, practical railroad men! A cattle-shed means drovers and butchers, men from Maine to Texas, with fat, greasy wallets. It means a hotel, a bank, a market, an exchange, a printing-office, a newspaper, a church, a Sunday-school. It means paved streets and sidewalks. It suggests a mayor, aldermen, lawyers, doctors, speculators, politicians. It means a wharf and steamboats, and timber rafts, and a light-house perched on Thor's Rock, shining of nights across the lake. It means that at last the nucleus is found, providing you only believe it as I do."

Mr. Thor seemed to stagger for a moment under my load of words, and then said, "Miss Brown, you look honest. It would be the most cruel thing in the world, if you gave utterance to anything you did not implicitly believe."

"Mr. Thor," I replied, with conviction, "though women at my age are prone to romancing, I give you my honor that I have pictured nothing which I do not believe may be accomplished, providing you will work manfully towards the end in view. Please reach me down the map," I added, unlocking the door.

"What for?"

"To locate the cattle-shed."

He quickly carried the map to his working-table, his eyes beaming with pleasure.

"Here," he said, after some pondering over it, "is an unoccupied place. We cannot decide on these things hastily. Now a cattle-shed must be on the outskirts, near an abattoir. Think of mad steers straying round and goring all the children in a populous city."

"How far is this unoccupied place from here?" and I put my finger about where the telegraph station stood.

"At least a mile and a half," he replied. "Consult the scale."

"It is impossible," I remarked in the most decided way. "The town must creep before it can jump. It ought to be right here, close to the depot."

"Out of the question. My real depot, not the one opposite here, is fully three quarters of a mile lower down the road. Just where you want the cattle-shed to be is the site of my opera-house, in the Quartier St. Germain of Thor."

"You are impracticable. Cattle arrive by rail, tired, thirsty, and jaded, and you want to drive them almost a day's journey farther on. The map of Thor must be remodeled. Who constructs the plan of a battle before the action is fought?"

He gave way slowly, though with good grace, and it ended by my taking a pencil and marking a place for the cattle-shed.

"There, that will do," he said. "It is only on paper after all, and I am sick of paper towns." And with this he pitched the map into a corner. "But tell me about yourself. Are you quite well, now?"

"Quite well, and so much obliged to you for sending the cake and wine. Has the Smoilersville paper come by the early train?"

"Yes — it — has."

"Pray give it me. I want to see myself, for once, dead and buried with all the honors."

"I tore the paper into bits, in a rage. They made me a Cicero as to eloquence; they put into my mouth a pack of stuff I never was guilty of; they — they" —

"What! anything else?" I inquired.

"Yes; a lot of absurdities, in the worst possible taste, about you."

"About me? Since you have told me thus far, you must tell me all."

"You insist, then?" he asked, very gravely.

"I certainly do. Whatever the stupid paper may have published, I am quite indifferent about."

"But I am not," he quickly added. Just then a train came in, followed by more trains; and conductors, engineers, expressmen, and brakemen came into the office. I had to be formally introduced to all of them, and as they all shook hands with me, and did it vigorously, by the time they were through my arm felt as if it had been dislocated.

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At last we were quiet, and then my resolve came uppermost in my mind, and I vowed that when the clock struck eleven I would speak my mind.

"Mr. Thor," I said, as the clock ceased sounding the hour, "believe me, it is with some regret that I am forced to resign my position here. As incidents like those of the other night might repeat themselves, it must be apparent to you that it is a man who is wanted here, and not a woman. In fact, you intimated as much to me, and you were perfectly correct." I felt that I was doing what was right. I awaited his reply. Very quickly he said, —

"I have expected this, Miss Brown. Although the chances of a repetition of the accidents of Tuesday are very slight, there are other reasons which might make your stay here exceedingly distasteful to a young lady of your worth and character."

It was my turn, now, to open my eyes in astonishment. "Other reasons? I do not understand you."

"Yes," he replied, "other reasons. Jahn Thor has no right to have your name coupled with his."

"How? What do you mean?" I gasped.

"Simply this, and let me assure you how much I regret it. The foolish paper stated that I was your accepted suitor, that we were to be married" —

I would hear no more. Snatching up my hat, I burst out of the office, went home, and immured myself in my room, more wretched than I had ever been before in my life, but resolved that I would leave Thorsdale that evening. It was five o'clock when my landlady knocked at my door, handing me a telegram. One of Mr. Thor's depot hands had brought it. I tore it open. It was a message from my sister, with the address of a neighboring town on the line of our road, advising me that by seven o'clock she would be with me. I felt that it was almost providential.

"Miss Brown," said the man from the depot, "Mr. Thor says, as soon as the lady comes I am to bring her to you."

"Is there a train that leaves about nine o'clock?" I inquired.

"Yes, miss; only one, the express up train at nine forty-five."

"You will thank Mr. Thor for his politeness."

"That 's all?"

"Yes," I replied.

I now made up my mind that it should be by the nine forty-five train that I must go. I knew I could prevail on my sister to retrace her steps with me.

The good sister came on time, and I rushed down the stairs to meet her. "You see, Mary," she said, "it was our vacation. Now, I had no liking to your becoming famous all alone by yourself. It is such an exceedingly trying position, especially for a child like you, to be famous, you know, and so here I am. You are quite nervous and trembling, my little woman. What has gone amiss with you?" Thereupon, without exactly going into details, I told her something of my three days' experiences in Thorsdale. With her keen insight into my character, she understood me at once.

"Well," she said, "we had better go away at once. I am not a bit tired; are you ready for a start?"

"Yes, quite ready."

"You will go home with me. When winter fairly sets in, provided you won't help me in teaching, you might make another start. There is a night train back, I suppose?"

"Yes, the nine forty-five."

"Then it is all settled. Thorsdale! what a name for a place! It does not sound Christian-like. It is a heathen name, is it not, Mary? I must rub up my mythology."

At just half past nine, we were at the station. "I must bid him good-by," I said to myself; "I cannot leave without doing it. I might never forgive myself if I did." Taking my sister's arm, I knocked at the door of the telegraph station. It looked dull and cheerless within. A single lamp was feebly burning in the room. Mr. Thor was there, with his head buried in his hands. The door was open. My sister, peering

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into the darkness, and ignorant of the locality, did not seem to like venturing in, and she loosed my hand. I felt that I must go alone, and bid Jahn Thor good-by. "Mr. Thor," I said, almost inaudibly, — yet I felt sure he heard me, — "I have come to bid you good-by, and to say God help you;" and I stretched out my ungloved hand towards him. Perhaps it was so obscure that he did not see me, as I stood in the shadow. He did, though, turn towards me suddenly. His eyes seemed to devour me, then he put his fingers to his lips, and, pointing to the telegraph instrument before him, slowly, softly, almost noiselessly, commenced working it. Did I listen? I hung on each feeble sound as if my life depended on it, and this is what it said: "Mary, do not leave me without knowing that I love you dearly." Then it ceased. Next, both my hands were clasped tight in his strong hands, and he kissed me, and then the express train thundered in.

. . . . . .

"You seem terribly agitated, child," said my darling sister, as we left Thorsdale; "and where did you get that shocking ale bottle from, with the flowers in it?"

Jahn Thor — my Jahn Thor — had given me the flowers. I had begged them of him. He had kept the train back for fully five minutes, in order that he might find the old flowers and the ale bottle in the saw-dust hill where Miss Eusebia had undoubtedly thrown them. Then I told my sister all about it, from beginning to end, and she said, kissing me, that I was "a silly child." But she cried, and we both cried, and after a while we went to sleep in each other's arms, and, though the Thorsdale road was a terribly rough one, then, I slept much more sweetly than I had done for the last two nights.

Of course I married Mr. Thor, six months afterwards.

. . . . . .

And what about Thorsdale? Thorsdale has a cattle-shed. New York and Chicago quote our market. We have now rows of houses, some of them with stone fronts. We have five churches and a synagogue, six clergymen and a rabbi, ten lawyers, eleven doctors, and seventeen dentists. We have three hotels, and — to think of it! — suburban cottages. We have had a horse-race, a robbery, a divorce, a terrible fire, and municipal peculation. Are not these the attributes of a thriving town? We have a daily paper, The Thorsdale Tripod. Mr. Thor says the name is a good one, as it supports the editor (the former reporter of The Smoilersville Sentinel) by means of its brass, brains, and blarney. That editor's principal business is, of course, to scatter cinders on the devoted heads of the Smoilersvillians. His last leading article was entitled "Delenda est Smoilersville."

I wish I was quite certain that I did not feel, myself, that spirit of rivalry which is, I am afraid, inherent. I am, however, asserting only what any one may see in the last census, which is that Thorsdale had then exactly fifty-nine souls more than Smoilersville; as to Twoboysboro, we distanced her more than three years ago. Mr. Thor, the Honorable Mr. Thor, has just returned from the Centennial Exhibition, where he acted as one of the judges. He was in Norway last year, and we expect every day our second body of honest, sturdy Scandinavian folk; the advance corps came to Thorsdale more than two years ago. We both of us cried like babies when we saw the steamboat filled with our Norwegian people come sailing from out the shadow of the lake, up to Thor's Light. I did so wish, then, that my children's grandfather had been alive.

Mr. Thor still makes carefully executed plans of Thorsdale, and I help him. It was but yesterday, when looking at the old map which once decorated my closet at the telegraph station, that I said to my husband, "Do you not think that some of those new extensions of streets might be assimilated to the original plans? I wish you would study it up; you entirely neglect the dear old map."

"Nonsense, Mary," was the reply. "Let us be practical. I notice with some

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regret that Thorsdale is assuming a certain floridity of style which is ridiculously out of place. The architect who has made the plans of the Thor House estimates that monograms, a T and an H interlaced, over every window, with sea-horses rampant, will increase the cost of the front decoration some thirty-five hundred dollars. Now, though such ornaments might make people remember us, it would be the landlord of the hotel, or the guests, who eventually would have to pay for them."

"But did you not promise me a fountain, after my own designs, to be put up in Thor Place this year?" I asked.

"Before we get to fountains, we must look the fire-plug question squarely in the face. The poetical Camelot had no city gas-bills to worry over, and what did King Arthur care for paving or grading?"

"And Asgard?"

"Dear old woman, just seventeen years ago a cattle-shed knocked Asgard on the head. You made the cattle-shed possible, Mary, and I thank God for it."

GIVING UP THE WORLD.

So, from the ruins of the world alone
  Can Heaven be builded? Oh,
What other temples must be overthrown,
  Founded in sand or snow!

But, Heaven cannot be built with jeweled hands?
  Then, from my own I wring
Glitter of gold, the gifts of many lands;
  The seas their pearls I fling.

Heaven must be hung with pictures of the dead?
  The shroud must robe the saint?
Never one halo round a living head
  Did Raphael dare to paint?

Heaven must have flowers: — after the worm has crossed
  Their blush, the wind their breath?
After the utter silence of the frost
  Has made them white with death?

Heaven must have music: — but the birds that sing
  In that divinest nest
Thither must waver, wounded in the wing
  And wounded in the breast?

Heaven must be lighted — at the fallen light
  Of moon and star and sun?
Ah me, since these have made the earth too bright,
  Let the dark Will be done!

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

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NEIGHBORHOODS OF JERUSALEM.

WHEREVER we come upon traces of the Knights of St. John, there a door opens for us into romance; the very name suggests valor and courtesy and charity. Every town in the East that is so fortunate as to have any memorials of them, whatever its other historic associations, obtains an additional and special fame from its connection with this heroic order. The city of Acre recalls the memory of their useless prowess in the last struggle of the Christians to retain a foothold in Palestine; the name of the Knights of Rhodes brings before every traveler, who has seen it, the picturesque city in which the armorial insignia of this order have for him a more living interest than any antiquities of the Grecian Rose; the island fortress at the gate of the Levant owes all the interest we feel in it to the Knights of Malta; and even the city of David and of the Messiah has an added lustre as the birthplace of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

From the eleventh century to the fifteenth, they are the chief figures who in that whirlwind of war contested the possession of the Levant with the Saracens and the Turks. In the forefront of every battle was seen their burnished mail, in the gloomy rear of every retreat were heard their voices of constancy and of courage; wherever there were crowns to be cracked, or wounds to be bound up, or broken hearts to be ministered to, there were the Knights of St. John, soldiers, priests, servants, laying aside the gown for the coat of mail if need be, or exchanging the cuirass for the white cross on the breast. Originally a charitable order, dwelling in the Hospital of St. John to minister to the pilgrims to Jerusalem, and composed of young soldiers of Godfrey, who took the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, they resumed their arms upon the pressure of infidel hostility, and subsequently divided the order into three classes: soldiers, priests, and servants. They speedily acquired great power and wealth; their palaces, their fortifications, their churches, are even in their ruins the admiration and wonder of our age. The purity of the order was in time somewhat sullied by luxury, but their valor never suffered the slightest eclipse; whether the field they contested was lost or won, their bravery always got new honor from it.

Nearly opposite the court of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the green field of Muristan, the site of the palace, church, and hospital of the Knights of St. John. The field was, on an average, twenty-five feet above the surrounding streets, and a portion of it was known to rest upon vaults. This plot of ground was given to the Prussian government, and its agents have been making excavations there; these were going on at the time of our visit. The disclosures are of great architectural and historical interest. The entrance through a peculiar Gothic gateway leads into a court. Here the first excavations were made several years ago, and disclosed some splendid remains: the apse of the costly church, cloisters, fine windows and arches of the best Gothic style. Beyond, the diggings have brought to light some of the features of the palace and hospital; an excavation of twenty-five feet reaches down to the arches of the sub-structure, which rest upon pillars from forty to fifty feet high. This gives us some notion of the magnificent group of buildings that once occupied this square, and also of the industry of nature as an entomber, since some four centuries have sufficed her to bury these ruins so far beneath the soil, that peasants plowed over the palaces of the knights without a suspicion of what lay beneath.

In one corner of this field stands a slender minaret, marking the spot where the great Omar once said his prayers; four centuries after this, Saladin is said to have made his military head-quarters in the then deserted palace of the Knights

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of St. John. There is no spot in Jerusalem where one touches more springs of romance than in this field of Muristan.

Perhaps the most interesting and doleful walk one can take near Jerusalem is that into the Valley of Kidron and through Aceldama, round to the Jaffa Gate, traversing "the whole valley of the dead bodies, and of the ashes," in the cheerful words of Jeremiah.

We picked our way through the filthy streets and on the slippery cobble-stones, — over which it seems dangerous to ride and is nearly impossible to walk, — out through St. Stephen's Gate. Near the gate, inside, we turned into an alley and climbed a heap of rubbish to see a pool, which the guide insisted upon calling Bethesda, although it is Birket Israîl. Having seen many of these pools, I did not expect much, but I was still disappointed. We saw merely a hole in the ground, which is void of all appearance of ever having been even damp. The fact is, we have come to Jerusalem too late; we ought to have been here about two thousand years ago.

The slope of the hill outside the gate is covered with the turbaned tombs of Moslems; we passed under the walls and through this cemetery into the deep valley below, crossing the bed of the brook near the tombs of Absalom, Jehoshaphat, St. James, and Zacharias. These all seem to be of Roman construction; but that called Absalom's is so firmly believed to be his that for centuries every Jew who has passed it has cast a stone at it, and these pebbles of hate partially cover it. We also added to the heap, but I do not know why, for it is nearly impossible to hate any one who has been dead so long.

The most interesting phenomenon in the valley is the Fountain of the Virgin, or the Fountain of Accused Women, as it used to be called. The Moslem tradition is that it was a test of the unfaithfulness of women; those who drank of it and were guilty, died; those who were innocent received no harm. The Virgin Mary herself, being accused, accepted this test, drank of the water, and proved her chastity. Since then the fountain has borne her name. The fountain, or well, is in the side-hill, under the rocks of Ophel, and the water springs up in an artificial cave. We descended some sixteen steps to a long chamber, arched with ancient masonry; we passed through that and descended fourteen steps more into a grotto, where we saw the water flowing in and escaping by a subterranean passage. About this fountain were lounging groups of Moslem idlers, mostly women and children. Not far off a Moslem was saying his prayers, prostrating himself before a prayer-niche. We had difficulty in making our way down the steps, so encumbered were they with women. Several of them sat upon the lowest steps in the damp cavern, gossiping, filling their water-skins, or paddling about with naked feet.

The well, like many others in Syria, is intermittent and irregular in its rising and falling; sometimes it is dry, and then suddenly it bubbles up and is fu again. Some scholars think this is the Pool Bethesda of the New Testamen others think that Bethesda was Siloam, which is below this well and fed by it, and would exhibit the same irregular rising and falling. This intermittent character St. John attributed to an angel who came down and troubled the water; the Moslems, with the same superstition, say that it is caused by a dragon, who sleeps therein and checks the stream when he wakes.

On our way to the Pool of Siloam we passed the village of Siloam, which is inhabited by about a thousand Moslems, — a nest of stone huts and caves clinging to the side-hill, and exactly the gray color of its stones. The occupation of the inhabitants appears to be begging, and hunting for old copper coins, mites, and other pieces of Jewish money. These relics they pressed upon us with the utmost urgency. It was easier to satisfy the beggars than the traders, who sallied out upon us like hungry wolves from their caves. There is a great choice of disagreeable places in the East, but I cannot now think of any that I should not prefer as a residence to Siloam.

The Pool of Siloam, magnified in my

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infant mind as "Siloam's shady rill," is an unattractive sink-hole of dirty water, surrounded by modern masonry. The valley here is very stony. Just below we came to Solomon's Garden, an arid spot, with patches of stone walls, struggling to be a vegetable garden, and somewhat green with lettuce and Jerusalem artichokes. I have no doubt it was quite another thing when Solomon and some of his wives used to walk here in the cool of the day, and even when Shallum, the son of Col-hozeh, set up "the wall of the Pool of Siloah by the king's garden."

We continued on, down to Joab's Well, passing on the way Isaiah's Tree, a decrepit sycamore propped up by a stone pillar, where that prophet was sawn asunder. There is no end to the cheerful associations of the valley. The Well of Joab, a hundred and twenty-five feet deep, and walled and arched with fine masonry, has a great appearance of antiquity. We plucked maiden-hair from its crevices, and read the Old Testament references. Near it is a square pool fed by its water. Some little distance below this, the waters of all these wells, pools, drains, sinks, or whatever they are, reappear, bursting up through a basin of sand and pebbles, as clear as crystal, and run brawling off down the valley under a grove of large olive-trees — a scene rural and inviting.

I suppose it would be possible to trace the whole system of underground water ways and cisterns, from Solomon's Pool, which sends its water into town by an aqueduct near the Jaffa Gate, to Hezekiah's Pool, to the cisterns under the Haram, and so out to the Virgin's Well, the Pool of Siloam, and the final gush of sweet water below. This valley drains, probably artificially as well as naturally, the whole city, for no sewers exist in the latter.

We turned back from this sparkling brook, which speedily sinks into the ground again, absorbed by the thirsty part of the valley called Tophet, and went up the Valley of Hinnom, passing under the dark and frowning ledges of Aceldama, honey-combed with tombs. In this "field of blood" a grim stone structure forms the front of a natural cave, which is the charnel-house where the dead were cast pell-mell, in the belief that the salts in the earth would speedily consume them. The path we travel is rugged, steep, and incredibly stony. The whole of this region is inexpressibly desolate, worn-out, pale, uncanny. The height above this rocky terrace, stuffed with the dead, is the Hill of Evil Counsel, where the Jews took counsel against Jesus; and to add the last touch of an harmonious picture, just above this Potter's Field stands the accursed tree upon which Judas hanged himself, raising its gaunt branches against the twilight sky, a very gallows-tree to the imagination. It has borne no fruit since Iscariot. Towards dusk, sometimes, as you stand on the wall by Zion Gate, you almost fancy you can see *him* dangling there. It is of no use to tell me that the seed that raised this tree could not have sprouted till a thousand years after Judas was crumbled into dust; one must have faith in something.

This savage gorge, for the Valley of Hinnom is little more than that in its narrowest part, has few associations that are not horrible. Here Solomon set up the images ("the groves," or the graven images), and the temples for the lascivious rites of Ashtoreth or the human sacrifices to Moloch. Here the Jews, the kings and successors of Solomon, with a few exceptions, and save an occasional spasmodic sacrifice to Jehovah when calamity made them fear him, practiced all the abominations of idolatry in use in that age. The Jews had always been more or less addicted to the worship of the god of Ammon, but Solomon first formally established it in Hinnom. Jeremiah writes of it historically, "They have built the high places of Tophet, which is in the valley of the son of Hinnom, to burn their sons and their daughters in the fire." This Moloch was as ingenious a piece of cruelty as ever tried the faith of heretics in later times, and, since it was purely a means of human sacrifice, and not a means of grace (as Inquisitorial tortures were supposed

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to be), its use is conclusive proof of the savage barbarity of the people who delighted in it. Moloch was the monstrous brass image of a man with the head of an ox. It was hollow, and the interior contained a furnace by which the statue was made red-hot. Children — the offerings to the god — were then placed in its glowing arms, and drums were beaten to drown their cries. It is painful to recall these things, but the traveler should always endeavor to obtain the historical flavor of the place he visits.

Continuing our walks among the antiquities of Jerusalem, we went out of the Damascus Gate, a noble battlemented structure, through which runs the great northern highway to Samaria and Damascus. The road, however, is a mere path over ledges and through loose stones, fit only for donkeys. If Rehoboam went this way in his chariot to visit Jeroboam in Samaria, there must have existed then a better road, or else the king endured hard pounding for the sake of the dignity of his conveyance. As soon as we left the gate we encountered hills of stones and paths of the roughest description. There are several rock tombs on this side of the city, but we entered only one, that called by some the Tombs of the Kings, and by others, with more reason, the Tomb of Helena, a heathen convert to Judaism, who built this sepulchre for herself early in the first century. The tomb, excavated entirely in the solid rock, is a spacious affair, having a large court and ornamented vestibule and many chambers, extending far into the rock, and a singular net-work of narrow passages and recesses for the deposit of the dead. It had one device that is worthy of the ancient Egyptians. The entrance was closed by a heavy square stone, so hung that it would yield to pressure from without, but would swing to its place by its own weight, and fitted so closely that it could not be moved from the inside. If any thief entered the tomb and left this slab unsecured, he would be instantly caught in the trap and become a permanent occupant. Large as the tomb is, its execution is mean compared with the rock tombs of Egypt; but the exterior stone of the court, from its exposure in this damp and variable climate, appears older than Egyptian work which has been uncovered three times as long.

At the tomb we encountered a dozen students from the Latin convent, fine-looking fellows in long blue-black gowns, red caps, and red sashes. They sat upon the grass, on the brink of the excavation, stringing rosaries and singing student songs, with evident enjoyment of the hour's freedom from the school; they not only made a picturesque appearance, but they impressed us also as a Jerusalem group which was neither sinful nor dirty. Beyond this tomb we noticed a handsome modern dwelling-house; you see others on various eminences outside the city, and we noted them as the most encouraging sign of prosperity about Jerusalem.

We returned over the hill and by the city wall, passing the Cave of Jeremiah and the door in the wall that opens into the stone quarries of Solomon. These quarries underlie a considerable portion of the city, and furnished the stone for its ancient buildings. I will not impose upon you a description of them; for it would be unfair to send you into disagreeable places that I did not explore myself.

The so-called Grotto of Jeremiah is a natural cavern in the rocky hill, vast in extent, I think thirty feet high and a hundred feet long by seventy broad — as big as a church. The tradition is that Jeremiah lived here, and lamented. In front of the cave are cut stones and pieces of polished columns built into walls and seats; these fragments seem to indicate the former existence here of a Roman temple. The cave is occupied by an old dervish, who has a house in a rock near by, and uses the cavern as a cool retreat and a stable for his donkey. His rocky home is shared by his wife and family. He said that it was better to live alone, apart from the world and its snares. He however finds the reputation of Jeremiah profitable, selling admission to the cave at a franc a

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head, and, judging by the women and children about him, he seemed to have family enough not to be lonely.

The sojourner in Jerusalem who does not care for antiquities can always entertain himself by a study of the pilgrims who throng the city at this season. We hear more of the pilgrimage to Mecca than of that to Jerusalem; but I think the latter is the more remarkable phenomenon of our modern life; I believe it equals the former, which is usually overrated, in numbers, and it certainly equals it in zeal and surpasses it in the variety of nationalities represented. The pilgrims of the cross increase yearly; to supply their wants, to minister to their credulity, to traffic on their faith, is the great business of the Holy City. Few, I imagine, who are not in Palestine in the spring, have any idea of the extent of this vast yearly movement of Christian people upon the Holy Land, or of the simple zeal which characterizes it. If it were in any way obstructed or hindered, we should have a repetition of the Crusades, on a vaster scale and gathered from a broader area than the wildest pilgrimage of the holy war. The driblets of travel from America and from Western Europe are as nothing in the crowds thronging to Jerusalem from Ethiopia to Siberia, from the Baltic to the Ural Mountains. Already for a year before the Easter season have they been on foot, slowly pushing their way across great steppes, through snows and over rivers, crossing deserts and traversing unfriendly countries; the old, the infirm, women as well as men, their faces set towards Jerusalem. No common curiosity moves this mass, from Ethiopia, from Egypt, from Russia, from European Turkey, from Asia Minor, from the banks of the Tagus and the Araxes; it is a true pilgrimage of faith, the one event in a life of dull monotony and sordid cares, the one ecstasy of poetry in an existence of poverty and ignorance.

We spent a morning in the Russian Hospice, which occupies the hill to the northwest of the city. It is a fine pile of buildings, the most conspicuous of which, on account of its dome, is the church, a large edifice with a showy exterior, but of no great merit or interest. We were shown some holy pictures which are set in frames encrusted with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and other precious gems, the offerings of rich devotees, and displaying their wealth rather than their taste.

The establishment has one building for the accommodation of rich pilgrims, and a larger one set apart for peasants. The hospice lodges, free of charge, all the Russian pilgrims. The exterior court was full of them. They were sunning themselves, but not inclined to lay aside their hot furs and heavy woolens. We passed into the interior, entering room after room occupied by the pilgrims, who regarded our intrusion with good-natured indifference, or frankly returned our curiosity. Some of the rooms were large, furnished with broad divans about the sides, which served for beds and lounging places, and were occupied by both sexes. The women, rosy-cheeked, light-haired, broad, honest-looking creatures, were mending their clothes; the men were snoozing on the divans, flat on their backs, presenting to the spectator the bottoms of their monstrous shoes, which had soles eight inches broad; a side of leather would be needed for a pair. In these not very savory rooms they cook, eat, and sleep. Here stood their stoves; here hung their pilgrim knapsacks; here were their kits of shoemaker's tools, for mending their foot-gear, which they had tugged thousands of miles; here were household effects that made their march appear more like an emigration than a pilgrimage; here were the staring pictures of St. George and the Dragon, and of other saints, the beads and the other relics, which they had bought in Jerusalem.

Although all these pilgrims owed allegiance to the Czar, they represented a considerable variety of races. They came from Archangel, from Tobolsk, from the banks of the Ural, from Kurland; they had found their way along the Danube, the Dnieper, the Don. I spoke with a group of men and women who had

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walked over two thousand miles before they reached Odessa and took ship for Jaffa. There were among them Cossacks, wild and untidy, light-haired barbarians from the Caucasus, dark-skinned men and women from Moscow, representatives from the remotest provinces of great Russia; for the most part simple, rude, clumsy, honest boors. In an interior court we found men and women seated on the sunny flagging, busily occupied in arranging and packing the souvenirs of their visit. There was rosemary spread out to dry; there were little round cakes of blessed bread stamped with the image of the Saviour; there were branches of palm, crowns of thorns, and stalks of cane cut at the Jordan; there were tin cases of Jordan water; there were long strips of cotton cloth stamped in black with various insignia of death, to serve at home for coffin-covers; there were skull-caps in red, yellow, and white, also stamped with holy images, to be put on the heads of the dead. I could not but in mind follow these people to their distant homes, and think of the pride with which they would show these trophies of their pilgrimage; how the rude neighbors would handle with awe a stick cut on the banks of the Jordan, or eat with faith a bit of the holy bread. How sacred, in those homes of frost and snow, will not these mementos of a land of sun, of a land so sacred, become. I can see the wooden chest in the cabin where the rosemary will be treasured, keeping sweet, against the day of need, the caps and the shrouds.

These people will need to make a good many more pilgrimages, and perhaps to quit their morose land altogether, before they can fairly rank among the civilized of the earth. They were a thick-set, padded-legged, short-bodied, unintelligent lot. The faces of many of them were worn, as if storm-beaten, and some kept their eyes half closed, as if they were long used to face the sleet and blasts of winter; and I noticed that it gave their faces a very different expression from that produced by the habit the Egyptians have of drawing the eyelids close together on account of the glare of the sun.

We took donkeys one lovely morning, and rode from the Jaffa Gate around the walls on our way to the Mount of Olives. The Jerusalem donkey is a good enough donkey, but he won't go. He is ridden with a halter, and never so elegantly caparisoned as his more genteel brother in Cairo. In order to get him along at all, it needs one man to pull the halter and another to follow behind with a stick; the donkey then moves by inches, — if he is in the humor. The animal that I rode stopped at once, when he perceived that his driver was absent. No persuasions of mine, such as kicks and whacks of a heavy stick, could move him on; he would turn out of the road, put his head against the wall, and pretend to go to sleep. You would not suppose it possible for a beast to exhibit so much contempt for a man.

On the high ground outside the wall were pitched the tents of travelers, making a very pretty effect amid the olive-trees and the gray rocks. Now and then an Arab horseman came charging down the road, or a Turkish official cantered by; women, veiled, clad in white balloon robes that covered them from head to foot, flitted along in the sunshine, mere white appearances of women, to whom it was impossible to attribute any such errand as going to market; they seem always to be going to or returning from the cemetery.

Our way lay down the rough path and the winding road to the bottom of the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Leaving the Garden of Gethsemane on our right, we climbed up the rugged, stony, steep path to the summit of the hill. There are a few olive-trees on the way, enough to hinder the view where the stone walls would permit us to see anything; importunate begging Moslems beset us; all along the route we encountered shabbiness and squalor. The *rural* sweetness and peace that we associate with this dear mount appear to have been worn away centuries ago. We did not expect too much, but we were not prepared for such a shabby show-place. If we could

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sweep away all the filthy habitations and hideous buildings on the hill, and leave it to nature, or, indeed, convert the surface into a well-ordered garden, the spot would be one of the most attractive in the world.

We hoped that when we reached the summit we should come into an open, green, and shady place, free from the disagreeable presence of human greed and all the artificiality that interposed itself between us and the sentiment of the place. But the traveler need not expect *that* in Palestine. Everything is staked out and made a show of. Arrived at the summit, we could see little or nothing; it is crowned with the dilapidated Chapel of the Ascension. We entered a dirty court, where the custodian and his family and his animals live, and from thence were admitted to the church. In the pavement is shown the footprint of our ascending Lord, although the Ascension was made at Bethany. We paid the custodian for permission to see this manufactured scene of the Ascension. The best point of view to be had here is the old tower of the deserted convent, or the narrow passage to it on the wall, or the top of the minaret near the church. There is no place on wall or tower where one can sit; there is no place anywhere here to sit down, and in peace and quiet enjoy the magnificent prospect, and meditate on the most momentous event in human history. We snatched the view in the midst of annoyances. The most minute features of it are known to every one who reads. The portion of it I did not seem to have been long familiar with is that to the east, comprising the Jordan valley, the mountains of Moab, and the Dead Sea.

Although this mount is consecrated by the frequent presence of Christ, who so often crossed it in going to and from Bethany, and retired here to meditate and to commune with his loved followers, everything that the traveler at present encounters on its summit is out of sympathy with his memory. We escaped from the beggars and the showmen, climbed some stone walls, and in a rough field near the brow of the hill, in a position neither comfortable nor private, but the best that we found, read the chief events in the life of Christ connected with this mount, the triumphal entry, and the last scenes transacted on yonder hill. And we endeavored to make the divine man live again, who so often and so sorrowfully regarded the then shining city of Zion from this height.

To the south of the church and a little down the hill is the so-called site of the giving of the Lord's Prayer. I do not know on what authority it is thus named. A chapel is built to mark the spot, and a considerable space is inclosed before it, in which are other objects of interest, and these were shown to us by a pleasant-spoken lady, who is connected with the convent, and has faith equal to the demands of her position. We first entered a subterranean vaulted room, with twelve rough half-pillars on each side, called the room where the apostles composed the creed. We then passed into the chapel. Upon the four walls of its arcade is written, in great characters, the Lord's Prayer in *thirty-two* languages; among them the "Canadian."

In a little side chapel is the tomb of Aurelia de Bossa, Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne, Duchesse de Bouillon, the lady whose munificence established this chapel and executed the prayer in so many tongues. Upon the side of the tomb this fact of her benevolence is announced, and the expectation is also expressed, in French, that "God will overwhelm her with blessing forever and ever for her good deed." Stretched upon the sarcophagus is a beautiful marble effigy of the princess; the figure is lovely, the face is sweet and seraphic, and it is a perfect likeness of her ladyship.

I do not speak at random. I happen to know that it is a perfect likeness, for a few minutes after I saw it, I met her in the corridor, in a semi-nunlike costume, with a heavy cross hanging by a long gold chain at her side. About her forehead was bound a barbarous frontlet composed of some two hundred gold coins, and ornaments not unlike those

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worn by the ladies of the ancient Egyptians. This incongruity of costume made me hesitate whether to recognize in this dazzling vision of womanhood a priestess of Astarte or of Christ. At the farther door, Aurelia de Bossa, Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne, Duchesse de Bouillon, stopped and blew shrilly a silver whistle which hung at her girdle, to call her straying poodle, or to summon a servant. In the rear of the chapel this lady lives in a very pretty house, and near it she was building a convent for Carmelite nuns. I cannot but regard her as the most fortunate of her sex. She enjoys not only this life, but, at the same time, all the posthumous reputation that a lovely tomb and a record of her munificence engraved thereon can give. We sometimes hear of, but we seldom see, a person, in these degenerate days, living in this world as if already in the other.

We went on over the hill to Bethany; we had climbed up by the path on which David fled from Absalom, and we were to return by the road of the Triumphal Entry. All along the ridge we enjoyed a magnificent panorama: a blue piece of the Dead Sea, the Jordan plain extending far up towards Hermon with the green ribbon of the river winding through it, and the long, even range of the Moab hills, blue in the distance. The prospect was almost Swiss in its character, but it is a mass of bare hills, with scarcely a tree except in the immediate foreground, and so naked and desolate as to make the heart ache; it would be entirely desolate but for the deep blue of the sky and an atmosphere that bathes all the great sweep of peaks and plains in color.

Bethany is a squalid hamlet clinging to the rocky hill-side, with only one redeeming feature about it — the prospect. A few wretched one-story huts of stone, and a miserable handful of Moslems, occupy this favorite home and resting-place of our Lord. Close at hand, by the roadside, cut in the rock and reached by a steep descent of twenty-six steps, is the damp and doubtful tomb of Lazarus, down into which any one may go for half a franc paid to the Moslem guardian. The house of Mary and Martha is exhibited among the big rocks and fragments of walls; upon older foundations loose walls are laid, rudely and recently patched up with cut stones in fragments, and pieces of Roman columns. The house of Simon the leper, overlooking the whole, is a mere heap of ruins. It does not matter, however, that all these dwellings are modern; this is Bethany, and when we get away from its present wretchedness we remember only that we have seen the very place that Christ loved.

We returned along the highway of the Entry slowly, pausing to identify the points of that memorable progress, up to the crest where Jerusalem broke upon the sight of the Lord, and whence the procession, coming round the curve of the hill, would have the full view of the city. He who rides that way to-day has a grand prospect. One finds Jerusalem most poetic when seen from Olivet, and Olivet most lovely when seen from the distance of the city walls.

At the foot of the descent we turned and entered the inclosure of the Garden of Gethsemane. Three stone-wall inclosures here claim to be the real garden; one is owned by the Greeks, another by the Armenians, the third by the Latins. We chose the last, as it is the largest and pleasantest; perhaps the garden, which was certainly in this vicinity, once included them all. After some delay we were admitted by a small door in the wall, and taken charge of by a Latin monk, whose young and sweet face was not out of sympathy with the place. The garden contains a few aged olive-trees, and some small plots of earth, fenced about and secured by locked gates, in which flowers grow. The guardian gave us some falling roses, and did what he could to relieve the scene of its artificial appearance; around the wall, inside, are the twelve stations of the Passion, in the usual tawdry style.

But the birds sang sweetly in the garden, the flowers of spring were blooming, and, hemmed in by the high wall, we had some moments of solemn peace, broken only by the sound of a Moslem

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darabooka drum throbbing near at hand. Desecrated as this spot is, and made cheap by the petty creations of superstition, one cannot but feel the awful significance of the place, and the weight of history crowding upon him, where battles raged for a thousand years, and where the greatest victory of all was won when Christ commanded Peter to put up his sword. Near here Titus formed his columns which stormed the walls and captured the heroic city after its houses, and all this valley itself, were filled with Jewish dead; but all this is as nothing to the event of that awful night when the servants of the high-priest led away the unresisting Lord.

It is this event, and not any other, that puts an immeasurable gulf between this and all other cities, and perhaps this difference is more felt the farther one is from Jerusalem. The visitor expects too much; he is unreasonably impatient of the contrast between the mean appearance of the theatre and the great events that have been enacted on it; perhaps he is not prepared for the ignorance, the cupidity, the credulity, the audacious impostures under Christian names, on the spot where Christianity was born.

When one has exhausted the stock sights of Jerusalem, it is probably the dullest, least entertaining city of the Orient; I mean, in itself, for its pilgrims and its religious fêtes, in the spring of the year, offer always some novelties to the sight-seer; and, besides, there is a certain melancholy pleasure to be derived from roaming about outside the walls, enveloped in a historic illusion that colors and clothes the nakedness of the landscape.

The chief business of the city and the region seems to be the manufacture of religious playthings for the large children who come here. If there is any factory of relics here I did not see it. Nor do I know whether the true cross has still the power of growing, which it had in the fourth century, to renew itself under the constant demand for pieces of it. I did not go to see the place where the tree grew of which it was made; the exact spot is shown in a Greek convent about a mile and a half west of the city. The tree is said to have been planted by Abraham and Noah. This is evidently an error; it may have been planted by Adam and watered by Noah.

There is not much trade in antiquities in the city; the shops offer little to tempt the curiosity hunter. Copper coins of the Roman period abound, and are constantly turned up in the fields outside the city, most of them battered and defaced beyond recognition. Jewish mites are plenty enough, but the silver shekel would be rare if the ingenious Jews did not keep counterfeits on hand. The tourist is waited on at his hotel by a few patient and sleek sharks with cases of cheap jewelry and doubtful antiques, and if he seeks the shops of the gold and silver bazars he will find little more. I will not say that he will not now and then pick up a piece of old pottery that has made the journey from Central Asia, or chance upon a singular stone with a talismanic inscription. The hope that he may do so carries the traveler through a great many Eastern slums. The chief shops, however, are those of trinkets manufactured for the pilgrims, of olive wood, ivory, bone, camels' teeth, and all manner of nuts and seeds. There are more than fifty sorts of beads, strung for profane use or arranged for rosaries, and some of them have pathetic names, like "Job's tears." Jerusalem is entitled to be called the City of Beads.

There is considerable activity in Jewish objects that are old and rather unclean; and I think I discovered something like an attempt to make a "corner" in phylacteries, that is, in old ones, for the new are made in excess of the demand. If a person desires to carry home a phylactery to exhibit to his Sunday-school, in illustration of the religion of the Jews, he wants one that has been a long time in use. I do not suppose it possible that the education of any other person is as deficient as mine was in the matter of these ornamental aids in worship. But if there is one, this description is for him: the phylactery, common size, is a leathern box about an inch and

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a half square, with two narrow straps of leather, about three feet long, sewed to the bottom corners. The box contains a parchment roll of sacred writing. When the worshiper performs his devotions in the synagogue, he binds one of the phylacteries about his left arm and the other about his head, so that the little box has something of the appearance of a leathern horn sprouting out of his forehead. Phylacteries are worn only in the synagogue, and in this respect differ from the greasy leathern talismans of the Nubians, which contain scraps from the Koran, and are never taken off. Whatever significance the phylactery once had to the Jew it seems now to have lost, since he is willing to make it an article of merchandise. Perhaps it is poverty that compels him also to sell his ancient scriptures; parchment rolls of favorite books, such as Esther, that are some centuries old, are occasionally to be bought, and new rolls, deceitfully doctored into an appearance of antiquity, are offered freely.

A few years ago the antiquarian world was put into a ferment by what was called the "Shœpira collection," a large quantity of clay pottery, — gods, votive offerings, images, jars and other vessels, — with inscriptions in unknown characters, which was said to have been dug up in the land of Moab, beyond the Jordan, and was expected to throw great light upon certain passages of Jewish history, and especially upon the religion of the heathen who occupied Palestine at the time of the conquest. The collection was sent to Berlin; some eminent German *savans* pronounced it genuine; nearly all the English scholars branded it as an impudent imposture. Two collections of the articles have been sent to Berlin, where they are stored out of sight of the public generally, and Mr. Shœpira has made a third collection, which he still retains.

Mr. Shœpira is a Hebrew antiquarian and bookseller, of somewhat eccentric manners, but an enthusiast. He makes the impression of a man who believes in his discoveries, and it is generally thought in Jerusalem that if his collection is a forgery, he himself is imposed on. The account which he gives of the places where the images and utensils were found is anything but clear or definite. We are required to believe that they have been dug up in caves at night and by stealth, and at the peril of the lives of the discoverers, and that it is not safe to visit these caves in the day-time on account of the Bedouins. The fresh-baked appearance of some of the articles is admitted, and it is said that it was necessary to roast them to prevent their crumbling when exposed to the air. Our theory in regard to these singular objects is that a few of those first shown were actually discovered, and that all the remainder have been made in imitation of them. Of the characters (or alphabet) of the inscriptions, Mr. Shœpira says he has determined twenty-three; sixteen of these are Phœnician, and the others, his critics say, are meaningless. All the objects are exceedingly rude and devoid of the slightest art; the images are many of them indecent; the jars are clumsy in shape, but the inscriptions are put on with some skill. The figures are supposed to have been votive offerings, and the jars either memorial or sepulchral urns.

The hideous collection appeared to me *sui generis*, although some of the images resemble the rudest of those called Phœnician which General di Cesnola unearthed in Cyprus. Without merit, they seem to belong to a rude age rather than to be the inartistic product of this age. That is, supposing them to be forgeries, I cannot see how these figures could be conceived by a modern man, who was capable of inventing a fraud of this sort. He would have devised something better, at least something less simple, something that would have somewhere betrayed a little modern knowledge and feeling. All the objects have the same barbarous tone, a kind of character that is distinct from their rudeness, and the same images and designs are repeated over and over again. This gives color to the theory that a few genuine pieces of Moabite pottery were found, which gave the idea for a large

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manufacture of them. And yet, there are people who see these things, and visit all the holy places, and then go away and lament that there are no manufactories in Jerusalem!

Jerusalem attracts while it repels; and both it and all Palestine exercise a spell out of all proportion to the consideration they had in the ancient world. The student of the mere facts of history, especially if his studies were made in Jerusalem itself, would be at a loss to account for the place that the Holy City occupies in the thought of the modern world, and the importance attached to the history of the handful of people who made themselves a home in this rocky country. The Hebrew nation itself, during the little time it was a nation, did not play a part in Oriental affairs at all commensurate with its posthumous reputation. It was not one of the great kingdoms of antiquity, and in that theatre of war and conquest which spread from Ethiopia to the Caspian Sea, it was scarcely an appreciable force in the great drama.

The country the Hebrews occupied was small; they never conquered or occupied the whole of the Promised Land, which extended from the Mediterranean Sea to the Arabian plain, from Hamath to Sinai. Their territory in actual possession reached only from Dan to Beersheba. The coast they never subdued; the Philistines, who came from Crete and grew to be a great people in the plain, held the lower portion of Palestine on the sea, and the Phœnicians the upper. Except during a brief period in their history, the Jews were confined to the hill country. Only during the latter part of the reign of David and two thirds of that of Solomon did the Jewish kingdom take on the proportions of a great state. David extended the Israelitish power from the Gulf of Akaba to the Euphrates; Damascus paid him tribute; he occupied the cities of his old enemies, the Philistines, but the kingdom of Tyre, still in the possession of Hiram, marked the limit of Jewish sway in that direction. This period of territorial consequence was indeed brief. Before Solomon was in his grave, the conquests bequeathed to him by his father began to slip from his hand. The life of the Israelites as a united nation, as anything but discordant and warring tribes, after the death of Joshua, is all included in the reigns of David and Solomon — perhaps sixty or seventy years.

The Israelites were essentially highlanders. Some one has noticed their resemblance to the Scotch Highlanders in modes of warfare. In fighting, they aimed to occupy the heights. They descended into the plain reluctantly; they made occasional forays into the lowlands, but their hills were their strength, as the Psalmist said; and they found security among their crags and secluded glens from the agitations which shook the great empires of the Eastern world. Invasions, retreats, pursuits, the advance of devouring hosts or the flight of panic-stricken masses, for a long time passed by their ridge of country on either side, along the Mediterranean or through the land of Moab. They were out of the track of Oriental commerce as well as of war. So removed were they from participation in the stirring affairs of their era that they seem even to have escaped the omnivorous Egyptian conquerors. For a long period conquest passed them by, and it was not till their accumulation of wealth tempted the avarice of the great Asiatic powers that they were involved in the conflicts which finally destroyed them. The small kingdom of Judah, long after that of Israel had been utterly swept away, owed its continuance of life to its very defensible position. Solomon left Jerusalem a strong city, well supplied with water, and capable of sustaining a long siege, while the rugged country around it offered little comfort to a besieging army.

For a short time David made the name of Israel a power in the world, and Solomon, inheriting his reputation, added the triumphs of commerce to those of conquest. By a judicious heathen alliance with Hiram of Tyre he was able to build vessels on the Red Sea and man them with Phœnician sailors, for voyages to India and Ceylon; and he was

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admitted by Hiram to a partnership in his trading adventures to the Pillars of Hercules. But these are only episodes in the Jewish career; the nation's part in Oriental history is comparatively insignificant until the days of their great calamities. How much attention its heroism and suffering attracted at that time we do not know.

Though the Israelites during their occupation of the hill-country of Palestine were not concerned in the great dynastic struggles of the Orient, they were not, however, at peace. Either the tribes were fighting among themselves or they were involved in sanguinary fights with the petty heathen chiefs about them. We get a lively picture of the habits of the time in a sentence in the second book of Samuel: "And it came to pass, after the year was expired, at the time when kings go forth to battle, that David sent Joab and his servants with him, and all Israel; and they destroyed the children of Ammon, and besieged Rabbah." It was a pretty custom. In that season when birds pair and build their nests, when the sap mounts in the trees and travelers long to go into far countries, kings felt a noble impulse in their veins to go out and fight other kings. But this primitive simplicity was mingled with shocking barbarity; David once put his captives under the saw, and there is nothing to show that the Israelites were more moved by sentiments of pity and compassion than their heathen neighbors. There was occasionally, however, a grim humor in their cruelty. When Judah captured King Adoni-bezek, in Bezek, he cut off his great toes and his thumbs. Adoni-bezek, who could appreciate a good thing, accepted the mutilation in the spirit in which it was offered, and said that he had himself served seventy kings in that fashion; "threescore and ten kings, having their thumbs and great toes cut off, gathered their meat under my table."

From the death of Joshua to the fall of Samaria, the history of the Jews is largely a history of civil war. From about seven hundred years before Christ, Palestine was essentially a satrapy of the Assyrian kings, as it was later to be come one of the small provinces of the Roman empire. At the time when Sennacherib was waiting before Jerusalem for Hezekiah to purchase his withdrawal by stripping the gold from the doors of the Temple, the foundations of a city were laid on the banks of the Tiber which was to extend its sway over the known world, to whose dominion the utmost power of Jerusalem was only a petty sovereignty, and which was destined to rival Jerusalem itself as the spiritual capital of the earth.

If we do not find in the military power or territorial consequence of the Jews an explanation of their influence in the modern world, still less do we find it in any faithfulness to a spiritual religion, the knowledge of which was their chief distinction among the tribes about them. Their lapses from the worship of Jehovah were so frequent, and of such long duration, that their returns to the worship of the true God seem little more than breaks in their practice of idolatry. And these spasmodic returns were due to calamities, and fears of worse judgments. Solomon sanctioned by national authority gross idolatries which had been long practiced. At his death, ten of the tribes seceded from the dominion of Judah and set up a kingdom in which idolatry was made and remained the state religion, until the ten tribes vanished from the theatre of history. The kingdom of Israel, in order to emphasize its separation from that of Judah, set up the worship of Jehovah in the image of a golden calf. Against this state religion of image-worship the prophets seem to have thought it in vain to protest; they contented themselves with battling against the more gross and licentious idolatries of Baal and Ashtoreth; and Israel always continued the idol-worship established by Jeroboam. The worship of Jehovah was the state religion of the little kingdom of Judah, but during the period of its existence, before the Captivity, I think that only four of its kings were not idolaters. The people were constantly falling away into the heathenish practices of their neighbors.

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If neither territorial consequence nor religious steadfastness gave the Jews rank among the great nations of antiquity, they would equally fail of the consideration they now enjoy but for one thing, and that is, after all, the chief and enduring product of any nationality; we mean, of course, its literature. It is by that, that the little kingdoms of Judah and Israel hold their sway over the world. It is that which invests ancient Jerusalem with its charm and dignity. Not what the Jews did, but the songs of their poets, the warnings and lamentations of their prophets, the touching tales of their story-tellers, draw us to Jerusalem by the most powerful influences that affect the human mind. And most of this unequaled literature is the product of seasons of turbulence, passion, and insecurity. Except the Proverbs and Song of Solomon, and such pieces as the poem of Job and the story of Ruth, which seem to be the outcome of literary leisure, the Hebrew writings were all the offspring of exciting periods. David composed his Psalms — the most marvelous interpreters of every human aspiration, exaltation, want, and sorrow — with his sword in his hand; and the prophets always appear to ride upon a whirlwind. The power of Jerusalem over the world is as truly a literary one as that of Athens is one of art. That literature was unknown to the ancients, or unappreciated: otherwise contemporary history would have considered its creators of more consequence than it did.

We speak, we have been speaking, of the Jerusalem before our era, and of the interest it has independent of the great event which is, after all, its chief claim to immortal estimation. It becomes sacred ground to us because there, in Bethlehem, Christ was born; because here — not in these streets, but upon this soil — he walked and talked and taught and ministered; because upon Olivet, yonder, he often sat with his disciples, and here, somewhere, — it matters not where, — he suffered death and conquered death.

This is the scene of these transcendent events. We say it to ourselves while we stand here. We can clearly conceive it when we are at a distance. But with the actual Jerusalem of to-day before our eyes, its naked desolation, its superstition, its squalor, its vivid contrast to what we conceive should be the City of our King, we find it easier to feel that Christ was born in New England than in Judea.

Charles Dudley Warner.

OCTOBER.

THE month of carnival of all the year,
When Nature lets the wild earth go its way,
And spend whole seasons on a single day.
The spring-time holds her white and purple dear:
October, lavish, flaunts them far and near.
The summer charily her reds doth lay
Like jewels on her costliest array:
October, scornful, burns them on a bier.
The winter hoards his pearls of frost, in sign
Of kingdom: whiter pearls than winter knew,
Or empress wore, in Egypt's ancient line,
October, feasting 'neath her dome of blue,
Drinks at a single draught, slow filtered through.
Sunshiny air, as in a tingling wine!

H. H.

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OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

XV.

DUBLIN, ——.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON, — I received your third kind letter yesterday morning, and have no more time to-day than will serve to inclose my answer to your second, which reached me and was replied to at Glasgow; owing to your not having given me your address, I had kept it thus long in my desk. You surely said nothing in that letter of yours that the kindest good feeling could take exception to, and therefore need hardly, I think, have been so anxious about its possible miscarriage. However, "Misery makes one acquainted with strange bedfellows," and I am afraid distrust is one of them. You will be glad, I know, to hear that I have been successful here, and perhaps amused to know that when your letter reached me yesterday I was going, *en lionne*, to a great dinner-party at Lady Morgan's. I am ashamed to say I know none of her works, and can therefore speak only of the impression she makes upon me personally, which is that of a clever, vain, lively, good-natured woman. But as this is the result of only a few hours' acquaintance, it may not be a very correct estimate. You ask me for advice about your Shakespeare work, but advice is what I have no diploma for bestowing; and such suggestions as I might venture, were I sitting by your side with Shakespeare in my hand, and which might furnish pleasant matter of converse and discussion, are hardly solid enough for transmission by post.

I have been reading The Tempest all this afternoon, with eyes constantly dim with those delightful tears which are called up alike by the sublimity and harmony of nature, and the noblest creations of genius. I cannot imagine how you should ever feel discouraged in your work; it seems to me it must be its own perpetual stimulus and reward. Is not Miranda's exclamation, "O brave new world, that has such people in it!" on the first sight of the company of villainous men who ruined her and her father, with the royal old magician's comment, "'T is new to thee!" exquisitely pathetic? I must go to my work; 't is The Gamester to-night; I wish it were over. Good-by, my dear Mrs. Jameson. Thank you for your kind letters; I value them very much, and am your affectionate

F. KEMBLE.

P. S. I am very happy here, in the society of an admirable person who is as good as she is highly gifted, — a rare union, — and who, moreover, loves me well, which adds much, in my opinion, to her other merits. I mean my friend Miss S——.

My only reminiscence connected with this dinner at Lady Morgan's is of her kind and comical zeal to show me an Irish jig, performed *secundum artem*, when she found that I had never seen her national dance. She jumped up, declaring nobody danced it as well as herself, and that I should see it immediately; and began running through the rooms, with a gauze scarf that had fallen from her shoulders fluttering and trailing after her, calling loudly for a certain young member of the vice-regal staff, who was among the guests invited to a large evening party after the dinner, to be her partner. But the gentleman had already departed (for it was late), and I might have gone to my grave unenlightened upon the subject of jigs if I had not seen one performed, to great perfection, by some gay young members of a family party, while I was staying at Worsley with my friends Lord and Lady Ellesmere, whose children and guests got up an impromptu ball on the occasion of Lady Octavia Grosvenor's birthday, in the course of which the Irish national dance was performed with great spirit, especially by Lord Mark

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Kerr and Lady Blanche Egerton. It resembles a good deal the saltarello of the Italian peasants in rhythm and character; and a young Irishman, servant of some friends of mine, covered himself with glory by the manner in which he joined a party of Neapolitan tarantella dancers, merely by dint of his proficiency in his own native jig. A great many years after my first acquaintance with Lady Morgan in Dublin, she renewed our intercourse by calling on me in London, where she was spending the season, and where I was then living with my father, who had become almost entirely deaf and was suffering from a most painful complication of maladies. My relations with the lively and amusing Irish authoress consisted merely in an exchange of morning visits, during one of which, after talking to me with voluble enthusiasm of Cardinal Gonsalvi and Lord Byron, whose portraits hung in her room, and who, she assured me, were her two preëminent heroes, she plied me with a breathless series of pressing invitations to breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, evening-parties, to meet everybody in London that I did and did not know, and upon my declining all these offers of hospitable entertainment (for I had at that time withdrawn myself entirely from society, and went nowhere), she exclaimed, "But what in the world do you *do* with yourself in the evening?" "Sit with my father, or remain alone," said I. "Ah!" cried the society-loving little lady, with an exasperated Irish accent, "come out of that *sphare* of solitary self-sufficiency *ye* live in, do! Come to me!" Which objurgation certainly presented in a most ludicrous light my life of very sad seclusion, and sent us both into fits of laughter.

I have alluded to a friendship which I formed soon after my appearance on the stage with Miss E—— F——. She was the daughter of Mr. F——, for many years member for Southampton. Miss F—— and I perpetuated a close attachment already traditional between our families, her mother having been Mrs. Siddons's dearest friend. Indeed, for many years of her life, Mrs. F—— seems to me to have postponed the claims even of her husband and children upon her time and attention, to her absolute devotion to her celebrated idol. Mr. F—— was a dutiful member of the House of Commons, and I suppose his boy was at school and his girl too young to demand her mother's constant care and superintendence, at the time when she literally gave up her whole existence to Mrs. Siddons during the London season, passing her days in her society and her evenings in her dressing-room at the theatre, whenever Mrs. Siddons acted. Miss F—— and myself could not dedicate ourselves with any such absolute exclusiveness to each other. Neither of our mothers would have consented to any such absorbing arrangement, for which a certain independence of family ties would have been indispensable; but within the limits which our circumstances allowed we were as devoted to each other as my aunt Siddons and Mrs. F—— had been, and our intercourse was as full and frequent as possible. E—— F—— was not pretty, but her face was expressive of both intelligence and sensibility; her figure wanted height, but was slender and graceful; her head was too small for powerful though not for keen and sagacious intellect, or for beauty. The general impression she produced was that of well-born and well-bred refinement, and she was as eager, light, and rapid in her movements as a greyhound, of which elegant animal the whole character of her appearance constantly reminded me. Her mind, too, was of the greyhound order, one of swift perception rather than instinctive conviction or persistent pursuit of truth. Her processes of thought were vivid and clear but not deep, and the general attitude and action of her intellect had great affinity with that of her nervously rather than muscularly vigorous body. She had been educated much as young ladies generally are; she had read and reflected a good deal, had lived and traveled much abroad, and had cultivated a natural talent for music and a fine taste for art, which she inherited from her father. She was wanting in imagination, and

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therefore in humor, properly so called, but she was witty and sarcastic, and an extremely lively and entertaining talker. Her sterling qualities were those of a fervently devout spirit, great uprightness and integrity of principle, and a benevolent, humane charity that was admirable in its painstaking, self-denying wisdom and activity.

Mr. F—— had a summer residence close to the picturesque town of Southampton, called Bannisters, the name of which charming place calls up the image of my friend swinging in her hammock under the fine trees of her lawn, or dexterously managing her boat on its tiny lake, and brings back delightful hours and days spent in happy intercourse with her. Mr. F—— had himself planned the house, which was as peculiar as it was comfortable and elegant. A small vestibule, full of fine casts from the antique (among others a rare original one of the glorious Neapolitan Psyche, given to his brother-in-law, Mr. William Hamilton, by the King of Naples), formed the entrance. The oval drawing-room, painted in fresco by Mr. F——, recalled by its Italian scenes their wanderings in the south of Europe. In the adjoining room were some choice pictures, among others a fine copy of one of Titian's Venuses, and in the dining-room an equally good one of his Venus and Adonis. The place of honor, however, in this room was reserved for a life-size, full-length portrait of Mrs. Siddons, which Lawrence painted for Mrs. F——, and which is now in the National Gallery, — a production so little to my taste both as picture and portrait that I used to wonder how Mrs. F—— could tolerate such a representation of her admired friend. The principal charm of Bannisters, however, was the garden and grounds, which, though of inconsiderable extent, were so skillfully and tastefully laid out that their bounds were always invisible. The lawn and shubberies were picturesquely irregular, and still retained some kindred, in their fine oaks and patches of heather, to the beautiful wild common which lay immediately beyond their precincts. A pretty piece of ornamental water was set in flowering bushes and well-contrived rockery, and in a more remote part of the grounds a little dark pond reflected wild-wood banks and fine overspreading elms and beeches. The small park had some charming clumps and single trees, and there was a twilight walk of gigantic overarching laurels, of a growth that dated back to a time of considerable antiquity, when the place had been part of an ancient monastery. Above all, I delighted in my friend E——'s favorite flower-garden, where her fine eye for color reveled in grouping the softest, gayest, and richest masses of bloom, and where in a bay of mossy turf, screened round with evergreens, the ancient vision of love and immortality, the antique Cupid and Psyche, watched over the fragrant, flowery domain.

Sweet Bannisters! to me forever a refuge of consolation and sympathy in seasons of trial and sorrow, of unfailing kindly welcome and devoted constant affection; haven of pleasant rest and calm repose whenever I resorted to it! How sad was my last visit to that once lovely and beloved place, now passed into the hands of strangers, deserted, divided, desecrated, where it was painful even to call up the image of her whose home it once was! The last time I saw Bannisters the grounds were parceled out and let for grazing inclosures to various Southampton townspeople. The house was turned into a boys' boarding-school, and, as I hurried away, the shouts and acclamations of a roaring game of cricket came to me from the inclosure that had been E—— F——'s flower-garden; but though I was crying bitter tears the lads seemed very happy; the fashion of this world passeth away.

Before leaving Dublin for Liverpool, I had the pleasure of visiting my friend Miss S—— in her home, where I returned several times, and was always welcomed with cordial kindness. My last visit there took place during the Crimean war. My friend Mrs. T—— had become a widow, and her second son, now General T——, was with his regiment in the very front of the danger, and also surrounded by the first deadly

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outbreak of the cholera, which swooped with such fatal fury upon our troops at the opening of the campaign. I can never forget the pathetic earnestness and solemnity of the prayers read aloud by that poor mother for the safety of our army, nor the accent with which she implored God's protection upon those exposed to such imminent peril in the noble discharge of their duty. That son was preserved to that mother, having manfully done his part in the face of the twofold death that threatened him.

There was a slight circumstance attending Mrs. T——'s household devotions that charmed me greatly, and that I have never seen repeated anywhere else where I have assisted at family prayers. The servants, as they left the hall, bowed and courtesied to their mistress, who returned their salutation with a fine, old-fashioned courtesy, full of a sweet, kindly grace, that was delightful. This act of civility to her dependents was to me a perfect expression of Mrs. T——'s real antique toryism, as well as of her warm-hearted, motherly kindness of nature.

Ardgillan Castle (I think by courtesy, for it was eminently peaceful in character, in spite of the turret inhabited by my dear "moping owl," H——) was finely situated on an eminence from which the sea, with the picturesque fishing village of Skerries stretching into it on one side, and the Morne Mountains fading in purple distance beyond its blue waters on the other, formed a beautiful prospect. A pine wood on one side of the grounds led down to the foot of the grassy hill upon which the house stood, and to a charming wilderness called the Dell: a sylvan recess behind the rocky margin of the sea, from which it was completely sheltered, whose hollow depth, carpeted with grass and curtained with various growth of trees, was the especial domain of my dear H——. A crystal spring of water rose in this "bosky dell" and answered with its tiny tinkle the muffled voice of the ocean breaking on the shore beyond. The place was perfectly lovely, and here we sat together and devised, as the old word was, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things above heaven, and things below earth, and things quite beyond ourselves, till we were well-nigh beside ourselves; and it was not the fault of my metaphysical friend, but of my utter inability to keep pace with her mental processes, if our argument did not include every point of that which Milton has assigned to the forlorn disputants of his infernal regions. My departure from Dublin ended these happy hours of companionship, and I exchanged that academe and my beloved Plato in petticoats for my playhouse work at Liverpool. The following letter was in answer to one Mrs. Jameson wrote me upon the subject of a lady whom she had recommended to my mother as a governess for my sister, who was now in her sixteenth year.

LIVERPOOL, *August* 16, 1830.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON, — Were it not that I have a great opinion both of your kindness and reasonableness, I should feel rather uncomfortable at the period which has elapsed since I ought to have written to you; but I am very sorry not to have been able sooner to reply to your last kind letter. I shall begin by answering that which interested me most in it, which you will easily believe was what regarded my dear A—— and the person into whose hands she is about to be committed. In proportion to the value of the gem is the dread one feels of the flaws and injuries it may receive in the process of cutting and polishing; and this of course not in this case alone, but that of every child who still is parent to the man (or woman). My mother said in one of her letters, "I have engaged a lady to be A——'s governess." Of course the *have* must make the expression of regret or anxiety undesirable, since both are unavailing. I hope it is the lady you spoke of in your letter to me, for I like very much the description you give of her, and in answer to the doubt you express as to whether *I* could be pleased with a person wanting in superficial brilliancy and refinement of intellect, I can reply unequivocally *yes*. I could be well pleased with such a per-

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son for my own companion, if the absence of such qualities were atoned for by sound judgment and sterling principle; and I am certain that such a person is best calculated to undertake the task which she is to perform in our house with good effect. The defect of our home education is that from the mental tendencies of all of us, no less than from our whole mode of life, the more imaginative and refined intellectual qualities are fostered in us in preference to our reasoning powers. We have all excitable natures, and, whether in head or heart, that is a disadvantage. The unrestrained indulgence of feeling is as injurious to moral strength as the undue excess of fancy is to mental vigor. I think young people would always be the better for the influence of persons of strong sense, rather than strong sensibility, who, by fortifying their reason, correct any tendency to that morbid excitability which is so dangerous to happiness or usefulness.

I do not, of course, mean that one can eradicate any element of the original character; that I believe to be impossible; nor is direct opposition to natural tendencies of much use, for that is really cultivating qualities by resistance; but by encouraging other faculties, and by putting aside all that has a tendency to weaken and enervate, the mind will assume a robust and healthy tone, and the real feelings will acquire strength by being under reasonable control and by the suppression of factitious ones. A——'s education in point of accomplishments and general cultivation of taste and intellect is already fairly advanced; and the lady who is, I hope, now to be her companion and directress will be none the worse for wanting the merely ornamental branches of culture, provided she holds them at their due value, and neither *under* nor *over* estimates them because she is without them. I hope she is gentle and attractive in her manners, for it is essential that one should like as well as respect one's teachers, and should these qualities be added to the character you give of her, I am sure I should like her for a governess very much myself. You see by the room this subject has occupied in my letter how much it fills in my mind; human souls, minds, and bodies are precious and wonderful things, and to fit the whole creature for its proper aim here and hereafter, a solemn and arduous work.

Now to other matters. You reproach me very justly for my stupid oversight; I forgot to tell you which name appeared to me best for your book; the fact is, I flew off into ecstasies about the work itself, and gave you, I believe, a tirade about The Tempest instead of the opinion you asked. I agree with you that there is much in the name of a work; it is almost as desirable that a book should be well called as that it should be well written; a promising title-page is like an agreeable face, an inducement to further acquaintance, and an earnest of future pleasure. For myself, I prefer "Characters of Shakespeare's Women;" it is shorter, and I think will look better than the other in print.

I have been spending a few happy days, previous to my departure from Ireland, in a charming place and in the companionship of a person I love dearly. All my powers of enjoyment have been constantly occupied, and I have had a breathing-time of rest and real pleasure before I recommence my work. Such seasons are like angels' visits, but I suppose one ought to rejoice that they are allowed us at all, rather than complain of their brevity and infrequency. I am getting weary of wandering, and long to be once more settled at home. I hope, although you have left Bruton Street, you have not abandoned London altogether; I am looking forward with much pleasure to seeing you again.

What say you to this French revolution? Have not they made good use of their time, that in so few years from their last bloody national convulsion men's minds should so have advanced and expanded in France as to enable the people to overturn the government and change the whole course of public affairs with such comparative moderation and small loss of life? Is it not strange to think of a Bourbon taking

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refuge in America, — the descendant of St. Louis seeking shelter in a land where there is neither nobility nor antiquity, neither existing aristocracy nor traditions of ancient feudal or chivalric times? I think I had rather have gone to China. I was still in Dublin when the news of the recent events in France reached us, and I never witnessed anything so like tipsiness as Lady Morgan's delight at it. I believe she wished herself a Frenchwoman with all her heart, and she declared she would go over as soon as ever her next work, which is in the hands of the publisher, was out. Were I a man, I should have been well pleased to have been in France some weeks ago; the rising of the nation against oppression and abuse, and the creating of a new and better state of things without any outbreak of popular excess, must have been a fine thing to see. But as a woman, incapable of mixing personally in such scenes, I would rather have the report of them at a distance than witness them as a mere inactive spectator; for though the loss of life has been comparatively small, considering the great end that has been achieved, it must be horrible to see bloodshed, even that of a single individual. I believe I am a great coward. Could my presence in Paris by any possibility have been necessary, woman as I am, I would have gone there without hesitation; but I prefer hearing of "bloody noses and cracked crowns," to seeing them. I shall not close this to-night but wait till to-morrow, to tell you how my first appearance here goes off.

Tuesday, August 17th.

We had a very fine house indeed last night, and everything went off remarkably well. I had every reason to be satisfied with the audience, who, though proverbially a cold one, were exceedingly enthusiastic in their applause, which, I suppose, is the best indication that they were satisfied with me. Good-by, my dear Mrs. Jameson; believe me yours ever truly, F. A. K.

The intention of engaging a governess for my sister was not carried out, and she was taken to Paris and placed under the charge of Mrs. Foster, wife of the chaplain to the British embassy, under whose care she pursued her general education, while with the tuition of the celebrated Bordogni, the first singing-master of the day, she cultivated her fine voice and developed her musical genius.

The French revolution of 1830, which placed Louis Philippe of Orleans on the throne, and sent Charles the Tenth to end his days in an obscure corner of Germany, was the first of four revolutions which I have lived to witness; and since then I have often thought of a lady who during the next political catastrophe, by which Louis Philippe was shaken out of his seat, showing Mrs. Grote the conveniences of a charming apartment in a central part of Paris, said, "Voici mon salon, voici ma salle à manger, et voyez comme c'est commode! De cette fenêtre je vois mes révolutions." The younger Bourbon of the Orleans branch had learned part of the lesson of government (of which even the most intelligent of that race seem destined never to learn the whole) in democratic America and democratic Switzerland. Perhaps it was in these two essentially *bourgeois* countries that he learned the only virtues that distinguished him as the *Roi Bourgeois*, *par excellence*. My rejoicing over the moderation of the Parisian populace of 1830 was premature, and the inference I hastily drew of their progress in humanity and civilization has had a mournful comment in the events of the commune of 1870. They were, after all, the same Parisians as those of 1792, and all the intervening years between those two national agonies seem to have done nothing towards the real enlightenment or improvement of that unfortunate people, who, after the dreadful days when the fair, wicked city, like a scorpion ringed around with fire turned to sting itself to death, were dancing, singing, and making merry, and rushing in crowds to see all their once cherished watchwords turned into the cynical caricature of Rabagas; who, incorrigible in their levity, *s'amusaient encore bien* round the charred and blackened skeleton of the palace of their

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kings and the pillarless pedestal of their great emperor's glory, under the roofless rafters of the Palais Royal, the eyeless sockets of the windows of the Louvre, and the broken walls of their noble Hôtel de Ville; while on these shameful monuments of their fury the amazed and afflicted stranger read, as if written with the finger of their own self-scorn, their sickening legend of "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité."

HEATON PARK, *September* 18, 1830.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON, — Were it not that I should be ashamed to look you in the face when we meet, which I hope will now be soon, I should be much tempted to defer thanking you for your last kind letter until that period, for I am at this moment in the bustle of three departures. My mother arrived in Manchester this morning, whence my aunt Dall starts to-night for Buckinghamshire, and my father to-morrow morning at seven o'clock for London, and at eight my mother and myself start for Liverpool. I am most anxious to be there for the opening of the railroad, which takes place on Wednesday. I act in Manchester on Friday, and after that we shall spend some days with Lord and Lady W—— at their seat near there; and then I return to London to begin my winter campaign, when I hope to see you less oppressed with anxiety and vexation than you were when we parted there. And now, what shall I say to you? My life for the last three weeks has been so hurried and busy that, while I have matter for many long letters, I have hardly time for condensation; you know what Madame de Sévigné says, "Si javais eu plus de temps, je t'aurais écrit moins longuement." I have been sight-seeing and acting for the last month, and the first occupation is really the more exhausting of the two. I will give you a *carte*, and when we meet you shall call upon me for a detail of any or all of its contents.

I have seen the fine, picturesque old town of Chester; I have seen Liverpool, its docks, its cemetery, its railway, on which I was flown away with by a steam-engine, at the rate of five-and-thirty miles an hour; I have seen Manchester, power-looms, spinning-jennies, cotton factories, etc.; I have stayed at the pleasant modern mansion of Heaton; I have visited Hopwood Hall, built in the reign of Edward the First, and still retaining its carved old oaken chimneys and paneled chambers and latticed windows, and intricate ups and downs of internal architecture, to present use apparently as purposeless and inconvenient as if one was living in a cat's-cradle. I have seen a rush-bearing with its classical morris dance, executed in honor of some antique observance by the country-folk of Lancashire, with whom this commemoration, but no knowledge of its original significance, remains. I have seen Birmingham, its button-making, pin-making, plating, stamping, etc.; I have seen Aston Hall, an old house two miles from the town, and two hundred from everything in it, where Charles the First slept after the battle of Edge Hill, and whose fine old staircase still retains the marks of Cromwell's cannon, — which house, moreover, possesses an oaken gallery one hundred and odd feet long, hung with old portraits, one of the most delightful apartments imaginable. How I did sin in envy, and long for that nice room to walk up and down and dream and poetize in; but as I know of no earthly way of compassing this desirable acquisition but offering myself in exchange for it to its present possessor (who might not think well of the bargain), *il n'y faut plus penser*. Moreover, as the grapes are sour, I conclude that upon the whole it might not be an advantageous one for me. I am at this moment writing in a drawing-room full of people, at Heaton (Lord W——'s place), taking up my pen to talk to you and laying it down to talk to others. I must now, however, close my double and divided conversation, because I have not brains enough to play at two games at once. I am ever yours, very sincerely, F. A. K.

While we were acting at Liverpool, an experimental trip was proposed upon the line of railway which was being

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constructed between Liverpool and Manchester, the first mesh of that amazing iron net which now covers the whole surface of England and all the civilized portions of the earth. The Liverpool merchants, whose far-sighted self-interest prompted them to wise liberality, had accepted the risk of George Stephenson's magnificent experiment, which the committee of inquiry of the House of Commons had rejected for the government. These men, of less intellectual culture than the Parliament members, had the adventurous imagination proper to great speculators, which is the poetry of the counting-house and wharf, and were better able to receive the enthusiastic infection of the great projector's sanguine hope than the Westminster committee. They were exultant and triumphant at the near completion of the work, though, of course, not without some misgivings as to the eventual success of the stupendous enterprise. My father knew several of the gentlemen most deeply interested in the undertaking, and Stephenson having proposed a trial trip as far as the fifteen-mile viaduct, they, with infinite kindness, invited him and permitted me to accompany them; allowing me, moreover, the place which I felt to be one of supreme honor, by the side of Stephenson. All that wonderful history, as much more interesting than a romance as truth is stranger than fiction, which Mr. Smiles's biography of the projector has given in so attractive a form to the world, I then heard from his own lips. He was a rather stern-featured man, with a dark and deeply-marked countenance; his speech was strongly inflected with his native Northumbrian accent, but the fascination of that story told by himself, while his tame dragon flew panting along his iron pathway with us, passed the first reading of the Arabian Nights, the incidents of which it almost seemed to recall. He was wonderfully condescending and kind in answering all the questions of my eager ignorance, and I listened to him with eyes brimful of warm tears of sympathy and enthusiasm, as he told me of all his alternations of hope and fear, of his many trials and disappointments, related with fine scorn how the "Parliament men" had badgered and baffled him with their book-knowledge, and how, when at last they thought they had smothered the irrepressible prophecy of his genius in the quaking depths of Chatmoss, he had exclaimed, "Did ye ever see a boat float on water? I will make my road float upon Chatmoss!" The well-read Parliament men (some of whom, perhaps, wished for no railways near their parks and pleasure-grounds) could not believe the miracle, but the shrewd Liverpool merchants, helped to their faith by a great vision of immense gain, did; and so the railroad was made, and I took this memorable ride by the side of its maker, and would not have exchanged the honor and pleasure of it for one of the shares in the speculation.

LIVERPOOL, *August 26th.*

MY DEAR H——: A common sheet of paper is enough for love, but a foolscap extra can alone contain a railroad and my ecstasies. There was once a man, who was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who was a common coal-digger; this man had an immense constructiveness, which displayed itself in pulling his watch to pieces and putting it together again; in making a pair of shoes when he happened to be some days without occupation; finally — here there is a great gap in my story — it brought him in the capacity of an engineer before a committee of the House of Commons, with his head full of plans for constructing a railroad from Liverpool to Manchester. It so happened that to the quickest and most powerful perceptions and conceptions, to the most indefatigable industry and perseverance, and the most accurate knowledge of the phenomena of nature as they affect his peculiar labors, this man joined an utter want of the "gift of the gab;" he could no more explain to others what he meant to do and how he meant to do it, than he could fly; and therefore the members of the House of Commons, after saying, "There is rock to be excavated to a depth of more than sixty feet, there are

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embankments to be made nearly to the same height, there is a swamp of five miles in length to be traversed, in which if you drop an iron rod it sinks and disappears: how will you do all this?" and receiving no answer but a broad Northumbrian "I can't tell you how I 'll do it, but I can tell you I *will* do it," dismissed Stephenson as a visionary. Having prevailed upon a company of Liverpool gentlemen to be less incredulous, and having raised funds for his great undertaking, in December of 1826 the first spade was struck into the ground. And now I will give you an account of my yesterday's excursion. A party of sixteen persons was ushered into a large court-yard, where, under cover, stood several carriages of a peculiar construction, one of which was prepared for our reception. It was a long-bodied vehicle with seats placed across it, back to back; the one we were in had six of these benches, and was a sort of uncovered *char à banc*. The wheels were placed upon two iron bands, which formed the road, and to which they are fitted, being so constructed as to slide along without any danger of hitching or becoming displaced, on the same principle as a thing sliding on a concave groove. The carriage was set in motion by a mere push, and, having received this impetus, rolled with us down an inclined plane into a tunnel, which forms the entrance to the railroad. This tunnel is four hundred yards long (I believe), and will be lighted by gas. At the end of it we emerged from darkness, and, the ground becoming level, we stopped. There is another tunnel parallel with this, only much wider and longer, for it extends from the place which we had now reached, and where the steam carriages start, and which is quite out of Liverpool, the whole way under the town, to the docks. This tunnel is for wagons and other heavy carriages; and as the engines which are to draw the trains along the railroad do not enter these tunnels, there is a large building at this entrance which is to be inhabited by steam-engines of a stationary turn of mind, and different constitution from the traveling ones, which are to propel the trains through the tunnels to the terminus in the town, without going out of their houses themselves. The length of the tunnel parallel to the one we passed through is (I believe) two thousand two hundred yards. I wonder if you are understanding one word I am saying all this while! We were introduced to the little engine which was to drag us along the rails. She (for they make these curious little fire-horses all mares) consisted of a boiler, a stove, a small platform, a bench, and behind the bench a barrel containing enough water to prevent her being thirsty for fifteen miles, — the whole machine not bigger than a common fire-engine. She goes upon two wheels, which are her feet, and are moved by bright steel legs called pistons; these are propelled by steam, and in proportion as more steam is applied to the upper extremities (the hip-joints, I suppose) of these pistons, the faster they move the wheels; and when it is desirable to diminish the speed, the steam, which unless suffered to escape would burst the boiler, evaporates through a safety-valve into the air. The reins, bit, and bridle of this wonderful beast is a small steel handle, which applies or withdraws the steam from its legs or pistons, so that a child might manage it. The coals, which are its oats, were under the bench, and there was a small glass tube affixed to the boiler, with water in it, which indicates by its fullness or emptiness when the creature wants water, which is immediately conveyed to it from its reservoirs. There is a chimney to the stove, but as they burn coke there is none of the dreadful black smoke which accompanies the progress of a steam-vessel. This snorting little animal, which I felt rather inclined to pat, was then harnessed to our carriage, and, Mr. Stephenson having taken me on the bench of the engine with him, we started at about ten miles an hour. The steam-horse being ill adapted for going up and down hill, the road was kept at a certain level, and appeared sometimes to sink below the surface of the earth and sometimes to rise above it. Almost at starting it was cut

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through the solid rock, which formed a wall on either side of it, about sixty feet high. You can't imagine how strange it seemed to be journeying on thus, without any visible cause of progress other than the magical machine, with its flying white breath and rhythmical, unvarying pace, between these rocky walls, which are already clothed with moss and ferns and grasses; and when I reflected that these great masses of stone had been cut asunder to allow our passage thus far below the surface of the earth, I felt as if no fairy tale was ever half so wonderful as what I saw. Bridges were thrown from side to side across the top of these cliffs, and the people looking down upon us from them seemed like pygmies standing in the sky. I must be more concise, though, or I shall want room. We were to go only fifteen miles, that distance being sufficient to show the speed of the engine, and to take us to the most beautiful and wonderful object on the road. After proceeding through this rocky defile, we presently found ourselves raised upon embankments ten or twelve feet high; we then came to a moss, or swamp, of considerable extent, on which no human foot could tread without sinking, and yet it bore the road which bore us. This had been the great stumbling-block in the minds of the committee of the House of Commons; but Mr. Stephenson has succeeded in overcoming it. A foundation of hurdles, or, as he called it, basket-work, was thrown over the morass, and the interstices were filled with moss and other elastic matter. Upon this the clay and soil were laid down, and the road *does* float, for we passed over it at the rate of five-and-twenty miles an hour, and saw the stagnant swamp water trembling on the surface of the soil on either side of us. I hope you understand me. The embankment had gradually been rising higher and higher, and in one place, where the soil was not settled enough to form banks, Stephenson had constructed artificial ones of wood-work, over which the mounds of earth were heaped, for he said that though the wood-work would rot, before it did so the banks of earth which covered it would have been sufficiently consolidated to support the road.

We had now come fifteen miles, and stopped where the road traversed a wide and deep valley. Stephenson made me alight and led me down to the bottom of this ravine, over which, in order to keep his road level, he has thrown a magnificent viaduct of nine arches, the middle one of which is seventy feet high, through which we saw the whole of this beautiful little valley. It was lovely and wonderful beyond all words. He here told me many curious things respecting this ravine: how he believed the Mersey had once rolled through it; how the soil had proved so unfavorable for the foundation of his bridge that it was built upon piles, which had been driven into the earth to an enormous depth; how while digging for a foundation he had come to a tree bedded in the earth fourteen feet below the surface of the ground; how tides are caused, and how another flood might be caused; all of which I have remembered and noted down at much greater length than I can enter upon it here. He explained to me the whole construction of the steam-engine, and said he could soon make a famous engineer of me, which, considering the wonderful things he *has* achieved, I dare not say is impossible. His way of explaining himself is peculiar, but very striking, and I understood, without difficulty, all that he said to me. We then rejoined the rest of the party, and the engine having received its supply of water, the carriage was placed behind it, for it cannot turn, and was set off at its utmost speed, thirty-five miles an hour, swifter than a bird flies (for they tried the experiment with a snipe). You cannot conceive what that sensation of cutting the air was; the motion is as smooth as possible, too. I could either have read or written; and as it was, I stood up, and with my bonnet off "drank the air before me." The wind, which was strong, or perhaps the force of our own thrusting against it, absolutely weighed my eyelids down. [I remember a similar experience to this, the first time I attempted to go behind the sheet of the cataract of Niagara; the

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wind coming from beneath the waterfall met me with such direct force that it literally bore down my eyelids, and I had to put off the attempt of penetrating behind the curtain of foam till another day, when that peculiar accident was less directly hostile to me in its conditions.] When I closed my eyes this sensation of flying was quite delightful, and strange beyond description; yet, strange as it was, I had a perfect sense of security, and not the slightest fear. At one time, to exhibit the power of the engine, having met another steam-carriage which was unsupplied with water, Mr. Stephenson caused it to be fastened in front of ours; moreover, a wagon laden with timber was also chained to us, and thus propelling the idle steam-engine, and dragging the loaded wagon which was beside it, and our own carriage full of people behind, this brave little she-dragon of ours flew on. Farther on she met three carts, which, being fastened in front of her, she pushed on before her without the slightest delay or difficulty; when I add that this pretty little creature can run with equal facility either backwards or forwards, I believe I have given you an account of all her capacities.

Now for a word or two about the master of all these marvels, with whom I am most horribly in love. He is a man of from fifty to fifty-five years of age; his face is fine, though careworn, and bears an expression of deep thoughtfulness; his mode of explaining his ideas is peculiar and very original, striking, and forcible; and although his accent indicates strongly his north-country birth, his language has not the slightest touch of vulgarity or coarseness. He has certainly turned my head.

Four years have sufficed to bring this great undertaking to an end. The railroad will be opened upon the 15th of next month. The Duke of Wellington is coming down to be present on the occasion, and, I suppose, what with the thousands of spectators and the novelty of the spectacle, there will never have been a scene of more striking interest. The whole cost of the work (including the engines and carriages) will have been eight hundred and thirty thousand pounds; and it is already worth double that sum. The directors have kindly offered us three places for the opening, which is a great favor, for people are bidding almost anything for a place, I understand; but I fear we shall be obliged to decline them, as my father is most anxious to take Henry over to Heidelberg before our season of work in London begins, which will take place on the first of October. I think there is every probability of our having a very prosperous season. London will be particularly gay this winter, and the king and queen, it is said, are fond of dramatic entertainments, so that I hope we shall get on well. You will be glad to hear that our houses here have been very fine, and that to-night, Friday, which was my benefit, the theatre was crowded in every corner. We do not play here any more, but on Monday we open at Manchester. You will, I know, be happy to hear that, by way of answer to the letter I told you I had written my mother, I received a very delightful one from my dear little sister, the first I have had from her since I left London. She is a little jewel, and it will be a sin if she is marred in the cutting and polishing, or if she is set in tawdry French pinchbeck, instead of fine, strong, sterling gold. I am sorry to say that the lady Mrs. Jameson recommended as her governess has not been thought sufficiently accomplished to undertake the charge. I regret this the more, as in a letter I have just received from Mrs. Jameson she speaks with more detail of this lady's qualifications, which seem to me peculiarly adapted to have a good effect upon such a mind and character as A——'s.

I wish I had been with your girls at their ball, and come back from it and found you holding communion with the skies. My dearest H——, sublime and sweet and holy as are the feelings with which I look up to the star-paved heavens, or to the glorious summer sun, or listen to the music of the great waves, I do not for an instant mistake the adoration of the almighty power mani-

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fested in these works of God, for religion. You tell me to beware of mixing up emotional or imaginative excitement with my devotion. And I think I can truly answer that I do not do so. I told you that the cathedral service was not prayer to me; nor do I ever confound a mere emotional or imaginative enthusiasm, even when excited by the highest of all objects of contemplation, with the daily and hourly endeavor after righteousness — the humble trust, resignation, obedience, and thankfulness, which I believe constitute the vital part of religious faith. I humbly hope I keep the sacred ground of my religion clear from whatever does not belong to the spirit of its practice. As long as I can remember, I have endeavored to guard against mistaking emotion for religion, and have even sometimes been apprehensive lest the admiration I felt for certain passages in the Psalms and the Hebrew prophets should make me forget the more solemn and sacred purposes of the book of life, and the glad tidings of our salvation. And though, when I look up as you did at the worlds with which our midnight sky is studded, I feel inclined to break out, "The heavens declare the glory of God," or, when I stand upon the shore, can hardly refrain from crying aloud, "The sea is his, and he made it," I do not in these moments of sublime emotion forget that he is the God to whom all hearts be open; who, from the moment I rise until I lie down to rest, witnesses my every thought and feeling; to whom I look for support against the evil of my own nature and the temptations which he allots me, who bestows every blessing and inspires every good impulse, who will strengthen me for every duty and trial: my father, in whom I live and move and have my being. I do not fear that my imagination will become over-excited with thoughts such as these, but I often regret most bitterly that my heart is not more deeply touched by them. Your definition of the love of God seemed almost like a reproach to my conscience. How miserably our practice halts behind our knowledge of good, even when tried at the bar of our own lenient judgment, and by our imperfect standard of right; how poorly does our life answer to our profession! I should speak in the singular, for I am only uttering my own self-condemnation. But as the excellence we adore surpasses our comprehension, so does the mercy, and in that lies our only trust and confidence.

I fear Miss W—— either has not received my letter or does not mean to answer it, for I have received no reply, and I dare not try again. Up to a certain point I am impudent enough, but not beyond that. Why do you threaten me with dancing to me? Have I lately given you cause to think I deserve to have such a punishment hung *in terrorem* over me? Besides, threatening me is injudicious, for it rouses a spirit of resistance in me not easy to break down. I assure you *o* [in allusion to my mispronunciation of that vowel] is really greatly improved. I take much pains with it, as also with my deportment; they will, I hope, no longer annoy you when next we meet. You must not call Mrs. J—— my friend, for I do not. I like her much, and I see a great deal to esteem and admire in her, but I do not *yet* call her my friend. You are my friend, and Mrs. Harry Siddons is my friend, and you are the only persons I call by that name. The Diary of an Ennuyée is very clever, but there are things in it which I do not think any friend of mine would have written. I have read Paul Clifford, according to your desire, and like it very much; it is written with a good purpose, and very powerfully. You asked me if I believed such selfishness as Brandon's to be natural, and I said yes, not having read the book, but merely from your report of him; and, having read the book, I say so still. The character does not appear to me overcharged, though it did remind me occasionally of Sir Giles Overreach. In spite of having cried much over it, I am glad I read it, and I think it is a book calculated to do good. I have been reading Ségur's account of the French expedition to Russia, and am amazed and horrified at the fearful squandering of human life which it records. How

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that wretched man was ever called great (except in the sense of monstrous), whose whole ambitious hopes, fears, wishes, centred in his own miserable self, and who to that meanest of idols sacrificed such hecatombs of human lives, is inconceivable. It appears to me so horrible that I have more than once been tempted to shut the book. The admirers of Napoleon must "deify" strength more than you accuse me of doing, for to see such powers of mind put forth only to such pernicious purpose is to recognize in their possessor nothing but the scourge of the earth and the exterminator of his kind. Louisa is wrong to think me prettier than Sir Thomas Lawrence's print, for to her I cannot possibly be so; but you are just as wrong not to think so, for to you I ought to be prettier than any picture that could be made of me, or else what 's the use of your being so fond of me? or of my being ever your affectionate F. A. K.

Frances Anne Kemble.

INCANTATION.

When the leaves, by thousands thinned,
A thousand times have whirled in the wind,
And the moon, with hollow cheek,
Staring from her hollow height,
Consolation seems to seek
From the dim, reëchoing night;
And the fog-streaks dead and white
Lie like ghosts of lost delight
O'er highest earth and lowest sky;
Then, Autumn, work thy witchery!

Strew the ground with poppy-seeds,
And let my bed be hung with weeds,
Growing gaunt and rank and tall,
Drooping o'er me like a pall.
Send thy stealthy, white-eyed mist,
Across my brow to turn and twist
Fold on fold, and leave me blind
To all save visions in the mind.
Then, in the depths of rain-fed streams
I shall slumber, and in dreams
Slide through some long glen that burns
With a crust of blood-red ferns
And brown-withered wings of brake
Like a burning lava-lake.
Then, urged to fearful, faster flow
By the awful gasp, "Hahk! hahk!" of the crow,
Shall pass by many a haunted rood
Of the nutty, odorous wood,
Or, where the hemlocks lean and loom,
Shall fill my heart with bitter gloom;
Till, lured by light, reflected cloud,
I burst aloft my watery shroud,

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And upward through the ether sail
Far above the shrill wind's wail,
But, falling thence, my soul involve
With the dust dead flowers dissolve;
And, gliding out at last to sea,
Lulled to a long tranquillity,
The perfect poise of seasons keep
With the tides that rest at neap.

So must be fulfilled the rite
That giveth me the dead year's might;
And at dawn I shall arise
A spirit, though with human eyes,
A human form and human face,
And where'er I go or stay,
There the summer's perished grace
Shall be with me, night and day.

G. P. Lathrop.

GEORGE SAND.

THE most important as well as perhaps the tritest thing to say about the distinguished writer whose death has just recalled every one's attention to her is that she was undoubtedly a woman of great genius. This will be conceded to her not only by those who find esoteric truth in the various solutions she offered to those problems which seemed to her of universal interest because they were fashionable during part of her lifetime among a certain set of her friends, but also by her sternest judges, who feel a chilly distrust of her warm eloquence. All will agree in giving her high praise for her mastery in the art of novel writing. She had an almost inexhaustible invention of stories, and while at times there was a certain monotony about the *dramatis personæ*, yet any defect there might have been in this respect was well concealed by the unfailing charm of her style. This is always pellucid, flowing evenly, no matter what is the subject taken up, making impressive her descriptions of nature, — so often the reader's bugbear, — and making even her most artificial people seem almost lifelike. Its graceful simplicity, free from the appearance of effort, rising at times to eloquence and to declamation of a certain rhetorical worth, seems an accidental quality, — like a fine voice or a graceful figure, — attracts the reader, and tends to make him overlook deep-lying faults. There is something delusive in the ease with which she wrote; hardly any subject she chose for discussion seems beyond her powers, and she always had so much to say and said it so well, that it is easy to see how the reader who took up her novels, asking only for amusement, yielded to the charm of her eloquence and found himself an enthusiastic supporter of her crusades against the marriage-laws, the possession of property on the part of the rich, or whatever institution of society she saw good to attack. Moreover, it is not easy to form an opinion of so fertile a writer as George Sand, which shall give her credit for all that is admirable in her work, while at the same time fitting reservation is made for her faults; but the occasion of her

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death naturally calls for fresh attempts to revise and compare the successive impressions made by her different books, and to come to what may be more nearly a final decision.

Lucile Aurore Dupin was the great-granddaughter of Maréchal de Saxe. Her father — Maurice Dupin — was an army-officer of the first empire. In George Sand's Histoire de ma Vie are given many of his letters to his mother, which, as well as those to his wife, show without much reserve what a careless, attractive, pleasure-loving, affectionate scapegrace he was. George Sand's mother was a woman whose early youth had been "livrée par la force des choses à des hasards effrayants." When young Dupin met her she was the mistress of a rich general, whom she left for her penniless young lover, who afterwards, in the face of much opposition on the part of his mother, married her one month before the birth of their famous daughter, which event took place July 5, 1804. In 1808 George Sand's father was killed by an accident, and she was left to the care of her mother and grandmother. Of all this part of her life the early volumes of her memoirs give full description, and from them we get clear light upon the conflicting methods of education pursued by her two guardians. Her mother, although warmly devoted to her child, was far from being a woman of judgment, and the grandmother seems to have carried, beneath a very polished exterior, a freedom from some prejudices which are of service in bringing up children to be honorable citizens. The grandmother had been Maurice's confidante in all his dissipations, and her own morality was not of the most rigid sort; but she was very particular about her granddaughter's manners. After running wild in the country, George Sand was sent to Paris to the convent of the English Augustines, where she had at one time an accession of religious fervor, which was soon succeeded by a short-lived dramatic enthusiasm. Soon after she left this school her grandmother died, and George Sand was left to the sole charge of her mother, whose peculiarities became only too clear to her now more experienced eyes, and, finding this new life almost unendurable, she readily consented to marry M. Casimir Dudevant. The wedding took place in 1822. She bore her husband two children: Maurice, a writer of some fame, which he has inherited rather than earned, and Solange, who married Clésinger, the sculptor.

George Sand's married life was not happy, and it was not many years before she made a bold stroke for freedom in obtaining permission to spend half the year in Paris with her children, away from her husband. Before long the separation was made complete by law, a decision which prevented this eminent writer from becoming a fellow-countrywoman of our own; for she had decided, if the award of the court had been different, to fly to America. In Paris she cast about for some time to find an honest livelihood. She painted miniatures and microscopic figures on cigar-cases with some success, but finally, in conjunction with one of her young friends, Jules Sandeau, she wrote a novel, Rose et Blanche, and soon commenced another for herself under the pseudonym by which she is generally known. Her first novels, Indiana, and Valentine, were loud outcries against marriage. Some of her admirers, with what is perhaps an excess of casuistry, claim for these stories that they are of great moral worth, that they attack only the faults of the peculiar marriage system of the French, and that to those who examine them from a sufficiently high ground they will appear full of lofty and delightful instruction. The objection to them is, however, a serious one, and it applies with great force to many of her novels; it is not the constant tendency of the author to sing the praises of forbidden fruit, and to gloat over indecency with unwearying pruriency, but rather the constant sophistical arguments going to show that whatever people want is right. The lesson of life, of experience and observation, that right is not a matter of desires, of whims and fancies and idle yearnings, but of duty defined by judgment

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and the conscience, is neglected. The lesson of George Sand's novels is the exact opposite of this axiom, which is generally upheld in theory, however violated in practice. Before condemning her by general statements like this, it is, however, only fair to weigh the value of her asseverations in favor of the excellence of her work. Let us take the first novel, Indiana. The heroine, whose Christian name gives the book its title, is a creole who has married the aged, hot-tempered, rheumatic old soldier, Colonel Delmare, whose main pleasures in life are brutality to his inferiors and censoriousness towards his wife. The friend of the family is Sir Ralph Brown, a young Englishman who had suffered from the spleen at the early age of fifteen, who otherwise, however, enjoys good health. We are told that he has a sort of impediment in his speech, not a physical one, but a moral one, whereas in fact his tongue runs as smoothly as that of the most eloquent of the dramatis personæ. Raymon de Ramière falls in love with Indiana, and Indiana with him. Sir Ralph, her cousin, takes the part of a faithful watch-dog, guards their rendezvous, and stands between Indiana and her jealous husband. When she flies from Colonel Delmare, who is left to die on the island of Bourbon, to join Raymon, who unknown to her has meanwhile married in Paris, Sir Ralph meets her and proposes that they return to that remote island and commit suicide together by leaping into a favorite waterfall. After some high-toned conversation, in which he confesses his love to her, they leap, but by some unexplained circumstances — Sir Ralph thinks a blue-eyed angel interfered — they survive and live happily together. There is not space to give the full particulars of the intrigue between Raymon and Indiana: this is no place to point out the scenes that mar even this picture of society, and it is impossible through so incomplete a sketch to give any adequate notion of the grotesque unreality of much of the book. The last scene in particular, the one at the waterfall, would seem incredible in its assumption of tragedy, if we did not remember that Victor Hugo is still considered a genius akin to Michael Angelo by a critic so much admired as Mr. Pater. Errors of this sort disappeared as George Sand grew older, and she acquired the power of painting life instead of unlikely melodramatic scenes; but they are of too slight importance to need much mention in comparison with the jugglery which makes the reader feel as if he were reading, not a decent but possibly a moral book, because he condemns the man who is trying to lead Indiana astray, while approving the man who tried to keep her faithful to her husband, not with wholly unselfish motives, however. The *roué*, Raymon, is drawn with enthusiasm, and is well represented in his usual cold selfishness, while the man of honor, Sir Ralph, who is so fond of sacrificing himself, tries to cut his throat with a hunting knife, out of despair, when he hears that Indiana has been injured by a hunting accident, and he — something of a physician — is called to aid her. That certainly is not *sang froid britannique*. His awkwardness of speech is represented by his remaining silent most of the time, but whenever he opens his mouth he outdoes his hereditary enemies on their own ground. As for Indiana herself, she is a weak, uneducated creature, who treats her husband with petty cruelty, learns nothing from Sir Ralph's generosity, and meets her lover much more than halfway. It is flattery to call that ready victim a suffering wife, and injustice to try to attract sympathy for a woman impatient to fling herself away. But she is intended to represent a loving, persecuted creature, driven by irresistible force to misconduct. In fact, however, she withstands her lover only when she is justly jealous of her chambermaid, though fortunately for external morality he ceases to care for her before she has wholly compromised herself, and finally, when her husband is dead, she takes up with Sir Ralph.

In Valentine we have a young peasant who has received a desultory education in Paris, and falls in love with a young woman of noble birth, who returns his

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love. She marries, however, a gentleman who cares only for her money and leaves her free to carry on her love-affair with the twenty-year-old peasant boy, who could give lessons to the whole band of contemporary English authors in the art of making romantic speeches. As is too frequently the case, the coarseness of much of the book, the gloating over wickedness, is the first thing that strikes the reader; but, bad as this is, much worse is the snarl of ingratitude and brutality into which the lover ties himself, although he is represented as a noble creature because in his passion he would like to destroy society. The fact that he wants something he cannot have ennobles him in the eyes of George Sand, and, assuming that society should be constituted for the purpose of yielding to exceptional individuals, she shows how far from that it is in its present condition. If these novels contained nothing but vicious sentimentality and false reasoning, they might well be left to the natural disdain the reader would feel for them; but, in fact, what is poisonous is hidden beneath good drawing of character and impassioned eloquence, so that the reader is led to sympathize with all sorts of uncommendable things of which he cannot really approve, for with George Sand all judgments seem to be nothing but prejudices, and desires seem to take the place of the moral laws.

It would be impossible to take up in the present article every one of George Sand's many novels in detail, but it is advisable to mention one other book, in which she gives full expression to some wild notions about the world. The one in question is Lélia. As Julian Schmidt says, this is not really a novel, but rather a series of rhapsodies put into the mouths of half a dozen different people. These rhapsodies discuss with considerable fervor the relations of men to women, and are full of declamation against the necessity of doing what one does not want to do. At times George Sand seems to have drunk at the same spring with Walt Whitman when he is wildest in his rapturous cries; for time, space, and elementary truths all roll in confusion throughout these pages. One does not wonder at Châteaubriand's statement that George Sand's talent has its root in corruption, for it was her constant effort to prove that this corruption was the best thing about herself and her novels. She was doubtless aware of her many talents; she knew herself to be an affectionate mother, a warm friend, a kind acquaintance, and, imagining herself to be a consistent person, she endeavored to prove to a deaf world that her morbid curiosity and noisy discontent were equally reputable manifestations of her genius, whereas they simply expressed her shame. That she should have had influence is not surprising; there are always enough people in the world who mistake fluency of speech for eloquence, and boldness of design for wise reform, and there is never any lack of weak people who are delighted to find the secret longings of their hearts printed in black and white before them, and called a new religion or a new philosophy. Lélia, in the novel of that name, just before her sudden death from cold, in her conversation with the solemn jail-bird, Trenmor, said that for ten thousand years she had cried to the infinite: Truth, truth! and that for ten thousand years the infinite had answered: Desire, desire! And it is not truth, but desire, which marks all the pages of George Sand's earlier novels, and stains so much of her better work.

It was her own weakness that created her sympathy for weak people; and it is an open secret that she was continually bringing herself and her belongings into her books. Stenio in Lélia was intended to represent Alfred de Musset, whose *liaison* with her was of great importance in the lives of both. In Lucrezia Floriani, again, she portrays Chopin in Prince Karol de Roswald, who certainly in his essential purity stands in marked contrast with the sensual, easy-going heroine of depraved life, who tries to dignify her position by letting herself be wearied to death by a jealous lover. The lack of reserve in these novels is something amazing, and what seems to have puzzled George Sand more than anything is that

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any one should regard them as disgraceful. Since, however, the world at large is readier to see the faults of any man or woman than is the man or woman in question, this trouble has been less marked among this author's readers.

These attempts at justification, on George Sand's part, of the errors of her principles and the vagaries of her life were succeeded by great enthusiasm for remodeling society by means of socialism. Socialism was in the air about thirty years ago, and stronger heads than hers were turned giddy by the hope of making over the human race by starting once more from agricultural pursuits. She was much under the influence of certain prominent socialists, who probably smiled with joy when they saw their theories forming the plots of novels and their wisest remarks put into the mouths of peasants of genius. In Le Péché de M. Antoine we have a rustic carpenter of the most enlightened sort, who would have made an admirable preacher in a community; and in Le Meunier d'Angibault we have again the son of a workman, who refuses to marry a rich woman on account of her wealth, but who finally relents, "not," as he tells his bride, "to be happy in the *égoïsme à deux* which is called love, but to suffer together, to pray together, to seek together what we two poor birds lost in the storm can do, day by day, to avert this curse which disperses our race, and to gather under our wing some fugitive crushed like ourselves by terror and distress." In Le Péché de M. Antoine the socialistic problem is relegated into the same unreached future as the married life of the heroes and heroines of most novels, for the young man and young woman of the tale are left enormous wealth by a marquis with socialistic ideas, for founding a community in the future, and with their marriage the story ends. Certainly this seems like very unfair treatment of socialism, but on the other hand nothing could be finer than the lad's previous attempt to convert his father, a wealthy manufacturer, to establish a phalanstery. But these criticisms do not do full justice to these stories, even if they indicate certain faults that are very prominent in them. In Lucrezia Floriani, distasteful as the book is, the character of the prince is analyzed with great skill and without sacrificing those inconsistencies which are to be found in life rather than in books. In Le Péché de M. Antoine, moreover, besides the rather florid tendency towards socialism, and the declamation it inspires, there are many proofs of keen observation and careful reflection, which explain a good part of the admiration we feel for George Sand. What she saw she could put down clearly, and her eyes were very sharp. Take the following example; it is a description of Madame Cardonnet, the wife of the manufacturer mentioned above; she is decidedly one of the minor characters: "She presented the strange anachronism of a woman of our time, capable of reasoning and feeling, who by her own unconscious effort had retrograded to the position of one of those women of antiquity who gloried in proclaiming the inferiority of their sex. What was strange and sad in this was that she did not do it knowingly, and that she did so, as she told herself, for the sake of peace. But peace she did not have. The more she immolated herself, the more her master tired of her. Nothing so rapidly destroys and effaces the intelligence as blind submission. Madame Cardonnet was an example of this. Her brain had withered in slavery, and her husband, not understanding that this was the result of his own despotism, had come to despise her in his heart. Some years earlier Cardonnet had been terribly jealous of her, and his wife, though now far from young, still trembled at the idea of his suspecting her of a light thought. She had formed the habit of neither hearing nor seeing, so that she could say with truth when any man was mentioned, 'I did not look at him; I don't know what he said; I paid no attention to him.'" Sometimes her husband "would notice that she had been crying, and would become tender in his way and say, 'What is the matter? Are you bored? Should you like a cashmere shawl? . . . No! Then it 's those frozen camelias! I 'll

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send to Paris for some hardier ones.' And in fact he never neglected to satisfy, at any expense, his wife's innocent tastes. . . . 'There is no doubt,' Madame Cardonnet used to say, 'that my husband loves me and that he is always thinking of me. Of what do I complain, and why am I always sad?' "

George Sand is much surer of her ground in pointing out the harm that is so often a consequence of family life, than she is in recommending substitutes for and advocating various modifications of the marriage relations. She saw about her bullying husbands and cringing wives, consequently marriage was an unholy thing; she saw poor people about her in suffering, therefore no one should be obliged to work; but when she is building up her theories she leaves far behind her the petty foundation of fact, and the further she gets from that the less marked is her talent, the more stilted her whole manner of writing, the dimmer the impression she makes. After all, music is not the only art in which it is dangerous to try to express too much; the novelist runs the risk of failure when he tries to write a story to teach some special truth or theory. The tract is the simplest example of what is produced by too much interest in some specific end, and the more this end is insisted on the greater becomes the likeness, in a literary point of view, to the tract. Now this is George Sand's most frequent fault, that she writes tracts instead of stories, although in almost every one there is some valuable and delightful material. It is hard to believe that the woman who wrote Lélia could have drawn such a character as Jeanne in the novel of that name, or as Gilberte in Le Péché de M. Antoine. But her success in this direction only shows how great was her error in attempting subjects outside of her own observation, and certainly this limitation would exclude first of all her attempts at portraying herself, as well as her reforms of society. It was not her own depravity alone that poisoned her novels; it was also her habit — which Heine says was pointed out to him by Alfred de Musset — of filling her mind at others' fountains and rendering their views charming by her own eloquence. Her rhetorical skill led her to the habit of announcing and sustaining all sorts of views, which it would be as vain to try to disprove as to show the fallacies in the philosophy of a drinking-song, — her illusions all the while appearing to her as revelations of the higher law. She was not alone in this; she did not appear in French literature unheralded or unaccompanied, for since 1830 the general course of the best French writers had been towards the popular discussion of all sorts of matters which are not to be decided by the literary sense alone. What the writer of fiction rightly tries to do is to win admiration for his work, and what has been confounded with this just aim is the endeavor to identify admiration of the work with admiration of the subject treated. Everything has been regarded from the literary point of view alone, and the consequence has been a great confusion in the minds of the public, which has led to indiscreet indifference to the ethical value of the literature, an error as great as if those who like the music of Mozart's great opera should think that Don Juan was a hero to be imitated in every part of his private life. If it is not in the province of literature to teach morality, it also does not belong to it to teach immorality; but it is only the first division of this sentence which is denied by critics who plume themselves on their liberality. George Sand held herself above the first law, but was indifferent to the second in much of her work, and it is pleasant to turn from contemplating such perversion of her powers to observing their fairer because more artistic employment in writing stories without a definite object.

It was her disappointment at the turn affairs took after 1848, and her aversion to the ensuing political condition, that confirmed her in portraying the simple beauties of rustic life in those charming stories by which she is most favorably known. There is a fine poetry in these which shows how far George Sand wandered in her early work from the field where she would have done best. Jeanne

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is the first of these innocent novels, and it would be hard to find in contemporary fiction a figure of greater poetic worth. She is not an artificial creature, like the furbelowed shepherdesses of romance, but a very living creature, whose superstitions, candor, and high-mindedness combine to make her adorable. In La petite Fadette, François le Champi, and La Mare au Diable, there is the same art and the same attractive result. To be sure it may be, and indeed it has been, objected that in some of them, as in La petite Fadette, there is a slight exaggeration in the way in which the sensibility of the young peasants is represented; but this barely, if at all, exceeds the limit which the uncritical reader would willingly set. As there are probably in the whole of France very few country girls like Jeanne, so it is with most of the other characters of this series of novels; but granting that this is so, the greater is the amount of praise due George Sand for adding so much that is fine to the qualities which bear the mark of truth, and for writing stories in which all the technical skill and the knowledge of the scenes and life described are put to such innocent use. George Sand did not devise out of her own head this return to simple country life, for Balzac had already set the fashion; but her intimacy with it, and her recollections of the scenes where her own childhood was passed, gave her writings that poetical truth and beauty which none of her contemporaries have equaled, and which is far more fascinating than the monotonous, half-social, half-intellectual uneasiness of so many of her other stories, written under the direct influence of Balzac, or inspired by great awe of the grandeur of Parisian life.

It is worth while to pause and consider the merits of this part of her literary work, if only on account of its influence in France. But, in addition, it is to be noted that from that time, although deserting the somewhat narrow field of country life pure and simple, George Sand enriched her stories by continually showing her love of nature, and by writing novels complete in design and construction, free from all attempts at theorizing and preaching, the place which these had occupied being now given to fascinating description of scenery or the unaffected portrayal of life-like people.

Her later novels are somewhat more complex than the simple rustic stories mentioned above, and in their variety give a fairer notion of the nature of her genius. Mauprat, Le Marquis de Villemer, Monsieur Sylvestre, La Ville Noire, are perhaps the best known, and they are deservedly well known. In these novels she chooses some story which is not improbable, and tells it with the greatest facility, regarding much more the artistic smoothness of the tale than the secondary impression it is to make on the mind of the reader. Her skill and fertility are equally wonderful, although there are pages where the men and women talk too much like angels, or like George Sand. These novels are for the most part placid, and in their even flow resemble stories told to contented listeners, rather than books written with intent to prove this or that, or with any serious design. This is not surprising, for this singular woman had fought the battle of life in strange company, she had drunk in inspiration at many springs, and it was only when no longer young that she perceived what should be the novelist's real aim, — the reader's entertainment, with instruction of only the vaguest sort. Her later work shows more clearly her skill, her poetical power, her sympathy with her fellow-creatures, while her early novels are marred by the exposition she makes of the unsoundness of her principles, which led her into the grossest errors. Few writers have been able to tell stories better, and few have told worse stories than many of hers. Questioning everything, she decided always by what seemed pleasant to herself, so that all her fine words, redolent as they are with half the spirit that makes eloquence, are more conclusive as proving her unsound nature than as guides for her fellow-creatures. Her intelligence was keen in matters where she was not interested by her

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own feelings or by personal sympathy with others, but it was often blinded by prejudice. When she was writing her best she showed great skill in portraying passion. This was also her favorite subject when she was writing her worst; and that worst was very bad. It is claimed for her that she wrote in defense of an ideal, but this ideal was too often the exaltation of weakness and the glorification of discontented selfishness. The admiration her genius commands only deepens our disapproval of her too frequent misuse of this great gift. It would be unfair were we led by her prominence to hold her responsible for all the errors of her writings, many of which she only held in common with a number of her contemporaries; but for our own sakes we have certainly the right to regret them. It is hard to conjecture what she may have left behind her, for her pen was never idle, but it would be interesting to have had her final, candid opinion of her experience, her judgment of the whole matter. Her restless curiosity and hunger after forbidden fruit had led her to try almost everything that life can afford to those who dispense with principles and prejudices; she left little untasted in her long life, except, perhaps, the sweetness of self-denial. One cannot help wondering what was her final verdict concerning the worth of it all.

Thomas Sergeant Perry.

THE SONGS OF THE TROUBADOURS.

PASSING by the names of Gui d' Visel, who bore a part in some rather spirited *tensons*, or poetical dialogues, yet extant, but whose other poems are deficient in tenderness and grace; of Gaucelm Faidit, of whom the record says that "he went about the world for twenty years without making either himself or his songs acceptable;" of Peire Roger and Peirol, we come to those of the two Arnauts, Arnaut Daniel and Arnaut de Maroill, or Marveil. To Arnaut Daniel was awarded, within a century after his death, distinguished praise by both Dante and Petrarch. Dante describes, in the twenty-sixth canto of the Purgatorio, a meeting with him in the shades; and Petrarch, speaking of him and Arnaut de Maroill, calls the latter "the less famous Arnaut." Judging by those of their remains which we possess, the distinction seems a very strange one. The verses of Arnaut Daniel are chiefly remarkable for an extraordinary ingenuity and complexity in the arrangement of their rhymes, for verbal conceits which are necessarily untranslatable, and for the first introduction into the Romance rhythm of a sort of verbal echo, which was afterwards much more skillfully managed by Raimon de Miraval. But the modest beauties of Arnaut de Maroill's verse are at least of a universal and enduring kind. This is his story: "Arnaut de Maruelh was of the bishopric of Peiragore, of a castel [that is, a castle domain] named Maruelh, a clerk, and lowly born. And because *he could not live on his letters* [a difficulty not confined to Provence and the twelfth century], he traveled about the world, and he knew how to *find*, and was very skillful. And his stars led him to the court of the Countess of Burlas, a daughter of the celebrated Count Raymond,[1] and wife of that Viscount of Beziers who was surnamed Taillefer. This Arnaut sang well and was a good reader of romance. He was handsome, too, and the countess distinguished him greatly. So he became enamored of her and made songs about her, but dared not communicate

[1] This was Raymond V. of Toulouse.

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them to her, wherefore he said that others had made them. But love compelled him, as he says in one song:—

'The frank bearing which I cannot forget,' etc.

This was the song in which he discovered his love. And the countess did not repulse him, but heard his prayer and encouraged him, for she put him in armor and gave him the honor of singing and *finding* for her. So he was a man esteemed at court. Then made he many good songs by which we judge that he had great sorrow and great joy.

"You have heard how Arnaut came to love the Countess of Burlas, the daughter of the brave Count Raymond, and mother of that Viscount de Beziers whom the French slew when they took Carcassonne.[1] The viscountess was called de Burlas, because she was born in the castle of Burlas. She liked Arnaut well, and King Alphonse (of Castile), who also had designs upon her, perceived her kindness for the troubadour. And the king was extremely jealous; . . . so he accused her concerning Arnaut, and *said so much and made her say so much* that she gave Arnaut his dismissal, and forbade him to come into her presence any more, or to sing of her. When Arnaut received his *congé*, he was sorrowful above all sorrow, and went away from her and her court like a man in despair. He went to William of Montpellier, who was his friend and seignior, and stayed with him a great while; and there he plained and wept, and made that song which says:—

'Mot eran dous miei cossir.'"

We know the date of the Viscount de Beziers' marriage to Adelaide de Burlas (1171), and from this we infer the principal dates of Arnaut's history. He was certainly the contemporary of William of Cahestaing, and may well have heard from his own lips the later songs of Bernard of Ventadour, the best of which are hardly sweeter than this of Arnaut's:—

Softly sighs the April air,
  Ere the coming of the May ;[2]
Of the tranquil night aware,
  Murmur nightingale and jay ;
Then, when dewy dawn doth rise,
  Every bird in his own tongue
Wakes his mate with happy cries ;
  All their joy abroad is flung.

Gladness, lo, is everywhere
  When the first leaf sees the day ;
And shall I alone despair,
  Turning from sweet love away ?
Something to my heart replies,
  Thou too wast for rapture strung ;
Wherefore else the dreams that rise
  Round thee when the year is young ?

One, than Helen yet more fair,
  Loveliest blossom of the May,
Rose-tints hath and sunny hair,
  And a gracious mien and gay ;
Heart that scorneth all disguise,
  Lips where pearls of truth are hung,—
God, who gives all sovereignties,
  Knows her like was never sung.

Though she lead through long despair,
  I would never say her nay,
If one kiss — reward how rare ! —
  Each new trial might repay.
Swift returns I 'd then devise,
  Many labors, but not long.
Following so fair a prize
  I could nevermore go wrong.

There is a very long poem of Arnaut's in simple consecutive rhymes, in which the praises of the fair countess are prettily if somewhat monotonously chanted, and the palm is awarded her over a long list of heroines, whose names, however incongruous, betray some acquaintance with literature on our troubadour's part. Rodocesta and Bibles, Blanchefleur and Semiramis, Thisbe, Leda, and Helen, Antigone, Ismene, and Iseult. And here is that final and fruitless plaint quoted by Arnaut's biographer: —

Sweet my musings used to be,[3]
Without shadow of distress,
Till the queen of loveliness,
Lowly, mild, yet frank as day,
Bade me put her love away,
Love so deeply wrought in me.
And because I answered not,
Nay, nor e'en her mercy sought,
All the joy of life is gone,
For it lived in her alone.

Oh, my lady, hearken thee !
For thy wondrous tenderness,
Nor my faltering cry repress ;

[1] In 1209, at the beginning of the Albigenses war This Viscount de Beziers was the chivalric Raymond Roger, the young and far braver nephew of Raymond VI. of Toulouse. He was not, however, killed at the siege, but languished three months in prison, at the end of which time the execrable Simon de Montfort gave orders that he should "die of dysentery," and he was accordingly poisoned.

[2] "Bel m'es quan lo vens m'alena." (Raymond, vol. iii., p. 208.)

[3] "Mot eran dous miei cossir." (Parnasse Occitanien, p. 17.)

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Bid thy faithful servant stay ;
Deign to keep my love, I pray ;
Let me not my rival see !
That which never cost thee aught
Were to me with rapture fraught.
Who would grudge the sick man's moan
When his pain is all his own ?

Thou art wise as thou art fair,
And thy voice is ever kind ;
Thou for all dost welcome find,
With a courtesy so bright
Praise of all it doth invite.
Hope and comforting, kind care
In thy smile are born and live
Wheresoe'er thou dost arrive.
Not my love doth canonize
But the truth and thine own price.

Unto one thus everywhere
In the praise of men enshrined,
What 's my tribute unrefined ?
And yet, lady of delight,
True it is, however trite.
He shall sway the balance fair
Who a single grain doth give,
Be the poise right sensitive.
So might one poor word suffice
To enhance thy dignities.

It would be an interesting if not edifying study in the manners of the time, to consider minutely the long story of Raimon de Miraval's adventures. One of his early biographers remarks with charming simplicity that he "loved a great many ladies, some of whom treated him well, and others ill. Some deceived him, and to these he rendered like for like; but he never deceived honest and loyal ladies." It is also true that he was a favorite with famous and gallant princes, such as Peter II. of Aragon and Raymond Roger, before mentioned, the heroic defender of the Albigenses; and that these princes vied with one another in heaping upon the troubadour presents of rich robes and steeds and accoutrements of war; whereby the beggarly cavalier who had inherited only the fourth part of a small estate was enabled to make a splendid appearance in the world. Nevertheless, although personally brave, he seems not to have been a man of generous nature, and the songs which he has left, though graceful sometimes and very remarkable for their technical ingenuity, show few traces of genuine feeling. Raimon de Miraval's first mistress was the notorious Loba de Penautier, the wife of a wealthy lord of Carbarés, of whom — that is, of Loba — we shall hear more in connection with Peire Vidal. The fervor and sincerity of the relations of these two may be guessed from the fact that Loba, who was besieged by numerous lovers, made a feint of encouraging Raimon, because she wished to conceal her real passion for the Count de Foix, also honorably memorable for the part he bore in the religious wars. "For," observes the historian, with the same incredible *naïveté* as before, "a lady was considered lost who openly accepted a powerful baron as her lover." Raimon seems to have continued his formal homage for some little time after he perfectly understood the state of the case between Loba and de Foix. But at last he wearied of the game, as our readers would certainly weary, were we to attempt giving them anything like a circumstantial account, or even a complete list, of the poet's numerous *affaires*. We pass directly from his first "attachment" to his last, the object of which was also a lady of Carbarés, apparently a younger sister-in-law of Loba, one who herself made some unusual advances to the troubadour. The sport of these two experienced lovers was interrupted in 1208 by the opening of the crusade against the Albigenses, that cruelest of religious wars, in which the early Provençal poetry virtually received its death-blow. Raimon de Miraval was shut up with the Count of Toulouse in the capital of the latter, while Beziers and Carcassonne fell before the onslaught of Simon de Montfort. Thence, when Peter II. of Aragon had come to their assistance, he addressed to the Spanish prince some animated verses, foretelling that, if successful, he would make his name as terrible to the French as it had hitherto been to the Saracens. But Peter fell in the battle of Muret, on the 12th of September, 1213, and Raimon followed the flight into Aragon of the counts of Toulouse and Foix, and there died not long after in a monastery at Lerida. We have attempted in the paraphrase which follows to give some idea of the mechanical complexity of Raimon's versification, and of the verbal or syllabic

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echo, spoken of before, which Arnaut Daniel had introduced.

Fair summer-time doth me delight,
And song of birds delights no less:
Meadows delight in their green dress,
Delight the trees in verdure bright.
And far, far more delights thy graciousness,
Lady, and I to do thy will delight.
Yet be not this delight my final boon,
Or I of my desire shall perish soon!
For that desire, most exquisite
Of all desires, I live in stress,
Desire of thy rich comeliness.
Oh, come, and my desire requite!
Though doubling that desire by each caress,
Is my desire not single in thy sight?
Let me not, then, desiring, sink undone.
To love's high joys, desire be rather prone!
No alien joy will I invite,
But joy in thee to all excess;
Joy in thy grace, nor e'en confess
Whatso might do my joy despite.
So deep the joy, my lady, no distress
That joy shall master; for thy beauty's light
Such joy hath shed for each day it hath shone,
Joyless I cannot be while I live on.

This is enough. We have just managed to hint at the labored quaintness of the verse. But that peculiarity of rhythm which we have called an echo should have, and very likely did have, a name of its own. There is a hackneyed yet unspoiled strain of melody in the death scene in Lucia, of which the effect upon the ear is almost precisely similar to this in the Provençal.

It would be unfair to the reader to transcribe otherwise than literally the manuscript biography of the absurdest of men and troubadours, Peire Vidal. Thus it runs: "Peire Vidal was of Toulouse, the son of a tanner. He was the best singer in the world, and a good *finder;* and he was the most foolish man in the world, because he thought everything tiresome except verse. . . . He said much evil of others, and made some verses for which a cavalier de San Gili had his tongue cut, because he proclaimed himself the accepted lover of San Gili's wife. But Oc del Baux treated the wound and cured him. So when he was healed, he went away beyond the sea and brought thence a Greek woman whom he had married in Cyprus. And she gave him to understand that she was the granddaughter of the Emperor of Constantinople, and that through her he ought by rights to have the empire. Wherefore he put all his substance into a navy, because he intended to go and conquer the empire; and he assumed the imperial arms and had himself called emperor and his wife empress. He courted all the fine ladies he saw, and besought them for their love, and talked Oc to them, for he deemed himself a universal lover, and that any one would die for him. And he always had fine horses and armor and an imperial chair (or throne), and thought he was the best knight in the world and the most loved of ladies. Peire Vidal, as I have said, courted all fine ladies; . . . and among others he courted my lady Adelaide, the wife of Barral, the lord of Marseilles . . . and Barral knew it well; . . . So there came a day when Peire Vidal knew that Barral was away and the lady alone in her chamber, and he went in and found her sleeping, and kneeled down and kissed her lips. Feeling the kiss and thinking that it was Lord Barral, she started up, smiling, then looked and saw that it was that fool of a Peire Vidal (*e vi lo fol de Peire Vidal*), and began to make a great outcry. Her women rushed in, crying, 'What is this?' And Peire Vidal fled. Then the lady sent for Lord Barral, and loudly complained of Peire for kissing her, and wept, and prayed that he might be punished. Then Lord Barral, like a brave man, made light of the thing, and reproved his wife for her distress. . . . But Peire Vidal was frightened, and took ship for Genoa, where he remained until he went over-seas with King Richard. . . . He remained a long time in foreign parts, not daring to return to Provence until Lord Barral, who was well-disposed toward him, as you have heard, prayed his wife to pardon the kiss and make him (Peire) a present of it. So Barral sent Peire his wife's good wishes and ordered him to return. And back he came with the greatest rejoicing to Marseilles, and was well received by everybody, and everything was forgiven him, wherefore Peire made the famous song, —

'Pos tornat soi en Proensa.'

. . . [Afterwards] he fell in love with Loba de Penautier, and with Madame

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Stephania, of Sardinia, and with Lady Raimbauda de Biolh. Loba was of Carbarés, and out of compliment to her Peire Vidal had himself called Wolf, and wore a wolf on his arms. And he caused himself to be hunted in the mountains of Carbarés with dogs and mastiffs and leverets, as wolves are hunted, and he wore a wolf-skin to give himself the appearance of a wolf. And the shepherds with their dogs hunted him and abused him so, that he was carried for dead to the inn of Loba de Penautier. As soon as she knew that it was Peire Vidal, she began to scoff at him for his folly, and her husband likewise, and they received him with great merriment. But her husband had him taken and conveyed to a retired place, and did the best he could with him and kept him till he was well."

Happily the craze of Peire appears chiefly in his actions, and many of his verses are unusually sane and elegant. We give the song mentioned above as addressed to Adelaide on his return to Marseilles. The grace and good-nature of the original sufficed, no doubt, to atone for its undeniably saucy and perfunctory air. It is also interesting from the allusion in the sixth verse — which is the fifth in Raynouard's text — to the fancied return of King Arthur, either in the person of Cœur de Lion himself, in whose train Peire went to the Holy Land, or, more probably, in that of his presumptive heir, Arthur of Brittany, the victim of John.

Now into Provence returning,[1]
Well I know my call to sing
To my lady some sweet thing,
Full of gratitude and yearning.
Such the tribute still whereby
Every singer, nobly taught,
Favor of his queen hath bought,
Ever loving learnedly;
Like the rest, then, why not I?

Sinless, and yet pardon earning
By the penitence I bring,
Grace from grievance gathering,
Yea, and hope from anger burning!
Bliss in tears I can descry,
Sweet from bitter I have brought,
Courage in despair have sought,
Gained, in losing, mightily,
And in rout met victory!

Fearless, then, my fate concerning,
In my choice unwavering,
If, at last, I see upspring
Honor in the place of scorning,
All true lovers far and nigh
Shall take comfort from the thought
Of the miracle I wrought,
Drawing fire from snow, and aye
Sweetest draught the salt wave by!

I can hail her very spurning,
Bow to her abandoning,
Though her mien my heart should wring,
Well her sovereign right discerning
Me to give, or sell, or buy!
That man's wisdom, sure, is naught
Who would bid me loathe my lot.
Pain she gives is, verily,
But a kind of ecstasy!

Blame not, then, my hope's adjourning.
Have the Britons not their king,
Arthur, for whose tarrying
Long the land did sit in mourning?
Nor can any me deny
The one prize for which I fought,
The one kiss that once I caught.
Yea, the theft of days gone by
She hath made a charity!

[1] "Pos tornatz sui en Proensa." (Raynouard, vol. iii., p. 321.)

Once more, in the case of Raimbaut de Vaqueiras, we are fain to throw aside all attempt at critical examination and selection, and simply quote the text of the early biographer. The reader will please compare the manner of telling the tale of the mantle with the similar incident of the sword and circlet in the story of Pelleas and Etard or Etarre, so solemnly and touchingly rehearsed by Tennyson in the eighth idyl of the complete edition. It will furnish him once for all with a measure of the strange difference in native moral sense between the races who cultivated the troubadour and the trouver poetry.

"Raimbaut de Vaqueiras was the son of a poor cavalier of Provence, of the Castle of Vaqueiras. And Raimbaut became a jongleur and was a long while with the Prince of Orange, William of Baux. He was skilled in singing and in making couplets and *sirventes*, and the Prince of Orange did him great honor and favors for it, and made him to be generally known and praised. Yet Raimbaut left him (the Prince of Orange) and went to the Marquis Boniface of Montferrat, and was long established at his court also. And he grew in wit and wisdom and soldierly accomplishments, and became enamored of the marquis's

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sister, my lady Beatrice, the wife of Henry of Carret, and found many good songs about her, and it was thought that she was favorably disposed toward him. Now you have heard who Raimbaut was, and how he came to honor, and by whom. So, as I said, when the marquis had knighted him, he fixed his affections on my lady Beatrice, who was also the sister of my lady Adelaide de Salutz. He loved and desired her greatly, taking care that no one should suspect it, and he enhanced her reputation very much, and gained for her many friends, both men and women. And she received him flatteringly, but he was dying of apprehension because he dared not openly ask her love nor confess that he had set his heart upon her. But as a man distraught, he told her that he loved a very distinguished lady, and knew her very intimately, but dared not speak, nor betray his feeling, nor ask her for her love, because of her high consideration. And he prayed her in God's name to advise him whether he should speak out the wish of his heart, or perish in silent devotion. That gentle lady, my lady Beatrice, when she heard this, and knew the admiration of Raimbaut, having plainly perceived before that he was dying of love for her, was touched by his passion and his piety. And she said, 'Raimbaut, it is well known that every faithful friend loves a gentle lady in such wise that he fears to betray his love. But sooner than die I would counsel him to speak and pray her to take him for a servitor and friend. For if she is wise and courteous she will not despise him. So this is the advice which I give you. Ask her to receive you for her cavalier. For you are such an one that any lady in the universe might so take you, as Adelaide, the Countess of Salutz holds Peire Vidal; and the Countess of Burlas, Arnaut de Maroill; and my lady Mary, Gaucelm Faidit; and the Lady of Marseilles, Folquet.' . . . When Lord Raimbaut heard the comfortable advice which she gave, . . . he told her that she was herself the lady whom he loved, and concerning whom he had asked advice. And my lady Beatrice told him that it was well done, . . . and that she would accept him for her cavalier. Lord Raimbaut did then exalt her fame to the utmost of his ability, and it was then he made the song which begins, —

'Era m' requier sa costum e son us.'

"Now it came to pass that the lady lay down and fell asleep beside him, and the marquis, her husband, who loved her well, found them so, and was wroth. But, like a wise man, he forbore to touch them, only he took his own mantle and covered them with it, and took that of Raimbaut and went his way. And when Raimbaut arose he knew well what had happened, and he took the mantle of the marquis and sought him straightway, and kneeled before him and prayed for mercy. And the marquis perceived that Raimbaut knew how he had been discovered, and he recalled all the pleasure which Raimbaut had given him in divers places. And because Raimbaut had said softly, in order that he might not be understood to be bespeaking pardon, *that he would forgive the marquis for putting on his robe*, those who overheard thought that all this was because the marquis had taken Raimbaut's mantle. And the marquis forgave him and made answer that he would wear his mantle no more. And only they two understood it. After that it came to pass that the marquis went with his forces into Roumania, and with great help from the church conquered the kingdom of Thessalonica. And there Lord Raimbaut distinguished himself by the feats which he performed, and there he was rewarded with great lands and revenues, and there he died. And concerning the deeds of his liege lord he made a song which has been transmitted by Peire Vidal, which begins

'Cant ai heu dig del Marquis.'"

It was in 1204 that Raimbaut embarked from Venice for the East, his master, Montferrat, having been chosen leader of the expedition of that year in place of Thibaut of Champagne, who had died just as all things were made ready for departure two years before. This was the famous expedition which digressed to Constantinople, and expended its consecrated energies in the

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capture of that city and the subjugation of the Greek empire. The Marquis of Montferrat received the kingdom of Thessalonica as his share in the spoils of this victory, and thence he overran nearly the whole of Greece. Raimbaut was constantly with him and won abundant laurels, but underneath all the excitement and splendor of this adventurous life he seems to have carried a heart haunted by homesick longings and melancholy presentiments, which were soon to be justified. He fell in battle in the same year with his master, 1207, possibly upon the same field. The song in which he is said to have celebrated the fame of Montferrat is invariably ascribed in the collections to Peire Vidal. There is also an extremely interesting piece, transcribed at length by Fauriel, a sort of impetuous declaration of independence of the tyranny of love, the text of which is not in Raynouard's collection, nor in any other accessible to ourselves. We give a few verses out of the song first cited in the Life just quoted, and the whole of one of Raimbaut's latest pieces, a really noble and affecting lament composed in Roumania: —

Now Love, who will have sighs, desires, and tears,[1]
Demands his wonted tribute, even of me.
And I, who have received the gift to see
The loveliest lady of all mortal years,
Obey. She is my surety sincere,
Love will be glorious gain, and never loss;
Great are my hope and courage, even because
I seek the one best treasure of our sphere.

For since my lady hath not any peers,
Matchless in all the past my love must be;
Thisbe loved Pyramus less utterly.
Hers am I, and my vow she kindly hears;
Yea, and thus lifted o'er all others here,
And very rich, and versed in honor's laws,
She for the worthy keeps her sweet applause,
While the base know her lofty and austere.

Wherefore not Percival, when to loud cheers
The red knight's arms in Arthur's court bore he,
Received his honors more exultantly
Than I, nor ever keener death-pang tears
The breast of Tantalus than I should bear
Did she her bounty stint, from whatso cause,
Who is earth's clearest, without any flaws,
And keen of wit, and innocent of fear.

Of the lay which follows, it may be remembered that Mistral quotes the first verse to illustrate the tender sorrows of his friend Aubanel. Owing to the length of the piece, and the difficulty of dividing it, I have for once abandoned the attempt to keep the same rhyme in the corresponding lines of each stanza, but otherwise the form of the original is preserved. I have not been able to establish the identity of the "English lord" — evidently a man of note, though not the king — to whom the poem seems to have been addressed, in reply, perhaps, to some friendly challenge.

Nor winter-tide, nor Easter-tide,[2]
Nor cloudless air, nor oak-wood fair,
Gladden me more; for joy seems care,
And heavy all was once my pride;
And leisure hours are weary while
Now hope no more doth on me smile.
And I, who sprang to gallantry
And love like fishes in the sea,
Now both of these are from me gone,
Live like an exile, sad and lone.
All other life to me is death,
All other joy discourageth.

The flower of love is fallen away,
And the sweet fruit; the grass and grain,
I sang full many a pleasant strain
Thereof, and honor found that way.
But love, that lifted me o'er all,
Ay, love itself hath wrought my fall.
And but that I would scorn to show
A coward face before my woe,
I 'd put my life out like a flame,
And quench my deeds and blot my name;
So deepeneth in my memory
Despair that one day brought to me.

But Honor's voice commands me thus:
"Thou shalt not, in thy mood forlorn,
Thy foes fulfill with gleeful scorn,
Of thine old praise oblivious."
Nor will I. Blows I yet can deal,
And wear a merry mask with skill,
Before a Greek or Latin horde,
While he who girt me with my sword,
My marquis, doth the pagan fight.
For since this world first saw the light,
Never hath God such conflict thrown
On any race as on our own.

Resplendent arms and warriors bold,
And battle given, and joust arrayed,
Engine and siege and flashing blade,
And toppling walls, or new, or old,
As in a dream, I hear, I see;
For what save love availeth me?
Yea, I myself, in harness brave,
Ride forth to strike, to fell, to save,
And laurel still, and treasure, win,
But never more that joy within;
The world is but a desert-shore,
And my songs comfort me no more.

Not Alexander in his pride,
Nor Charlemagne, nor Ludovic,

[1] "Era m' requier sa costum e son us." (Raynouard, vol. iii., p. 258.)

[2] "No ni agrad ivers ni pascors." (Parnasse Occitanien, p. 8.)

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Held court like ours. Not Emeric,
Nor Roland, with his warriors tried,
E'er won so great a victory
O'er half so rich a realm as we.
Laws have we given, and they 're obeyed,
And kings and dukes and emperors made,
And decked our castles for delight,
In Mussulman or Arab sight,
And cleared each way, and oped each gate,
From Brindes to St. George's Strait.

Yet what to me, brave English lord,
Are spoils like these and glory worth,
Who sought no other boon on earth
Save to adore and be adored ?
Deem not my splendid heritage
A single sorrow can assuage.
The more increaseth here my pelf
The more I mourn and scorn myself.
My fair and gracious cavalier [1]
Is wroth with me, is far from here ;
A wound like mine no healing hath,
But ever-growing pain and wrath.

Yet thou, sweet seigneur, warrior high,
Great both in arms and courtesy,
Thou dost a little comfort give,
Tempting me yet awhile to live.

We twain will make Damascus cower,
Jerusalem restore to power,
And wrest the sacred Syrian land
From pagan Turks' relentless hand.

Shame on us, laggard pilgrims all,
Save those who nobly fight and fall !
Shame on our courts, and court we strife !
For death availeth more than life !

In this lament of Raimbaut de Vaqueiras we seem to hear the trumpet contending with the lute, and in the clang of its abrupt close the harsher strain prevails. It was ominous of the change which was immediately to pass upon Provençal song, the rapid but not inglorious decline of which was already decreed. The domestic crusade of the Roman church against the heretics of Albigeois was formally inaugurated in 1208, one year after the death, in the Orient, of Raimbaut and his master, Boniface of Montferrat. We are rather used to regard that infamous war — the strange horrors by which it was attended, and the appalling desolation of some of earth's most delightful regions which it entailed — from a merely theological point of view. In reality it was a conflict involving a great variety of social and political interests, and in its lingering catastrophe many hopes perished which were wholly of this world. It was, in fact, or it became, a match between the great feudal nobles and the clergy, between the princes of the province and the fast growing central power of France, always highly orthodox and in strict alliance with the court of Rome. It was hardly more than incidentally and symbolically the resistance of darkness to light, priestly tyranny to the progress of free thought, regnant superstition to simple faith. The struggle lasted for about a generation, and our indignant sympathies are with the conquered side; less, however, because that side had a monopoly of piety, than because it was, broadly speaking, the side of chivalry, culture, and common sense. We are glad to find that our troubadours, almost to a man, espoused the nobler and worse-fated cause, but we can see that, from the nature of their avocations and their personal relations with the great Provençal nobles, it could hardly have been otherwise.

One of them, indeed, Folquet of Marseilles, whom the chagrin of disappointed love had early driven into the cloister, and who had been made Bishop of Toulouse while yet a comparatively young man, won an immortality of dishonor by the ingenious atrocity with which he persecuted the heretics and their defenders; and one other, Perdigon, a man of considerable gifts but of the basest origin, turned traitor to his seignior and his first patron, Raymond of Toulouse, and accompanied the embassy which went to Rome under the leadership of William of Baux to demand the intervention of the Pope on behalf of sound, old-fashioned doctrine. In his own person Perdigon was sufficiently punished. His new master tired of him, his apostasy to the cause of the south made him execrated among his countrymen, he fell into abject poverty, and with difficulty found even a monastery to afford him an asylum in his last days. With these exceptions the poets of Occitania were true to the cause of their country's independence, both spiritual and political, and lifted up impassioned appeals against her subjugation.

[1] Raimbaut called Beatrice his "Bel Cavalier," because he once surprised her practicing a sword exercise all by herself.

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Some of their greatest names are most associated with this unquiet latter time. This is true of him whom the ancient authorities generally agree in pronouncing the first of Provençal poets, Guiraut de Bornelh, or Borneil.[1] "There was never a better troubadour," are the words of his biographer, "either among those who went before or those who came after him, and the manner of his life was on this wise: all winter he studied in the school,[2] and all summer he journeyed from court to court, accompanied by two jongleurs who performed his songs. He no longer desired to marry, but whatever he gained he gave to his poor relatives, or to the church of the town where he was born." There is something tantalizing in the brevity of this notice, more particularly because it conveys the idea of an unwonted seriousness and nobility in the poet's character. And it is certain that Guiraut de Bornelh was the true maker and master of the *chanson*, and that his love-poems, though occasionally obscure, have an emotional depth and an equality of power surpassing those even of Bernard of Ventadour. When, in his later years, he swept the lyre with a sterner hand, and bewailed his country's misfortunes and the decadence of her chivalric glories, there was dignity in his grief, and even grandeur. The date of his death is disputed, but it could not well have occurred later than 1230, and even then he must have been very old.

The first half of the thirteenth century is also the epoch of Peire Cardenal. If Bernard of Ventadour was the sweetest minstrel among the troubadours, and Guiraut de Bornelh their loftiest poet, Peire Cardenal was indisputably the subtlest and most intellectual spirit among them all; his day was not an auspicious one for the conceits and amenities of love, but his moral appeals and laments are full of wrathful eloquence, and he searches the dark places of human destiny, the origin of evil, the mystery of free will, with a desperate intrepidity almost equal to that of Omar Khayam. "Who," he cries, in the beginning of one of his pieces, "desires to hear a sirvente woven of grief, embroidered with anger? I have spun it already, and I can make its warp and woof."[3] And there is another in which he rehearses the bold defense which he will make when he finds himself arraigned before the judgment-bar of God. This does not come properly within our scope, and we shall therefore return to our first theme, and close these fragmentary and, as many may well think, arbitrary illustrations with three specimens of a peculiar order of love song, the *aubado*, or morning counterpart of the serenade. Despite the superficial and apparently regular resemblance of sentiment and circumstance between the three, they are as wide apart in time as possible, and their dates embrace nearly the whole illustrious period of Occitanian song. That of the first cannot be precisely fixed, but it is apparently very early, and the nameless author was undoubtedly a woman. The second, which we incline to regard as the most perfect flower of Provençal poesy, was written by Guiraut de Bornelh in his prime. The third is by the last of the noteworthy troubadours, Bertrand of Alamanon. The fanciful song of Magali, in Mirèio, is also an aubado, thoroughly modern and highly artificial. If the reader will take the trouble to compare it with the "simple and sensuous" lay which follows, he will fully realize all the likeness and the unlikeness existing between the reproduction and the reality.

Under the hawthorns of an orchard-lawn,[4]
She laid her head her lover's breast upon,
Silent, until the guard should cry the dawn.
Ah God! Ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

[1] Dante, however, in the Purgatorio, expresses no little indignation with those who insist on ranking Guiraut above his own favorite, Arnaut Daniel. But Dante's literary judgments were apt to be biased.

[2] This confirms Fauriel's idea that there were institutions where the troubadour poetry was formally taught. Fauriel even thinks that there must have been such before the days of William of Poitiers, but of this there does not seem to be sufficient evidence.

[3] "Qui vobra sirventes auzir?" (Raynouard, Lexique Roman, vol. i., p. 446.)

[4] "Dans un vergier en fuelha d'albespi." (Bartsch, Chrestomathie Provençale, p. 98.)

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I would the night might never have passed by!
So wouldst thou not have left me, at the cry
Of yonder sentry to the whitening sky.
Ah God! Ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

One kiss more, sweetheart, ere the melodies
Of early birds from all the fields arise!
One more, without a thought of jealous eyes!
Ah God! Ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

And yet one more under the garden wall,
For now the birds begin their festival,
And the day wakens at the sentry's call.
Ah God! Ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

'T is o'er! He 's gone. Oh mine in life and death!
But the sweet breeze that backward wandereth,
I quaff it, as it were my darling's breath.
Ah God!, Ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

Fair was the lady, and her fame was wide,
And many knights for her dear favor sighed;
But leal the heart out of whose depths she cried,
Ah God! Ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

Here, at least, there is absolute artlessness, a kind of divine abandonment. The next is a world away from this, in its conscious and restrained fervor; separated from it as from a childish Eden, by the flaming sword of perfectly equipped chivalry.

All glorious king who dost illuminate [1]
All ways of men, upon thy grace I wait,
Praying thy shelter for my spirit's queen,
Whom all the darkling hours I have not seen,
And now the dawn is near.

Sleepest or wakest, lady of my vows?
Oh, sleep no more, but lift thy quiet brows,
For now the Orient's most lovely star
Grows large and bright, welcoming from afar
The dawn that now is near.

Oh, sleep no more, but gracious audience give,
What time with the awakening birds I strive,
Who seek the day amid the leafage dark.
To me, to me, not to that other, hark,
For now the dawn is near.

Undo aloft, most fair, thy window bars,
And look upon the heaven and its stars,
And to my steadfast watchfulness incline,
And doubt me not, lest long regret be thine,
For now the dawn is near.

Aye since we parted in the eve agone,
Slept have I none, but kneeled and prayed alone,
Unto the Son of Mary in the sky,
To make thee mine until we both shall die;
And now the dawn is near.

From thy balcōny, lady, yesternight,
Didst thou me to this vigil not invite?
And was it, then, the suit, the song, to spurn
Of one who would have died thy smile to earn?
And now the dawn is near.

Not so, not so! O heart fulfilled with bliss,
What care I for the morns to follow this!
For now the sweetest soul of mother born
Folds her arms round me till I laugh to scorn
That other I did fear!

And this is the last: —

A merry and a noble knight [2]
Unto the queen of his delight
Sang once a song like this I write.

"Oh sweet, my soul, what comes," he said,
"When day dawns and the night is fled?
Ah ha!
I hear the sentry's call afar;
Up and away!
Behold, the day
Comes following the day-star!

"Oh sweet, my soul, I would," said he,
"That never dawn or day might be:
So were we blest eternally!
At least if thou wilt have it so,
I am thy friend where'er I go.
Ah ha!
I hear the sentry's call afar;
Up and away!
Behold, the day
Comes following the day-star!

"Oh sweet, my soul, whate'er they say,
There is no grief like ours to-day,
When friend from friend is rent away.
Alas, I know too well," said he,
"How brief one happy night may be.
Ah ha!
I hear the sentry's call afar;
Up and away!
Behold, the day
Comes following the day-star!

"Oh sweet, my soul, yield me belief:
Afar from thee my course were brief;
Slain were I, by my love and grief!
I go, but I shall come again;
Life without thee were void and vain.
Ah ha!
I hear the sentry's call afar;
Up and away!
Behold, the day
Comes following the day-star!

"Oh sweet, my soul, my way I take,
Thine still, although the morning break;
Forget me not, for God's dear sake.
My heart of hearts goes not with me,
It stays forever more with thee.
Ah ha!
I hear the sentry's call afar;
Up and away!
Behold, the day
Comes following the day-star!"

In point of feeling these lines are not to be compared with the others. In their sweet but lagging rhythm there is a strange mingling of languor and levity. They are, in fact, already a reminiscence, the tenuous echo of a music passed by.

Harriet W. Preston.

[1] "Reis glorios, nerais lunes e clardatz." (Raynouard, vol. iii., p. 313.)

[2] "On cavalier si jazia." (Raynouard, vol. v., p. 73.)

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THE AMERICAN.

XI.

NEWMAN, on his return to Paris, had not resumed the study of French conversation with M. Nioche; he found that he had too many other uses for his time. M. Nioche, however, came to see him very promptly, having learned his whereabouts by a mysterious process to which his patron never obtained the key. The shrunken little capitalist repeated his visit more than once. He seemed oppressed by a humiliating sense of having been overpaid, and wished, apparently, to redeem his debt by the offer of grammatical and statistical information in small installments. He wore the same decently melancholy aspect as a few months before; a few months more or less of brushing could make little difference in the antique lustre of his coat and hat. But the poor old man's spirit was a trifle more threadbare; it seemed to have received some hard rubs during the summer. Newman inquired with interest about Mademoiselle Noémie; and M. Nioche, at first, for answer, simply looked at him in lachrymose silence.

"Don't ask me, sir," he said at last. "I sit and watch her, but I can do nothing."

"Do you mean that she misconducts herself?"

"I don't know, I am sure. I can't follow her. I don't understand her. She has something in her head; I don't know what she is trying to do. She is too deep for me."

"Does she continue to go to the Louvre? Has she made any of those copies for me?"

"She goes to the Louvre, but I see nothing of the copies. She has something on her easel; I suppose it is one of the pictures you ordered. Such a magnificent order ought to give her fairy-fingers. But she is not in earnest. I can't say anything to her; I am afraid of her. One evening, last summer, when I took her to walk in the Champs Élysées, she said some things to me that frightened me."

"What were they?"

"Excuse an unhappy father from telling you," said M. Nioche, unfolding his calico pocket-handkerchief.

Newman promised himself to pay Mademoiselle Noémie another visit at the Louvre. He was curious about the progress of his copies, but it must be added that he was still more curious about the progress of the young lady herself. He went one afternoon to the great museum, and wandered through several of the rooms in fruitless quest of her. He was bending his steps to the long hall of the Italian masters, when suddenly he found himself face to face with Valentin de Bellegarde. The young Frenchman greeted him with ardor, and assured him that he was a godsend. He himself was in the worst of humors, and he wanted some one to contradict.

"In a bad humor among all these beautiful things?" said Newman. "I thought you were so fond of pictures, especially the old black ones. There are two or three here that ought to keep you in spirits."

"Oh, to-day," answered Valentin, "I am not in a mood for pictures, and the more beautiful they are the less I like them. Their great, staring eyes and their fixed positions irritate me. I feel as if I were at some big, dull party, in a room full of people I don't wish to speak to. What should I care for their beauty? It 's a bore, and, worse still, it 's a reproach. I have a great many *ennuis;* I feel vicious."

"If the Louvre has so little comfort for you, why in the world did you come here?" Newman asked.

"That is one of my ennuis. I came to meet my cousin, — a dreadful English cousin, a member of my mother's family, — who is in Paris for a week for her husband, and who wishes me to point

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out the 'principal beauties.' Imagine a woman who wears a green crape bonnet in December and has straps sticking out of the ankles of her interminable boots! My mother begged I would do something to oblige them. I have undertaken to play *valet de place* this afternoon. They were to have met me here at two o'clock, and I have been waiting for them twenty minutes. Why does n't she arrive? She has at least a pair of feet to carry her. I don't know whether to be furious at their playing me false, or delighted to have escaped them."

"I think in your place I would be furious," said Newman, "because they may arrive yet, and then your fury will still be of use to you. Whereas if you were delighted and they were afterwards to turn up, you might not know what to do with your delight."

"You give me excellent advice, and I already feel better. I will be furious; I will let them go to the deuce and I myself will go with you — unless by chance you too have a rendezvous."

"It is not exactly a rendezvous," said Newman. "But I have in fact come to see a person, not a picture."

"A woman, presumably?"

"A young lady."

"Well," said Valentin, "I hope for you with all my heart that she is not clothed in green tulle and that her feet are not too much out of focus."

"I don't know much about her feet, but she has very pretty hands."

Valentin gave a sigh. "And on that assurance I must part with you?"

"I am not certain of finding my young lady," said Newman, "and I am not quite prepared to lose your company on the chance. It does not strike me as particularly desirable to introduce you to her, and yet I should rather like to have your opinion of her."

"Is she pretty?"

"I guess you will think so."

Bellegarde passed his arm into that of his companion. "Conduct me to her on the instant! I should be ashamed to make a pretty woman wait for my verdict."

Newman suffered himself to be gently propelled in the direction in which he had been walking, but his step was not rapid. He was turning something over in his mind. The two men passed into the long gallery of the Italian masters, and Newman, after having scanned for a moment its brilliant vista, turned aside into the smaller apartment devoted to the same school, on the left. It contained very few persons, but at the farther end of it sat Mademoiselle Nioche, before her easel. She was not at work; her palette and brushes had been laid down beside her, her hands were folded in her lap, and she was leaning back in her chair and looking intently at two ladies on the other side of the hall, who, with their backs turned to her, had stopped before one of the pictures. These ladies were apparently persons of high fashion; they were dressed with great splendor, and their long silken trains and furbelows were spread over the polished floor. It was at their dresses Mademoiselle Noémie was looking, though what she was thinking of I am unable to say. I hazard the supposition that she was saying to herself that to be able to drag such a train over a polished floor was a felicity worth any price. Her reflections, at any rate, were disturbed by the advent of Newman and his companion. She glanced at them quickly, and then, coloring a little, rose and stood before her easel.

"I came here on purpose to see you," said Newman in his bad French, offering to shake hands. And then, like a good American, he introduced Valentin formally: "Allow me to make you acquainted with the Comte Valentin de Bellegarde."

Valentin made a bow which must have seemed to Mademoiselle Noémie quite in harmony with the impressiveness of his title, but the graceful brevity of her own response made no concession to underbred surprise. She turned to Newman, putting up her hands to her hair and smoothing its delicately-felt roughness. Then, rapidly, she turned the canvas that was on her easel over upon its face. "You have not forgotten me?" she asked.

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"I shall never forget you," said Newman. "You may be sure of that."

"Oh," said the young girl, "there are a great many different ways of remembering a person." And she looked straight at Valentin de Bellegarde, who was looking at her as a gentleman may when a "verdict" is expected of him.

"Have you painted anything for me?" said Newman. "Have you been industrious?"

"No, I have done nothing." And, taking up her palette, she began to mix her colors at hazard.

"But your father tells me you have come here constantly."

"I have nowhere else to go! Here, all summer, it was cool, at least."

"Being here, then," said Newman, "you might have tried something."

"I told you before," she answered, softly, "that I don't know how to paint."

"But you have something charming on your easel, now," said Valentin, "if you would only let me see it."

She spread out her two hands, with the fingers expanded, over the back of the canvas — those hands which Newman had called pretty, and which, in spite of several paint-stains, Valentin could now admire. "My painting is not charming," she said.

"It is the only thing about you that is not, then, mademoiselle," quoth Valentin, gallantly.

She took up her little canvas and silently passed it to him. He looked at it, and in a moment she said, "I am sure you are a judge."

"Yes," he answered, "I am."

"You know, then, that that is very bad."

"*Mon Dieu*," said Valentin, shrugging his shoulders, "let us distinguish."

"You know that I ought not to attempt to paint," the young girl continued.

"Frankly, then, mademoiselle, I think you ought not."

She began to look at the dresses of the two splendid ladies again — a point on which, having risked one conjecture, I think I may risk another. While she was looking at the ladies she was seeing Valentin de Bellegarde. He, at all events, was seeing her. He put down the roughly-besmeared canvas and addressed a little click with his tongue, accompanied by an elevation of the eyebrows, to Newman.

"Where have you been all these months?" asked Mademoiselle Noémie of our hero. "You took those great journeys, you amused yourself well?"

"Oh, yes," said Newman, "I amused myself well enough."

"I am very glad," said Mademoiselle Noémie with extreme gentleness; and she began to dabble in her colors again. She was singularly pretty, with the look of serious sympathy that she threw into her face.

Valentin took advantage of her downcast eyes to telegraph again to his companion. He renewed his mysterious physiognomical play, making at the same time a rapid tremulous movement in the air with his fingers. He was evidently finding Mademoiselle Noémie extremely interesting; the blue devils had departed, leaving the field clear.

"Tell me something about your travels," murmured the young girl.

"Oh, I went to Switzerland, — to Geneva and Zermatt and Zürich and all those places, you know; and down to Venice, and all through Germany, and down the Rhine, and into Holland and Bêlgium — the regular round. How do you say that, in French — the regular round?" Newman asked of Valentin.

Mademoiselle Nioche fixed her eyes an instant on Bellegarde, and then with a little smile, "I don't understand monsieur," she said, "when he says so much at once. Would you be so good as to translate?"

"I would rather talk to you out of my own head," Valentin declared.

"No," said Newman, gravely, still in his bad French, "you must not talk to Mademoiselle Nioche, because you say discouraging things. You ought to tell her to work, to persevere."

"And we French, mademoiselle," said Valentin, "are accused of being false flatterers!"

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"I don't want any flattery, I want only the truth. But I know the truth."

"All I say is that I suspect there are some things that you can do better than paint," said Valentin.

"I know the truth, — I know the truth," Mademoiselle Noémie repeated. And, dipping a brush into a clot of red paint, she drew a great horizontal daub across her unfinished picture.

"What is that?" asked Newman.

Without answering, she drew another long crimson daub, in a vertical direction, down the middle of her canvas, and so, in a moment, completed the rough indication of a cross. "It is the sign of the truth," she said at last.

The two men looked at each other, and Valentin indulged in another flash of physiognomical eloquence. "You have spoiled your picture," said Newman.

"I know that very well. It was the only thing to do with it. I had sat looking at it all day without touching it. I had begun to hate it. It seemed to me something was going to happen."

"I like it better that way than as it was before," said Valentin. "Now it is more interesting. It tells a story. Is it for sale, mademoiselle?"

"Everything I have is for sale," said Mademoiselle Noémie.

"How much is this thing?"

"Ten thousand francs," said the young girl, without a smile.

"Everything that Mademoiselle Nioche may do at present is mine in advance," said Newman. "It makes part of an order I gave her some months ago. So you can't have this."

"Monsieur will lose nothing by it," said the young girl, looking at Valentin. And she began to put up her utensils.

"I shall have gained a charming memory," said Valentin. "You are going away? your day is over?"

"My father is coming to fetch me," said Mademoiselle Noémie.

She had hardly spoken when, through the door behind her, which opens on one of the great white stone staircases of the Louvre, M. Nioche made his appearance. He came in with his usual even, patient shuffle, and he made a low salute to the two gentlemen who were standing before his daughter's easel. Newman shook his hand with muscular friendliness, and Valentin returned his greeting with extreme deference. While the old man stood waiting for Noémie to make a parcel of her implements, he let his mild, oblique gaze hover toward Bellegarde, who was watching Mademoiselle Noémie put on her bonnet and mantle. Valentin was at no pains to disguise his scrutiny. He looked at a pretty girl as he would have listened to a piece of music. Attention, in each case, was simple good manners. M. Nioche at last took his daughter's paint-box in one hand and the bedaubed canvas, after giving it a solemn, puzzled stare, in the other, and led the way to the door. Mademoiselle Noémie made the young men the salute of a duchess, and followed her father.

"Well," said Newman, "what do you think of her?"

"She is very remarkable. *Diable, diable, diable!*" repeated M. de Bellegarde, reflectively; "she is very remarkable."

"I am afraid she is a sad little adventuress," said Newman.

"Not a little one — a great one. She has the material." And Valentin began to walk away slowly, looking vaguely at the pictures on the walls, with a thoughtful illumination in his eye. Nothing could have appealed to his imagination more than the possible adventures of a young lady endowed with the "material" of Mademoiselle Nioche. "She is very interesting," he went on. "She is a beautiful type."

"A beautiful type? What the deuce do you mean?" asked Newman.

"I mean from the artistic point of view. She is an artist, outside of her painting, which obviously is execrable."

"But she is not beautiful. I don't even think her very pretty."

"She is quite pretty enough for her purposes, and it is a face and figure on which everything tells. If she were prettier she would be less intelligent, and her intelligence is half of her charm."

"In what way," asked Newman, who

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was much amused at his companion's immediate philosophization of Mademoiselle Nioche, "does her intelligence strike you as so remarkable?"

"She has taken the measure of life, and she has determined to *be* something, to succeed at any cost. Her painting, of course, is a mere trick to gain time. She is waiting for her chance; she wishes to launch herself, and to do it well. She knows her Paris. She is one of fifty thousand, so far as the mere ambition goes; but I am very sure that in the way of resolution and capacity she is a rarity. And in one gift — perfect heartlessness — I will warrant she is unsurpassed. She has not as much heart as will go on the point of a needle. That is an immense virtue. Yes, she is one of the celebrities of the future."

"Heaven help us!" said Newman, "how far the artistic point of view may take a man! But in this case I must request that you don't let it take you too far. You have learned a wonderful deal about Mademoiselle Noémie in a quarter of an hour. Let that suffice; don't follow up your researches."

"My dear fellow," cried Bellegarde with warmth, "I hope I have too good manners to intrude."

"You are not intruding. The girl is nothing to me. In fact, I rather dislike her. But I like her poor old father, and for his sake I beg you to abstain from any attempt to verify your theories."

"For the sake of that seedy old gentleman who came to fetch her?" demanded Valentin, stopping short. And on Newman's assenting, "Ah no, ah no," he went on with a smile. "You are quite wrong, my dear fellow; you need n't mind him."

"I verily believe that you are accusing the poor gentleman of being capable of rejoicing in his daughter's dishonor."

"*Voyons*," said Valentin; "who is he? what is he?"

"He is what he looks like: as poor as a rat, but very high-toned."

"Exactly. I noticed him perfectly; be sure I do him justice. He has had losses, *des malheurs*, as we say. He is very low-spirited, and his daughter is too much for him. He is the pink of responsibility, and he has sixty years of honesty on his back. All this I perfectly appreciate. But I know my fellow-men and my fellow-Parisians, and I will make a bargain with you." Newman gave ear to his bargain and he went on. "He would rather his daughter were a good girl than a bad one, but if the worst comes to the worst, the old man will not do what Virginius did. Success justifies everything. If Mademoiselle Noémie makes a figure, her papa will feel — well, we will call it relieved. And she will make a figure. The old gentleman's future is assured."

"I don't know what Virginius did, but M. Nioche will shoot Miss Noémie," said Newman. "After that, I suppose his future will be assured in some snug prison."

"I am not a cynic; I am simply an observer," Valentin rejoined. "Mademoiselle Noémie interests me; she is extremely remarkable. If there is a good reason, in honor or decency, for dismissing her from my thoughts forever, I am perfectly willing to do it. Your estimate of the papa's sensibilities is a good reason until it is invalidated. I promise you not to look at the young girl again until you tell me that you have changed your mind about the papa. When he has given distinct proof of being a philosopher, you will raise your interdict. Do you agree to that?"

"Do you mean to bribe him?"

"Oh, you admit, then, that he is bribable? No, he would ask too much, and it would not be exactly fair. I mean simply to wait. You will continue, I suppose, to see this interesting couple, and you will give me the news yourself."

"Well," said Newman, "if the old man turns out a humbug, you may do what you please. I wash my hands of the matter. For the girl herself, you may be at rest. I don't know what harm she may do to me, but I certainly can't hurt her. It seems to me," said Newman, "that you are very well matched. You are both hard cases, and M. Nioche and I, I believe, are the only virtuous men to be found in Paris."

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Soon after this M. de Bellegarde, in punishment for his levity, received a stern poke in the back from a pointed instrument. Turning quickly round he found the weapon to be a parasol wielded by a lady in a green gauze bonnet. Valentin's English cousins had been drifting about unpiloted, and evidently deemed that they had a grievance. Newman left him to their mercies, but with a boundless faith in his power to plead his cause.

XII.

Three days after his introduction to the family of Madame de Cintré, Newman, coming in toward evening, found upon his table the card of the Marquis de Bellegarde. On the following day he received a note informing him that the Marquise de Bellegarde would be grateful for the honor of his company at dinner. He went, of course, though he had to break another engagement to do it. He was ushered into the room in which Madame de Bellegarde had received him before, and here he found his venerable hostess, surrounded by her entire family. The room was lighted only by the crackling fire, which illumined the very small pink slippers of a lady who, seated in a low chair, was stretching out her toes before it. This lady was the younger Madame de Bellegarde. Madame de Cintré was seated at the other end of the room, holding a little girl against her knee, the child of her brother Urbain, to whom she was apparently relating a wonderful story. Valentin was sitting on a puff, close to his sister-in-law, into whose ear he was certainly distilling the finest nonsense. The marquis was stationed before the fire, with his head erect and his hands behind him, in an attitude of formal expectancy.

Old Madame de Bellegarde stood up to give Newman her greeting, and there was that in the way she did so which seemed to measure narrowly the extent of her condescension. "We are all alone, you see; we have asked no one else," she said, austerely.

"I am very glad you did n't; this is much more sociable," said Newman. "Good evening, sir," and he offered his hand to the marquis.

M. de Bellegarde was affable, but in spite of his dignity he was restless. He began to pace up and down the room, he looked out of the long windows, he took up books and laid them down again. Young Madame de Bellegarde gave Newman her hand without moving and without looking at him.

"You may think that is coldness," explained Valentin; "but it is not, it is warmth. It shows she is treating you as an intimate. Now she detests me, and yet she is always looking at me."

"No wonder I detest you if I am always looking at you!" cried the lady. "If Mr. Newman does not like my way of shaking hands, I will do it again."

But this charming privilege was lost upon our hero, who was already making his way across the room to Madame de Cintré. She looked at him as she shook hands, but she went on with the story she was telling her little niece. She had only two or three phrases to add, but they were apparently of great moment. She deepened her voice, smiling as she did so, and the little girl gazed at her with round eyes.

"But in the end the young prince married the beautiful Florabella," said Madame de Cintré, "and carried her off to live with him in the land of the Pink Sky. There she was so happy that she forgot all her troubles, and went out to drive every day of her life in an ivory coach drawn by five hundred white mice. Poor Florabella," she explained to Newman, "had suffered terribly."

"She had had nothing to eat for six months," said little Blanche.

"Yes, but when the six months were over, she had a plum-cake as big as that ottoman," said Madame de Cintré. "That quite set her up again."

"What a checkered career!" said Newman. "Are you very fond of children?" He was certain that she was, but he wished to make her say it.

"I like to talk with them," she answered; "we can talk with them so

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much more seriously than with grown persons. That is great nonsense that I have been telling Blanche, but it is a great deal more serious than most of what we say in society."

"I wish you would talk to me, then, as if I were Blanche's age," said Newman, laughing. "Were you happy at your ball, the other night?"

"Ecstatically!"

"Now you are talking the nonsense that we talk in society," said Newman. "I don't believe that."

"It was my own fault if I was not happy. The ball was very pretty, and every one very amiable."

"It was on your conscience," said Newman, "that you had annoyed your mother and your brother."

Madame de Cintré looked at him a moment without answering. "That is true," she cried at last. "I had undertaken more than I could carry out. I have very little courage; I am not a heroine." She said this with a certain soft emphasis; but then, changing her tone, "I could never have gone through the sufferings of the beautiful Florabella," she added, "not even for her prospective rewards."

Dinner was announced, and Newman betook himself to the side of old Madame de Bellegarde. The dining-room, at the end of a cold corridor, was vast and sombre; the dinner was simple and delicately excellent. Newman wondered whether Madame de Cintré had had something to do with ordering the repast, and greatly hoped she had. Once seated at table, with the various members of the ancient house of Bellegarde around him, he asked himself the meaning of his position. Was the old lady responding to his advances? Did the fact that he was a solitary guest augment his credit or diminish it? Were they ashamed to show him to other people, or did they wish to give him a sign of sudden adoption into their last reserve of favor? Newman was on his guard; he was watchful and conjectural; and yet at the same time he was vaguely indifferent. Whether they gave him a long rope or a short one he was there now, and Madame de Cintré was opposite to him. She had a tall candlestick on each side of her; she would sit there for the next hour, and that was enough. The dinner was extremely solemn and measured; he wondered whether this was always the state of things in "old families." Madame de Bellegarde held her head very high, and fixed her eyes, which looked peculiarly sharp in her little, finely-wrinkled white face, very intently upon the table-service. The marquis appeared to have decided that the fine arts offered a safe subject of conversation, as not leading to startling personal revelations. Every now and then, having learned from Newman that he had been through the museums of Europe, he uttered some polished aphorism upon the flesh-tints of Rubens and the good taste of Sansovino. His manners seemed to indicate a fine nervous dread that something disagreeable might happen if the atmosphere were not purified by allusions of a thoroughly superior cast. "What under the sun is the man afraid of?" Newman asked himself. "Does he think I am going to offer to swap jack-knives with him?" It was useless to shut his eyes to the fact that the marquis was profoundly disagreeable to him. He had never been a man of strong personal aversions; his nerves had not been at the mercy of the mystical qualities of his neighbors. But here was a man toward whom he was irresistibly in opposition; a man of forms and phrases and postures; a man full of possible impertinences and treacheries. M. de Bellegarde made him feel as if he were standing bare-footed on a marble floor; and yet, to gain his desire, Newman felt perfectly able to stand. He wondered what Madame de Cintré thought of his being accepted, if accepted it was. There was no judging from her face, which expressed simply the desire to be gracious in a manner which should require as little explicit recognition as possible. Young Madame de Bellegarde had always the same manners: she was always preoccupied, distracted, listening to everything and hearing nothing, looking at her dress, her rings, her

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finger-nails, seeming rather bored, and yet puzzling you to decide what was her ideal of social diversion. Newman was enlightened on this point later. Even Valentin did not quite seem master of his wits; his vivacity was fitful and forced, yet Newman observed that in the lapses of his talk he appeared excited. His eyes had an intenser spark than usual. The effect of all this was that Newman, for the first time in his life, was not himself; that he measured his movements, and counted his words, and resolved that if the occasion demanded that he should appear to have swallowed a ramrod, he would meet the emergency.

After dinner M. de Bellegarde proposed to his guest that they should go into the smoking-room, and he led the way toward a small, somewhat musty apartment, the walls of which were ornamented with old hangings of stamped leather and trophies of rusty arms. Newman refused a cigar, but he established himself upon one of the divans, while the marquis puffed his own weed before the fire-place, and Valentin sat looking through the light fumes of a cigarette from one to the other.

"I can't keep quiet any longer," said Valentin, at last. "I must tell you the news and congratulate you. My brother seems unable to come to the point; he revolves around his announcement like the priest around the altar. You are accepted as a candidate for the hand of our sister."

"Valentin, be a little proper!" murmured the marquis, with a look of the most delicate irritation contracting the bridge of his high nose.

"There has been a family council," the young man continued; "my mother and Urbain have put their heads together, and even my testimony has not been altogether excluded. My mother and the marquis sat at a table covered with green cloth; my sister-in-law and I were on a bench against the wall. It was like a committee at the Corps Législatif. We were called up, one after the other, to testify. We spoke of you very handsomely. Madame de Bellegarde said that if she had not been told who you were, she would have taken you for a duke — an American duke, the Duke of California. I said that I could warrant you grateful for the smallest favors — modest, humble, unassuming. I was sure that you would know your own place, always, and never give us occasion to remind you of certain differences. After all, you could n't help it if you were not a duke. There were none in your country; but if there had been, it was certain that, smart and active as you are, you would have got the pick of the titles. At this point I was ordered to sit down, but I think I made an impression in your favor."

M. de Bellegarde looked at his brother with dangerous coldness, and gave a smile as thin as the edge of a knife. Then he removed a spark of cigar-ash from the sleeve of his coat; he fixed his eyes for a while on the cornice of the room, and at last he inserted one of his white hands into the breast of his waistcoat. "I must apologize to you for the deplorable levity of my brother," he said, "and I must notify you that this is probably not the last time that his want of tact will cause you serious embarrassment."

"No, I confess I have no tact," said Valentin. "Is your embarrassment really painful, Newman? The marquis will put you right again; his own touch is deliciously delicate."

"Valentin, I am sorry to say," the marquis continued, "has never possessed the tone, the manner, that belong to a young man in his position. It has been a great affliction to his mother, who is very fond of the old traditions. But you must remember that he speaks for no one but himself."

"Oh, I don't mind him, sir," said Newman, good-humoredly. "I know what he amounts to."

"In the good old times," said Valentin, "marquises and counts used to have their appointed fools and jesters, to crack jokes for them. Nowadays we see a great, strapping democrat keeping a count about him to play the fool. It 's a good situation, but I certainly am very degenerate."

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M. de Bellegarde fixed his eyes for some time on the floor. "My mother informed me," he said presently, "of the announcement that you made to her the other evening."

"That I wanted to marry your sister?" said Newman.

"That you wished to arrange a marriage," said the marquis, slowly, "with my sister, the Comtesse de Cintré. The proposal was serious, and required, on my mother's part, a great deal of reflection. She naturally took me into her counsels, and I gave my most zealous attention to the subject. There was a great deal to be considered; more than you appear to imagine. We have viewed the question on all its faces, we have weighed one thing against another. Our conclusion has been that we favor your suit. My mother has desired me to inform you of our decision. She will have the honor of saying a few words to you on the subject, herself. Meanwhile, by us, the heads of the family, you are accepted."

Newman got up and came nearer to the marquis. "You will do nothing to hinder me, and all you can to help me, eh?"

"I will recommend my sister to marry you."

Newman passed his hand over his face, and pressed it for a moment upon his eyes. This promise had a great sound, and yet the pleasure he took in it was embittered by his having to stand there so and receive his passport from M. de Bellegarde. The idea of having this gentleman mixed up with his wooing and wedding was more and more disagreeable to him. But Newman had resolved to go through the mill, as he imaged it, and he would not cry out at the first turn of the wheel. He was silent a while, and then he said, with a certain dryness which Valentin told him afterwards had a very grand air, "I am much obliged to you."

"I take note of the promise," said Valentin, "I register the vow."

M. de Bellegarde began to gaze at the cornice again; he apparently had something more to say. "I must do my mother the justice," he resumed, "I must do myself the justice, to say that our decision was not easy. Such an arrangement was not what we had expected. The idea that my sister should marry a gentleman — ah — *dans les affaires* was something of a novelty."

"So I told you, you know," said Valentin raising his finger at Newman.

"The novelty has not quite worn away, I confess," the marquis went on; "perhaps it never will, entirely. But possibly that is not altogether to be regretted," and he gave his thin smile again. "It may be that the time has come when we should make some concession to novelty. There had been no novelties in our house for a great many years. I made the observation to my mother, and she did me the honor to admit that it was worthy of attention."

"My dear brother," interrupted Valentin, "is not your memory just here leading you the least bit astray? Our mother is, I may say, distinguished for her small respect for abstract reasoning. Are you very sure that she replied to your striking proposition in the gracious manner you describe? You know how terribly incisive she is sometimes. Did n't she, rather, do you the honor to say, 'A fiddlestick for your phrases! There are better reasons than that'?"

"Other reasons were discussed," said the marquis, without looking at Valentin, but with an audible tremor in his voice; "some of them possibly were better. We are conservative, Mr. Newman, but we are not also bigots. We judged the matter liberally. We have no doubt that everything will be comfortable."

Newman had stood listening to these remarks with his arms folded and his eyes fastened upon M. de Bellegarde. "Comfortable?" he said, with a sort of grim flatness of intonation. "Why should n't we be comfortable? If you are not, it will be your own fault; I have everything to make *me* so."

"My brother means that with the lapse of time you may get used to the change" — and Valentin paused, to light another cigarette.

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"What change?" asked Newman in the same tone.

"Urbain," said Valentin, very gravely, "I am afraid that Mr. Newman does not quite realize the change. We ought to insist upon that."

"My brother goes too far," said M. de Bellegarde. "It is his fatal want of tact again. It is my mother's wish, and mine, that no such allusions should be made. Pray never make them yourself. We prefer to assume that the person accepted as the possible husband of my sister is one of ourselves, and that he should have no explanations to make. With a little discretion on both sides, everything, I think, will be easy. That is exactly what I wished to say — that we quite understand what we have undertaken, and that you may depend upon our adhering to our resolution."

Valentin shook his hands in the air and then buried his face in them. "I have less tact than I might have, no doubt; but oh, my brother, if you knew what you yourself were saying!" And he went off into a long laugh.

M. de Bellegarde's face flushed a little, but he held his head higher, as if to repudiate this concession to vulgar perturbability. "I am sure you understand me," he said to Newman.

"Oh, no, I don't understand you at all," said Newman. "But you need n't mind that. I don't care. In fact, I think I had better not understand you. I might not like it. That would n't suit me at all, you know. I want to marry your sister, that 's all; to do it as quickly as possible, and to find fault with nothing. I don't care how I do it. I am not marrying you, you know, sir. I have got my leave, and that is all I want."

"You had better receive the last word from my mother," said the marquis.

"Very good; I will go and get it," said Newman; and he prepared to return to the drawing-room.

M. de Bellegarde made a motion for him to pass first, and when Newman had gone out he shut himself into the room with Valentin. Newman had been a trifle bewildered by the audacious irony of the younger brother, and he had not needed its aid to point the moral of M. de Bellegarde's transcendent patronage. He had wit enough to appreciate the farce of that civility which consists in calling your attention to the impertinences it spares you. But he had felt warmly the delicate sympathy with himself that underlay Valentin's fraternal irreverence, and he was most unwilling that his friend should pay a tax upon it. He paused a moment in the corridor, after he had gone a few steps, expecting to hear the resonance of M. de Bellegarde's displeasure; but he detected only a perfect stillness. The stillness itself seemed a trifle portentous, but he reflected that he had no right to stand listening, and he made his way back to the *salon*. In his absence several persons had come in. They were scattered about the room in groups, two or three of them having passed into a small boudoir, next to the drawing-room, which had now been lighted and opened. Old Madame de Bellegarde was in her place by the fire, talking to a very old gentleman in a wig and a profuse white neckcloth, of the fashion of 1820. Madame de Cintré was bending a listening head to the historic confidences of an old lady who was presumably the wife of the old gentleman in the neckcloth, an old lady in a red satin dress and an ermine cape, who wore across her forehead a band with a topaz set in it. Young Madame de Bellegarde, when Newman came in, left some people among whom she was sitting, and took the place that she had occupied before dinner. Then she gave a little push to the puff that stood near her, and by a glance at Newman seemed to indicate that she had placed it in position for him. He went and took possession of it; the marquis's wife amused and puzzled him.

"I know your secret," she said, in her bad but charming English; "you need make no mystery of it. You wish to marry my sister-in-law. *C'est un beau choix*. A man like you ought to marry a tall, thin woman. You must know that I have spoken in your favor; you owe me a famous taper!"

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"You have spoken to Madame de Cintré?" said Newman.

"Oh, no, not that. You may think it strange, but my sister-in-law and I are not so intimate as that. No; I spoke to my husband and my mother-in-law; I said I was sure we could do what we chose with you."

"I am much obliged to you," said Newman, laughing; "but you can't."

"I know that very well; I did n't believe a word of it. But I wanted you to come into the house; I thought we should be friends."

"I am very sure," said Newman.

"Don't be too sure. If you like Madame de Cintré so much, perhaps you will not like me. We are as different as blue and pink. But you and I have something in common. I have come into this family by marriage; you want to come into it in the same way."

"Oh, no, I don't!" interrupted Newman. "I only want to take Madame de Cintré out of it."

"Well, to cast your nets you have to go into the water. Our positions are alike; we shall be able to compare notes. What do you think of my husband? It 's a strange question, is n't it? But I shall ask you some stranger ones yet."

"Perhaps a stranger one will be easier to answer," said Newman. "You might try me."

"Oh, you get off very well; the old Comte de la Rochefidèle, yonder, could n't do it better. I told them that if we only gave you a chance you would be a perfect *talon rouge*. I know something about men. Besides, you and I belong to the same camp. I am a ferocious democrat. By birth I am *vieille roche;* a good little bit of the history of France is the history of my family. Oh, you never heard of us, of course! *Ce que c'est que la gloire!* We are much better than the Bellegardes, at any rate. But I don't care a pin for my pedigree; I want to belong to my time. I 'm a revolutionist, a radical, a child of the age! I am sure I go beyond you. I like clever people, wherever they come from, and I take my amusement wherever I find it. I don't pout at the empire; here all the world pouts at the empire. Of course I have to mind what I say; but I expect to take my revenge with you." Madame de Bellegarde discoursed for some time longer in this sympathetic strain, with an eager abundance which seemed to indicate that her opportunities for revealing her esoteric philosophy were indeed rare. She hoped that Newman would never be afraid of her, whatever he might be of the others, for, really, she went very far indeed. "Strong people" — *les gens forts* — were in her opinion equal, all the world over. Newman listened to her with an attention at once beguiled and irritated. He wondered what the deuce she, too, was driving at, with her hope that he would not be afraid of her and her protestations of equality. In so far as he could understand her, she was wrong; a silly, rattling woman was certainly not the equal of a sensible man, preoccupied with an ambitious passion. Madame de Bellegarde stopped suddenly, and looked at him sharply, shaking her fan. "I see you don't believe me," she said, "you are too much on your guard. You will not form an alliance, offensive or defensive? You are very wrong; I could help you."

Newman answered that he was very grateful and that he would certainly ask for help; she should see. "But first of all," he said, "I must help myself." And he went to join Madame de Cintré.

"I have been telling Madame de la Rochefidèle that you are an American," she said, as he came up. "It interests her greatly. Her father went over with the French troops to help you in your battles in the last century, and she has always, in consequence, wanted greatly to see an American. But she has never succeeded till to-night. You are the first — to her knowledge — that she has ever looked at."

Madame de la Rochefidèle had an aged, cadaverous face, with a falling of the lower jaw which prevented her from bringing her lips together, and reduced her conversation to a series of impressive but inarticulate gutturals. She raised an antique eye-glass, elaborately mount-

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ed in chased silver, and looked at Newman from head to foot. Then she said something to which he listened deferentially, but which he completely failed to understand.

"Madame de la Rochefidèle says that she is convinced that she must have seen Americans without knowing it," Madame de Cintré explained. Newman thought it probable she had seen a great many things without knowing it; and the old lady, again addressing herself to utterance, declared — as interpreted by Madame de Cintré — that she wished she had known it.

At this moment the old gentleman who had been talking to the elder Madame de Bellegarde drew near, leading the marquise on his arm. His wife pointed out Newman to him, apparently explaining his remarkable origin. M. de la Rochefidèle, whose old age was rosy and rotund, spoke very neatly and clearly; almost as prettily, Newman thought, as M. Nioche. When he had been enlightened, he turned to Newman with an inimitable elderly grace.

"Monsieur is by no means the first American that I have seen," he said. "Almost the first person I ever saw — to notice him — was an American."

"Ah?" said Newman, sympathetically.

"The great Dr. Franklin," said M. de la Rochefidèle. "Of course I was very young. He was received very well in our *monde*."

"Not better than Mr. Newman," said Madame de Bellegarde. "I beg he will offer me his arm into the other room. I could have offered no higher privilege to Dr. Franklin."

Newman, complying with Madame de Bellegarde's request, perceived that her two sons had returned to the drawing-room. He scanned their faces an instant for traces of the scene that had followed his separation from them, but the marquis seemed neither more nor less frigidly grand than usual, and Valentin was kissing ladies' hands with at least his habitual air of self-abandonment to the act. Madame de Bellegarde gave a glance at her eldest son, and by the time she had crossed the threshold of the boudoir he was at her side. The room was now empty and offered a sufficient degree of privacy. The old lady disengaged herself from Newman's arm and rested her hand on the arm of the marquis; and in this position she stood a moment, holding her head high and biting her small under-lip. I am afraid the picture was lost upon Newman, but Madame de Bellegarde was, in fact, at this moment a striking image of the dignity which — even in the case of a little, time-shrunken old lady — may reside in the habit of unquestioned authority and the absoluteness of a social theory favorable to yourself.

"My son has spoken to you as I desired," she said, "and you understand that we shall not interfere. The rest will lie with yourself."

"M. de Bellegarde told me several things I did n't understand," said Newman, "but I made out that. You will leave me an open field. I am much obliged."

"I wish to add a word that my son probably did not feel at liberty to say," the marquise rejoined. "I must say it for my own peace of mind. We are stretching a point; we are doing you a great favor."

"Oh, your son said it very well; did n't you?" said Newman.

"Not so well as my mother," declared the marquis.

"I can only repeat — I am much obliged."

"It is proper I should tell you," Madame de Bellegarde went on, "that I am very proud, and that I hold my head very high. I may be wrong, but I am too old to change. At least I know it, and I don't pretend to anything else. Don't flatter yourself that my daughter is not proud. She is proud, in her own way — a somewhat different way from mine. You will have to make your terms with that. Even Valentin is proud, if you touch the right spot — or the wrong one. Urbain is proud; that you see for yourself. Sometimes I think he is a little too much so; but I would n't change him. He is the best of my chil-

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dren; he cleaves to his old mother. But I have said enough to show you that we are all proud together. It is well that you should know the sort of people you have come among."

"Well," said Newman, "I can only say, in return, that I am *not* proud; I shan't mind you! But you speak as if you intended to be very disagreeable."

"I shall not enjoy having my daughter marry you, and I shall not pretend to enjoy it. If you don't mind that, so much the better."

"If you stick to your own side of the contract we shall not quarrel; that is all I ask of you," said Newman. "Keep your hands off, and give me an open field. I am very much in earnest, and there is not the slightest danger of my getting discouraged or backing out. You will have me constantly before your eyes; if you don't like it, I am sorry for you. I will do for your daughter, if she will accept me, everything that a man can do for a woman. I am happy to tell you that, as a promise — a pledge. I consider that on your side you make me an equal pledge. You will not back out, eh?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'backing out,'" said the marquise. "It suggests a movement of which I think no Bellegarde has ever been guilty."

"Our word is our word," said Urbain. "We have given it."

"Well, now," said Newman, "I am very glad you are so proud. It makes me believe that you will keep it."

The marquise was silent a moment, and then, suddenly, "I shall always be polite to you, Mr. Newman," she declared, "but, decidedly, I shall never like you."

"Don't be too sure," said Newman, laughing.

"I am so sure that I will ask you to take me back to my arm-chair, without the least fear of having my sentiments modified by the service you render me." And Madame de Bellegarde took his arm, and returned to the salon and to her customary place.

M. le Comte de la Rochefidèle and his wife were preparing to take their leave, and Madame de Cintré's interview with the mumbling old lady was at an end. She stood looking about her, asking herself, apparently, to whom she should next speak, when Newman came up to her.

"Your mother has given me leave — very solemnly — to come here often," he said. "I mean to come often."

"I shall be glad to see you," she answered, simply. And then, in a moment, "You probably think it very strange that there should be such a solemnity — as you say — about your coming."

"Well, yes; I do, rather."

"Do you remember what my brother Valentin said, the first time you came to see me — that we were a strange, strange family?"

"It was not the first time I came, but the second," said Newman.

"Very true. Valentin annoyed me at the time; but now I know you better, I may tell you he was right. If you come often, you will see!" and Madame de Cintré turned away.

Newman watched her a while, talking with other people, and then he took his leave. He shook hands last with Valentin de Bellegarde, who came out with him to the top of the staircase. "Well, you have got your permit," said Valentin. "I hope you liked the process."

"I like your sister, more than ever. But don't worry your brother any more for my sake," Newman added. "I don't mind him. I am afraid he came down on you in the smoking-room, after I went out."

"When my brother comes down on me," said Valentin, "he falls hard. I have a certain way of receiving him. I must say," he continued, "that they came up to the mark much sooner than I expected. I don't understand it; they must have had to turn the screw pretty tight. It 's a tribute to your millions."

"Well, it 's the most precious one they have ever received," said Newman.

He was turning away when Valentin stopped him, looking at him with a brilliant, softly-cynical glance. "I should

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like to know whether, within a few days, you have seen your venerable friend, M. Nioche."

"He was yesterday at my rooms," Newman answered.

"What did he tell you?"

"Nothing particular."

"You did n't see the muzzle of a pistol sticking out of his pocket?"

"What are you driving at?" Newman demanded. "I thought he seemed rather cheerful, for him."

Valentin broke into a laugh. "I am delighted to hear it! I win my bet. Mademoiselle Noémie has thrown her cap over the mill, as we say. She has left the paternal domicile. She is launched! And M. Nioche is rather cheerful — *for him!* Don't brandish your tomahawk at that rate; I have not seen her nor communicated with her since that day at the Louvre. Andromeda has found another Perseus than I. My information is exact; on such matters it always is. I suppose that now you will raise your protest."

"My protest be hanged!" murmured Newman, disgustedly.

But his tone found no echo in that in which Valentin, with his hand on the door, to return to his mother's apartment, exclaimed, "But I shall see her now! She is very remarkable — she is very remarkable!"

Henry James, Jr.

OLIVER TWIST.

In August, 1836, Richard Bentley, the London publisher, read the fifth number of The Pickwick Papers, — the number in which Sam Weller was first introduced, — and immediately conceived the idea of starting a new monthly magazine, of which Dickens was to be the editor, and for which Dickens was to supply a serial story. On the 22d of the same month he succeeded in inducing Dickens to sign an agreement to undertake the editorship of the proposed magazine, and to write the story. A short time afterwards he further succeeded in tempting Dickens into an agreement to furnish him two more serial stories, the first of which was to be written at a specified early date; "the expressed remuneration in each case," says John Forster, the friend and biographer of Dickens, "being certainly quite inadequate to the claims of any writer of marked popularity." The magazine, Bentley's Miscellany, was started on the first of January, 1837; and in the February number Dickens began to narrate for it The Adventures of Oliver Twist.

The impression derived from Forster's biography of Dickens is that the latter was "self-sold into bondage" by his agreement with Bentley; that there was something wrong in holding him to the strict terms of the compact. The plain fact is that Bentley, as a business man, was singularly astute in his early judgment of the capacities of Dickens's genius. He was far ahead of all the literary critics of the time in foreseeing the enormous popularity of the man who, in the fifth number of Pickwick, had simply brought into his somewhat disconnected story the character of Sam Weller, and had introduced him merely as a bootblack in a country inn, and as a racy commentator on the peculiarities of certain shoes and boots he cleaned. Chapman and Hall were paying the author, at this period, only fifteen guineas a number for Pickwick, though they were willing, some time before it was concluded, to offer nearly ten times as much for each number of Nickleby. Bentley was therefore in the position of a capitalist who drives a good bargain with the discoverer of an undeveloped gold mine, or with the inventor of an unrec-

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ognized labor-doing machine. He palpably speculated on the possibilities of Dickens's genius, which he first clearly discerned, and not on its actual products at the time his contracts with him were made. In all business arrangements, not literary, the compact between the parties is considered binding in equity as well as law; but in his compact with Bentley, Dickens, as soon as the conditions were changed, assumed a hysterical tone of complaint and objurgation. It was his good fortune, only a very few months after his engagements with Bentley were signed, to become the most popular author of his time. All publishers were ravenous to engage him at any price. In our opinion he should have practiced an austere economy, — written for Bentley what he had engaged to write for him before he had become not only famous but "the rage," — and then, in the books he afterwards wrote, should have made as severe bargains with "the trade" as Bentley had made with him. As a merchant of his literary wares, Dickens was, after his engagement with Bentley was broken, a most relentless man of business, exacting from publishers a full share of the profits of his works. If booksellers drink their wine out of the skulls of authors, Dickens was ever anxious that the wine quaffed from *his* skull should be the thinnest of all varieties of *vin ordinaire*. No seller of Lake Shore or Michigan Central complains that the buyer, a few months after the sale, reaps a profit of ten or twenty per cent., owing to a sudden change in the rate charged by those corporations for freight and passengers; but Dickens seems to have had a vague notion that a legal contract was not absolutely binding on him, when events which he had not foreseen proved that the other party to the contract was making a great deal of money while he was making comparatively little. In January, 1839, while chafing under the conditions of his agreement with Bentley, he wrote a letter to him, inclosed in one to John Forster, proposing to break the compact. "I know," wrote Dickens to Forster, "you will endeavor to persuade me from sending it. Go it *must*. It is no fiction to say that I *cannot* write this tale [Barnaby Rudge]. The immense profits which Oliver has realized to its publisher, and is still realizing; the paltry, wretched, miserable sum it brought to me; the recollection of this, and the consciousness that I have the slavery and the drudgery of another work on the same journeyman-terms; the consciousness that my books are enriching everybody connected with them but myself, and that I, with such a popularity as I have acquired, am struggling in old toils, and wasting my energies in the very height and freshness of my fame, and the best part of my life, to fill the pockets of others, while for those who are nearest and dearest to me I can realize little more than a genteel subsistence: all this puts me out of heart and spirits. And I cannot — cannot and will not — under such circumstances, that keep me down with an iron hand, distress myself by beginning this tale [Barnaby Rudge] until I have had time to breathe; and until the intervention of summer, and some cheerful days in the country, shall have restored me to a more genial and composed state of feeling. . . . I do most solemnly declare that morally, before God and man, I hold myself released from such hard bargains as these, after I have done so much for those who drove them. The net that has been wound about me so chafes me, so exasperates and irritates my mind, that to break it at whatever cost — *that* I should care nothing for — is my constant impulse." Bentley seems to have behaved with a magnanimity uncommon in publishers. He consented to the rupture of the agreement, released Dickens from his contract to write another tale, and made over to him in June, 1840, "the copyright of Oliver Twist, and such printed stock as remained of the edition then on hand," for the sum of £2250. It is plain that he might have made double or treble this amount by insisting on his legal claims. Dickens's irritation in respect to the original agreement breaks out as early as the fourteenth chapter of the book itself. Mr. Brownlow asked

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Oliver if he should not like to be a book-writer. After a little consideration, Oliver replied that he thought it would be a much better thing to be a book-seller. Mr. Brownlow laughed, and said, "Don't be afraid! We won't make an author of you, while there's an honest trade to be learnt, or brick-making to turn to."

Oliver Twist was the first of Dickens's romances which was subjected to the revision of his dear friend and biographer, John Forster, an accomplished man of letters, recently deceased. Forster read and suggested corrections to everything which Dickens afterwards wrote, and the text of Oliver Twist may be supposed to have specially engaged his critical sagacity, as it was the first story on which it was exercised. Yet the text of Oliver Twist is left in a slovenly condition, discreditable to both author and reviser. The reader needs to go no further than the opening paragraph to understand what we mean. The frequent use of the colon for the comma in the punctuation of the narrative is particularly exasperating.

The plot of Oliver Twist is both improbable and melodramatic. It turns on the attempt of Monks, the regular scowling, mysterious, and stereotyped villain of the melodrama, to murder Oliver, his illegitimate younger brother, through the process of having him converted into a thief by Fagin, it being understood that a path will thus be opened for him to the gallows. Iago's statement of his motives for hating Othello may be, in Coleridge's phrase, "the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity;" but Monks is no Iago. A low, sneaking, and essentially cowardly rascal, he could hardly, on any reasonable view of his character, have devoted so much time, which might have been spent in profligacy, in hunting down the son of his mother's rival, especially as the will in that son's favor had been destroyed. An uneasy sense, therefore, that Oliver had been swindled out of his own by a crime was, with his hereditary hate, the only inspiration of Monks in conspiring with such a treacherous rogue as Fagin for the purpose of demoralizing his brother and eventually getting him hanged or transported. Such a character is possible, but it is not, for the purposes of romance, artistically probable. Yet few readers lose any interest in The Adventures of Oliver Twist through their perception of the clumsiness and improbability of the plot; for in this romance Dickens exhibited not merely his humor, but his command over the sources of pity and terror.

The pathos of the earlier chapters is brought out all the more effectively by its constant association with humor. There is something in the forlorn position of the boy, starved, beaten, helpless, and seemingly hopeless, which beseechingly appeals to the hearts of mothers; and by obtaining possession, thus early in his career, of the hearts of mothers, Dickens secured an audience among the real rulers of families, and permanently domesticated himself at thousands of firesides. His own sufferings as a boy gave him an intimate acquaintance with the feelings of childhood and youth, of boyhood and girlhood; and by idealizing these in forms of character which had a plaintive reality to the mind, he gave to all his romances one element, at least, of constant interest. In little Oliver he availed himself of the usual privilege of dramatists and novelists, that of taking an exceptionally good character and placing him in exceptionally bad circumstances. Indeed, it requires much faith to believe that so delicately constituted a boy as Oliver could physically survive the beadle's thick stick and thin gruel; much more, perhaps, that he should preserve his refinement of feeling, his piety, and his keen sense of right, amid his vulgarizing and brutalizing surroundings; but the sympathies of the reader are so strongly addressed that he sees little incongruity in making the drudge of a workhouse, and the companion of thieves, talk and act like the good boys in "do-me-good" Sunday-school books. The pathos of the situation is indeed irresistible. When Oliver resists his tormentors, it is not because he has been outrageously beaten, but because the

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memory of his dead mother has been insulted; and when alone, after the conflict, he falls upon his knees on the floor, hides his face in his hands, and sheds "such tears as, God send for the credit of our nature, few so young may ever have cause to pour out before him." After he has resolved to run away he looks out into the cold, dark night, and "the stars seem, to the boy's eyes, farther from the earth than he had ever seen them before;" a flash of imagination which reveals the full piteousness and desolation of his condition. He has one friend to leave, poor little consumptive Dick, his companion in misery; "they had been beaten, and starved, and shut up together, many and many a time;" and Oliver tells him, with an affectation of hope and cheer, that he shall see him again, well and happy. "I hope so," replied the child. "After I am dead, but not before. I know the doctor must be right, Oliver, because I dream so much of heaven and angels, and kind faces, *which I never see when I am awake.* Kiss me," said the child, climbing up the low gate, and flinging his little arms around Oliver's neck. "Good-by, dear! God bless you!" Such pathos may be called mawkish, but it is a mawkishness which has power to open hearts that are shut, and melt hearts that are hard.

Among the criminal population of the book, two persons stand prominently forth: Fagin, the Jew, and Bill Sikes. Fagin's soul is as yellow and shriveled as his face; he is wicked to the very core of his being; he so much delights in crime that he establishes a sort of academy to teach boys the rudiments of vice and villainy; he gloats and chuckles over the debasement of their bodies and the damnation of their souls; and he is connected with humanity only by the craven fear which makes him start and tremble even in his ecstasies of avarice and malignity. He belongs to the progeny of the devil by direct descent. Sikes, in speculating on his genealogical tree, bluntly tells him, "There never was another man with such a face as yours, unless it was your father, and I suppose he is singeing his grizzled red beard by this time, unless you came straight from the old 'un without any father at all betwixt you; which I should n't wonder at, a bit."

When this creature is at last caught and caged, Dickens passes into that part of his nature which, however reluctantly, we must call his soul, and, with a shudder which still does not obscure his vision, observes and records what occurs therein. The chapter entitled The Jew's Last Night Alive is a masterpiece of pyschology, as terrible as it is truthful. The condition and operations of the criminal mind under mortal fear are watched with a vigilant, unshrinking eye, and stated with minute exactness. The ghastly, deadening torpor of the Jew's general mental mood; the feeble wanderings of his brain from one slight object to another, as he instinctively seeks relief from the thought of the doom he knows to be impending; his imbecile attempts to fasten his attention on insignificant appearances in order to keep out of view the dumb, horrible reality gnawing at his heart; and his bursts of agony when he discovers that no abasement of cowardice can save him from the death he so much dreads: all these mental facts are brought before the imagination with such vivid clearness that we seem to be witnesses of the internal states of this foul soul, which, having been damned into the world, now sees no escape from being damned out of it. Bill Sikes is a criminal of another kind, but equally well portrayed. A thoroughly hardened ruffian of the sturdy English type, with a sullen ferocity which penetrates his whole nature and allies him to his true brethren, the beasts of prey, there is no room in his breast for conscience, or pity, or physical fear; his attendant and moral shadow, the dog, has a character seemingly caught from that of his master; or perhaps we should say that Sikes the dog appears to have been arrested in that process of evolution which, when allowed free course, resulted in the production of Sikes the man. The account of the murder of Nancy is one of the

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most harrowing scenes in romance; and there is great power displayed in the description of Sikes's flight afterwards, with the phantom of his victim pursuing him, the "widely-staring eyes, so lustreless and glassy," meeting his at every turn. Dickens, when writing these scenes, realized them so intensely that they may be said to have taken possession of him. When he read the account of the murder of Nancy to his wife, she became so affected that he describes her as being "in an unspeakable state."

There are, in Mr. Fagin's seminary for the education of youth in theft and burglary, two promising pupils, Mr. John Dawkins (the Artful Dodger) and Master Charley Bates, who contribute much to the comedy of the book. Forster tell us that, on the evening when Dickens was writing the last chapter of the story, he and Talfourd were present at Dickens's house. "How well," he adds, "I remember that evening! and our talk of what should be the fate of Charley Bates, on behalf of whom (as indeed for the Dodger, too) Talfourd had pleaded as earnestly in mitigation of judgment as ever at the bar for any client he had most respected." Although Charley Bates is ever laughing, the Dodger is by far the funnier person of the two. The comical dignity with which he wears the honors of his profession, the lofty view he takes of it as a means of livelihood, his perfect content with the position in society it gives him, and the inimitable swagger and assurance which mark his general deportment, have lifted him to a high humorous rank among the numerous astonishing juvenile scapegraces that Dickens has drawn. When arrested as a pickpocket, and put in the dock for examination, he requests to know "what he was placed in that 'ere disgraceful sitivation for;" points to the magistrates, and asks the jailer to communicate to him "the names of them two files as was on the bench;" complains that his attorney is "a-breakfasting this morning with the Wice-President of the House of Commons;" and, when asked if he has any question to put to the witness against him, loftily replies that he "would n't abase himself by descending to hold no conversation with him." After he is committed, he turns to the magistrates and exclaims, "Ah! it's no use your looking frightened; I won't show you no mercy, not a ha'porth of it. *You 'll* pay for this, my fine fellers. I would n't be you for something!" And as he goes off, he threatens to make a parliamentary business of it. The impudent little rascal so wins upon the humorous sympathies of the reader that many others besides Talfourd have felt like speaking a mitigating word for him to the bench.

The scenes in which Mr. Bumble, the beadle, appears, are full both of humor and of pathos, — the humor coming from the pomposity with which he executes the "duties" of his high office, and the pathos from the sufferings of his victims. Mr. Bumble is the impersonation of the abuses of the English parochial system in the management of the poor: a sycophant to those above him, a tyrant to those below him, mean, stupid, greedy, hypocritical, cowardly, and unfeeling; big in body as becomes his station, small in soul as becomes the doing of its business, and endowed with a colossal conceit, which serves him in the place of conscience and gives him supreme self-satisfaction and self-approval in his daily performance of acts of cruelty and injustice. But he is made by Dickens as ridiculous as he is heartless. When the half-starved Oliver rises against his tormentors, those who have beaten the boy almost to death refer the sudden exhibition of his spirit to madness. On Mrs. Sowerby's communicating this theory to Mr. Bumble, he, after a few moments of deep meditation, replies, "It 's not Madness, ma'am; it 's Meat." When a jury brings in a verdict that one of his paupers died of exposure to the cold and want of the common necessaries of life, he is naturally indignant. "'Juries,' said Mr. Bumble, grasping his cane tightly, as was his wont when working into a passion, 'juries is ineddicated, vulgar, groveling wretches.'" He tells Mrs. Mann, who conducts a farm for

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the raising of pauper children, that he "inwented" the idea of naming the foundlings of the workhouse in alphabetical order. "The last," he says, "was a S, — Swubble, I named him. This was a T, — Twist, I named *him*. The next one as comes will be Unwin, and the next Vilkins. I have got names ready-made to the end of the alphabet, and all the way through it again, when we come to Z." "Why, you are quite a literary character, sir!" said the admiring Mrs. Mann. "Well, well," replied the beadle, "perhaps I may be. Perhaps I may be, Mrs. Mann." When, towards the end of the book, his knavery is on the point of exposure, he cringes to the party assembled at Mr. Brownlow's with a hypocritical sycophancy that is deliciously absurd and awkward. "Do my hi's deceive me!" he exclaims, "or is that little Oliver? . . . Can't I be supposed to feel — *I* as brought him up porochially — when I see him a-setting here among ladies and gentlemen of the very affablest description? I always loved that boy as if he'd been my — my — my own grandfather! . . . Master Oliver, my dear, you remember the blessed gentleman in the white waistcoat? Ah! he went to heaven last week, in a oak coffin with plated handles, Oliver." Mr. Bumble is not a father, but if it had pleased Dickens to give him a son, nobody could have filled that position more appropriately than the charity boy of the novel, Noah Claypole, the most consummate of all actual or possible sneaks.

Dickens, in his preface to Oliver Twist, replies with some heat to those "refined and delicate people" who had objected to his introduction of such creatures as Fagin and Sikes and Nancy into the book, as equally offensive to good morals and good taste. After justifying his selection of such persons for romantic treatment, he bluntly tells his censors that he has no respect for their opinion, does not covet their approval, and does not write for their amusement. "I venture," he adds, "to say this without reserve; for I am not aware of any writer in our language, having a respect for himself or held in any respect by his posterity, who has ever descended to the taste of this fastidious class." Certainly the reading of Oliver Twist can corrupt nobody. The representation of criminals is vivid and true, but what is wicked is not associated with what is alluring, and the moral tone and purpose are often inartistically obvious. The morality of the novel is not only sound, but the moral taste of the writer, his fine sense of what is becoming, prevents him from putting into the mouths of his criminal characters language which would be appropriate to them; language which Fielding and Smollett would not have hesitated to use, but which the manners of our day have banished from contemporary books. That he should have portrayed such characters in their hideous reality, and still should have denied to them their favorite outlets of expression in ribaldry and blasphemy, proves both his skill in characterization and his instinctive perception of the verbal proprieties demanded by modern taste. Dickens, however, was never on more perilous ground than in this novel; and that he escaped certain dangers inherent in its design is evident from the failure of a host of imitators, whom his success stimulated, to make their romances of rascality either morally or artistically justifiable.

Edwin P. Whipple.

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A LIBRARIAN'S WORK.

I AM very frequently asked what in the world a librarian can find to do with his time, or am perhaps congratulated on my connection with Harvard College Library, on the ground that "being virtually a sinecure office (!) it must leave so much leisure for private study and work of a literary sort." Those who put such questions, or offer such congratulations, are naturally astonished when told that the library affords enough work to employ all my own time, as well as that of twenty assistants; and astonishment is apt to rise to bewilderment when it is added that seventeen of these assistants are occupied chiefly with "cataloguing;" for generally, I find, a library catalogue is assumed to be a thing that is somehow "made" at a single stroke, as Aladdin's palace was built, at intervals of ten or a dozen years, or whenever a "new catalogue" is thought to be needed. "How often do you make a catalogue?" or "When will your catalogue be completed?" are questions revealing such transcendent misapprehension of the case that little but further mystification can be got from the mere answer, "We are always making a catalogue, and it will never be finished." The "doctrine of special creations" does not work any better in the bibliographical than in the zoölogical world. A catalogue, in the modern sense of the word, is not something that is "made" all at once, to last until the time has come for it to be superseded by a new edition, but it is something that "grows," by slow increments, and supersedes itself only through gradual evolution from a lower degree of fullness and definiteness into a higher one. It is perhaps worth while to give some general explanation of this process of catalogue-making, thus answering once for all the question as to what may be a librarian's work. There is no better way to begin than to describe, in the case of our own library, the career of a book from the time of its delivery by the express-man to the time when it is ready for public use.

New American books, whether bought or presented, generally come along in driblets, two or three at a time, throughout the year; large boxes of pamphlets, newspapers, broadsides, trade-catalogues, and all manner of woful rubbish (the refuse of private libraries and households) are sent in from time to time; and books from Europe arrive every few weeks in lots of from fifty to three or four hundred. It is in the case of foreign books that our process is most thoroughly systematized, and here let us take our illustrative example.

When a box containing three or four hundred foreign books has been unpacked, the volumes are placed, backs uppermost, on large tables, and are then looked over by the principal assistant, with two or three subordinates, to ascertain if the books at hand correspond with those charged in the invoice. As the titles are read from the invoice, the volumes are hunted out and arranged side by side in the order in which their titles are read, while the entry on the invoice is checked in the margin with a pencil. These pencil-checks are afterwards copied into the margins of the book in which our lists of foreign orders are registered, so that we may always be able to determine, by a reference to this book, whether any particular work has been received or not. This order-book, with its marginal checks, is the only immediate specific register of accessions kept by us, as our peculiar system entails considerable delay in bringing up the "accessions catalogue."

After this preliminary examination and registry, the books are ready to be looked over by the "assistant librarian," who must first decide to what "fund" each book entered on the invoice must be charged. The university never buys books with its general funds, but uses for this purpose the income of a dozen

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or more small funds, given, bequeathed, or subscribed expressly for the purchase of books. Sometimes the donors of such funds allow us to get whatever books we like with the money, but more often they show an inclination to favor the growth of departments in which they feel a personal interest. Thus the munificent bequest of the late Mr. Charles Sumner is appropriated to the purchase of works on politics and the fine arts, while Dr. Walker's bequest provides more especially for theology and philosophy, and the estate of Professor Farrar still guards the interests of mathematics and physics. Under such circumstances, it is of course necessary to keep a separate account with each fund, and the data for such an account are provided by charging every new book as it arrives. On the margin of the invoice the names of the different funds are written in pencil against the entries, while the assistants separate the books into groups according to the funds to which they are charged. Five or six more assistants now arriving on the scene, the work of "collating" begins.[1]

Properly speaking, to "collate" is to compare two things with each other, in order to estimate or judge the one by a reference to the other taken as a standard. In our library usage, the word has very nearly this sense when duplicate copies of the same work are collated, to see whether they coincide page for page. But as we currently use the word, to collate a book is simply to examine it carefully from beginning to end, to see whether every page is in its proper place and properly numbered, whether any maps or plates are missing or misplaced, whether the back is correctly lettered, or whether any leaves are so badly torn or defaced as to need replacing. In English cloth-bound books this scrutiny involves the cutting of the leaves, — a tedious job which in half-bound books from the Continent is seldom required. *En revanche*, however, the collating of an English book hardly ever brings to light any serious defect, while in the make-up of French and German books the grossest blunders are only too common. Figures are unaccountably skipped in numbering the pages; plates are either omitted or are so bunglingly numbered that it is hard to discover whether the quota is complete or not; title-pages are inserted in the wrong places; sheets are wrongly folded, bringing the succession of pages into dire confusion; sometimes two or three sheets are left out, and sometimes where a work in ten volumes is bound in five, you will find that the first of these contains two duplicate copies of Vol. I., while for any signs of a Vol. II. you may seek in vain. In all bungling of this kind, the Germans are worse than the French; but both are bad enough when contrasted with the English, either of the Old World or of the New. This work of collating is in general of lower grade than the work of cataloguing, and can be entrusted to the less experienced or less accomplished assistants; but to some extent it is shared by all, and where difficulties arise, or where some book with Arabic or Sanskrit numbering turns up, an appeal to headquarters becomes necessary. When a book has been collated, the date of its reception and the name of the fund to which it has been charged are written in pencil on the back of the title-page, and at the bottom of the title-page, to the left of the imprint, is written some modification of the letter C, C′, Ç, C^{v}, etc., which is equivalent to the signature of the assistant who has done the collating and is responsible for its accuracy.

After this is all over, the books, still remaining grouped according to their "funds," are ready to have the "seals" put in. The seal is the label of ownership, bearing the seal of the university and the name of the fund or other source from which the book has been procured, and is pasted on the inside of the front cover. Above it, in the left corner, is pasted a little blank corner-piece, on which is to be marked in pencil the number of the alcove and shelf where the book is to be placed, or "set up."

[1] We have lately found it convenient to make the collating precede the assignment of funds, but the change is so trivial that I have not thought it worth while to alter the text.

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To set up a book on a shelf is no doubt a very simple matter, yet it involves something more than the mere placing of the volume on the shelf. Each alcove in the library has a "shelf-catalogue," or list of all the books in the alcove, arranged by shelves. Such a catalogue is indispensable in determining whether each shelf has its proper complement of volumes, and whether, at the end of the year, all the books are in their proper places. When the book is duly entered on this shelf-catalogue, and has its corner-piece marked, it is at last ready to be "catalogued." After our lot of three or four hundred books have been treated in this way, they are delivered to the principal assistant, who parcels them out among various subordinate assistants, for cataloguing.

Here we enter upon a very wide subject, and one that is not altogether easy to expound to the uninitiated. A brief historical note is needed, to begin with. In 1830 Harvard University published a printed catalogue (in two volumes, octavo) of all the works contained in its library at that date. In 1833 a supplement was published, containing all the accessions since 1830, and these made a moderate-sized volume. Here is the essential vice of printed catalogues. Where the number of books is fixed once for all, — as in the case of a private library, the owner of which has just died, and which is to be sold at auction, — nothing is easier than to make a perfect catalogue, whether of authors or of subjects. It is very different when your library is continually growing. By the time your printed catalogue is completed and published, it is already somewhat antiquated. Several hundred books have come in which are not comprised in it, and among these new books is very likely to be the one you wish to consult, concerning which the printed catalogue can give you no information. If you publish an annual supplement, as the Library of Congress does, then your catalogue will become desperately cumbrous within five or six years. When you are in a hurry to consult a book, it is very disheartening to have to look through half a dozen alphabets, besides depending after all on the ready memory of some library official as to the books which have come in since the last supplement was published. This inconvenience is so great that printed catalogues have gone into discredit in all the principal libraries of Europe. Catalogues are indeed printed, from time to time, by way of publishing the treasures of the library, and as bibliographical helps to other institutions; but for the use of those who daily consult the library, manuscript titles have quite superseded the printed catalogue. In European libraries this is done in what seems to us a rather crude way. Their catalogues are enormous brown paper blank-books or scrap-books, on the leaves of which are pasted thin paper slips bearing the titles of the books in the library. Large spaces are left for the insertion of subsequent titles in their alphabetical order; and as a result of this method, the admirable catalogue of the library of the British Museum fills more than a thousand elephant folios! An athletic man, who has served his time at base-ball and rowing, may think little of lifting these gigantic tomes, but for a lady who wishes to look up some subject one would think it desirable to employ a pair of oxen and a windlass. All the libraries of Western Europe which I have visited seem to have taken their cue from the British Museum. But in this country we have hit upon a less ponderous method. To accomplish this end of keeping our titles in their proper alphabetical order, we write them on separate cards, of stiff paper, and arrange these cards in little drawers, in such a way that any one, by opening the drawer and tilting the cards therein, can easily find the title for which he is seeking. Our new catalogue is a marvel of practical convenience in this respect. At each end the row of stiff cards is supported by beveled blocks, in such a way that some title lies always open to view; and by simply tilting the cards with the forefinger, any given title is quickly found, without raising the card from its place in the drawer.

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In September, 1833, our library began its second supplement, consisting of *two* alphabetical manuscript catalogues. *Volumes* received after that date were catalogued upon stiff cards arranged in drawers, while *pamphlets* were catalogued, after the European fashion, on slips of paper pasted into great folio scrap-books. This distinction between pamphlets and volumes was a most unhappy one. To a librarian the only practical difference between these two kinds of book is that the latter can generally be made to stand on a shelf, while the former generally tumbles down when unsupported. This physical fact makes it necessary to keep pamphlets in files by themselves until it is thought worth while to bind them. But for the purposes of cataloguing it makes no difference whether a book consists of twenty pages between paper covers or of five hundred pages bound in full calf. If you wish to find M. Léon de Rosny's Aperçu général des langues sémitiques, you do not care, and very likely do not know, whether it is a "pamphlet" of fifty pages or a "volume" of three hundred, and you naturally grumble at a system which sends you to a second alphabet in order to maintain a purely arbitrary and useless distinction. In practice this double catalogue was found to be so inconvenient that in 1850, after the pamphlet titles had come to fill eight cumbrous volumes, it was abandoned, and henceforth pamphlets, as well as maps and engravings, were placed on the same alphabet with bound volumes.

Before long, however, it began to be felt necessary to reform this whole cumbrous system. To ascertain whether a given work was contained in the library, one had now to consult four different alphabets, — the old printed catalogue, the first or printed supplement, the second or card supplement, and the eight ugly folios of pamphlet titles. These later supplements, moreover, being accessible only to the librarian and his assistants, were of no use to the general public, who, for the 135,000 titles added since 1833. were obliged to get their information from some of the officials. To remedy this state of things, a new card catalogue, freely accessible to the public, and destined to embrace in a single alphabet all the titles in the library without distinction, was begun in 1861 by my predecessor, Prof. Ezra Abbot. This catalogue was not intended to supersede the private card supplement begun in 1833, which for many reasons it is found desirable to keep up. But for the use of the public it will, when finished, supersede everything else and become the sole authoritative catalogue of the library. Since 1861 all new accessions have been put into this catalogue, while the work of adding to it the older titles has gone on with varying speed: in 1869 it came nearly to a stand-still, but was resumed in 1874, and is now proceeding with great rapidity. About fifty thousand titles of volumes, and as many more of pamphlets, still remain to be added before this new catalogue can become the index to all the treasures of the library.[1]

Another great undertaking was begun simultaneously in 1861. The object of an alphabetical catalogue like those above described is "to enable a person to determine readily whether any particular work belongs to the library, and, if it does, where it is placed." If you are in search of Lloyd's Lectures on the Wave-Theory of Light, you will look in the alphabetical catalogue under "LLOYD, Humphrey." Now this alphabetical arrangement is the only one practicable in a public library, because it is the only one on which all catalogues can be made to agree, and it is the only one sufficiently simple to be generally understood. For the purpose here required, of finding a particular work, an arrangement according to subject-matter would be entirely chimerical. Nothing short of omniscience could ever be sure of finding a given title amid such a heterogeneous multitude. Every man who can read knows the order of the alphabet, but not one in a thousand can be expected to master all the points that determine the arrangement of a cata-

[1] About seven thousand of these old titles were added during the year ending in July, 1876.

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logue of subjects, — as, for example, why one of three kindred treatises should be classed under the rubric of Philosophy, another under Natural Religion, and a third under Dogmatic Theology.[1] But while it would thus be impracticable to place our final reliance on any other arrangement than an alphabetical one, it by no means follows that a subsidiary subject-catalogue is not extremely useful. He who knows that he wants Lloyd's book on the undulatory theory is somewhat more learned in the literature of optics than the majority of those who consult libraries. For one who knows as much as this, there are twenty who know only that they want to get some book about the undulatory theory. Now a subject-catalogue is preëminently useful in instructing such people in the literature of the subject they are studying. They have only to open a drawer that is labeled "OPTICS," and run along the cards until they come to a division marked "OPTICS — *Wave-Theory*," and there they will find perhaps a dozen or fifty titles of books, pamphlets, review articles, and memoirs of learned societies, all bearing on their subject, and enabling them to look it up with a minimum of bibliographical trouble. Such a classified catalogue immeasurably increases the usefulness of a library to the general public. At the same time, the skillful classification of books presents so many difficulties and requires so much scientific and literary training that it adds greatly to the labor of catalogue-making. For this reason great libraries rarely attempt to make subject-catalogues. At every library which I visited in England, France, Germany, and Italy, I received the same answer: "We do not keep any subject-catalogue, for we shrink from so formidable an undertaking." With a boldness justified by the result, however, Professor Abbot began such a catalogue of the Harvard library in 1861, and carried out the work with the success that might have been expected from his prodigious knowledge and consummate ingenuity.

[1] See the excellent remarks of Professor Jevons, in his Principles of Science, ii. 401.

It is sometimes urged that, in deference to the feebleness of human memory, an ideal library should have yet a third catalogue, arranged alphabetically, not according to authors, but according to titles. This is to accommodate the man who knows that he wants Lectures on the Wave-Theory of Light, but has forgotten the author's name. In an "ideal" library this might perhaps be well. But in a real library, subject to the ordinary laws of nature, it is to be remembered that any serious addition to the amount of catalogue-room or to the labor of the librarian and assistants is an expense which can be justified only by the prospect of very decided advantages. In most cases, the subject-catalogue answers the purposes of those who remember the title of a work but have forgotten the author. In the very heterogeneous classes of Drama and Fiction, where this is not so likely to be the case, the exigency is provided for in Professor Abbot's system by a full set of cross-references from titles to authors.

From this account it will be seen that any new book received to-day by our library must be entered on three catalogues, — first on the card supplement which continues the old printed catalogue, secondly on the new all-comprehensive alphabet of authors, thirdly on the classified index of subjects. In our technical slang the first of these catalogues is known under the collective name of "the long cards," the second as "the red cards," the third as "the blue cards," — names referring to the shape of the cards and to certain peculiarities of the lines with which they are ruled. When our lot of three or four hundred books is portioned out among half a dozen assistants to be catalogued, the first thing in order is to write the "long cards." Each book must have at least one long card; but most books need more than one, and some books need a great many. Suppose you have to catalogue Mr. Stuart-Glennie's newly-published Pilgrim Memories. This is an exceedingly easy book for the cataloguer, but it requires two cards, be-

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cause of the author's compound name. The book must be entered under "Stuart-Glennie," because that is the form in which the name appears on the title-page, and which the author is therefore supposed to prefer. It is very important, however, that a reference should be made from "Glennie" to "Stuart-Glennie," else some one, remembering only the last half of the name, would look in vain for "Glennie," and conclude that the book was not in the library. Suppose, again, that your book is Jevons on Money and the Mechanism of Exchange. This belongs to the International Scientific Series, and therefore needs to be entered under "Jevons," and again on the general card which bears the superscription "International Scientific Series." Without such a general entry, books are liable to be ordered and bought under one heading when they are already in the library and catalogued under the other heading. The risk of such a mishap is small in the case of the new and well-known series just mentioned, but it is considerable in the case of the different series of British State Papers, or the Scelta di Curiosità Italiane; and of course one rule must be followed for all such cases. Suppose, again, that your book is Grimm's Deutsches Woerterbuch, begun by the illustrious Grimm, but continued by several other hands. Here you must obviously have a distinct entry for each collaborator, and each of these entries requires a card.

In writing the long card, the first great point is to ascertain every jot and tittle of the author's name; and, as a general rule, title-pages are very poor helps toward settling this distressing question. For instance, you see from the title-pages of Money and Pilgrim Memories that the authors are "*W.* Stanley Jevons," and "John *S.* Stuart-Glennie;" but your duty as an accurate cataloguer is not fulfilled until you have ascertained what names the *W.* and *S.* stand for in these cases. In the alphabetical catalogue of a great library, it is a matter of the first practical importance that every name should be given with the utmost completeness that the most extreme pedantry could suggest. No one who has not had experience in these matters can duly realize that the number of published books is so enormous as to occasion serious difficulty in keeping apart the titles of works by authors of the same name. "Stanley Jevons" and "Stuart-Glennie" are very uncommon combinations of names; yet the occurrence of two or three different authors in an alphabetical catalogue, bearing this uncommon combination of names, would not be at all surprising. Indeed — to say nothing of the immense number of accidental coincidences — I think we may lay it down as a large comprehensive sort of rule, that any man who has published a volume or pamphlet is sure to have relatives of the same name who have published volumes or pamphlets. Such a fact may have some value to people like Mr. Galton, who are interested in the subject of hereditary talent, and who have besides a keen eye for statistics. I have never tabulated the statistics of this matter, and am stating only a general impression, gathered from miscellaneous experience, when I say that the occurrence of almost any name in a list of authors affords a considerable probability of its re-occurrence, associated with some fact of blood-relationship. One would not be likely to realize this fact in collecting a large private library, because private libraries, however large, are apt to contain only the classical works of quite exceptional men and the less important works which happen to be specially interesting or useful to the owner. But in a public library the treasures and the rubbish of the literary world are alike hoarded; and the works of exceptional men whom everybody remembers are lumped in with the works of all their less distinguished cousins and great-uncles, whose names the world of readers has forgotten.

A librarian has the opportunity for observing many curious facts of this sort, but he will seldom have leisure to speculate about them. For while a great library is an excellent place for study

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and reflection, for everybody except the librarian, his position is rather a tantalizing one. In the midst of the great ocean of books, it is "water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

To make up for the extreme vagueness with which authors customarily designate themselves on their title-pages is the work of the assistants who write the long cards, and it is apt to be a very tedious and troublesome undertaking. Biographical and bibliographical dictionaries, the catalogues of our own and other libraries, university-catalogues, army-lists, clerical directories, genealogies of the British peerage, almanacs, "conversations-lexicons," literary histories, and volumes of memoirs, — all these aids have to be consulted, and too often are consulted in vain, or give conflicting testimony which serves to raise the most curious and perplexing questions. To the outside world such anxious minuteness seems useless pedantry; but any skeptic who should serve six months in a library would become convinced that without it an alphabetical catalogue would soon prove unmanageable. "Imagine the heading 'SMITH, J.,' in such a catalogue!" says Professor Abbot. Where a name is very common, we are fain to add whatever distinctive epithet we can lay hold of; as in the case of six entries of "WILSON, William," which are differenced by the addition of "Scotch Covenanter," "poet, of London," "M. A., of Musselburgh," "of Poughkeepsie," "Vicar of Walthamstow," "Pres. of the Warrington Nat. Hist. Soc."

New difficulties arise when the title-page leaves it doubtful whether the name upon it is that of the author, or that of an editor or compiler. The names of editors and translators are often omitted and must be sought in bibliographical dictionaries. Dedicatory epistles, biographical sketches, or introductory notices are often prefixed, signed with exasperating initials, for a clew to which you may perhaps spend an hour or two in fruitless inquiry. In accurate cataloguing, all such adjuncts to a book must be noticed, and often require distinct reference-cards. Curious difficulties are sometimes presented by the phenomena of compound or complex authorship, as in works like the Bollandist Acta Sanctorum, conducted by a group of men, some of whom are removed by death, while their places are supplied by new collaborators. Some other immense work, like Migne's Patrologiæ Cursus Completus, will give rise to nice questions owing to the indefiniteness with which its various parts are demarcated from each other. Many German books, on the other hand, are troublesome from the excessive explicitness with which they are divided, with subtitles and sub-sub-titles innumerable, in accordance with some subtle principle not always to be detected at the first glance. The proper mode of entry for reports of legal cases and trials, periodicals, and publications of learned societies, governments, and boards of commissioners, is sure to call for more or less technical skill and practical discrimination. Anonymous and pseudonymous works are very common, and even the best bibliographical dictionaries cannot keep pace with the issue of them. Where we can find, by hook or by crook, the real name of the author of a pseudonymous work, it is entered under the real name, with a cross-reference from the pseudonym. Otherwise it is entered provisionally under the fictitious name, as, for example, "VERITAS, *pseudon.*" Anonymous works are entered under the first word of the title, neglecting particles; and the head-line is left blank, so that if the author is ever discovered, his name may be inserted there, inclosed within brackets. In former times it was customary for the cataloguer to enter such works under what he deemed to be the most important word of the title, or the word most likely to be remembered; but in practice this rule has been found to cause great confusion, since people are by no means sure to agree as to the most important word. To some it may seem absurd to enter an anonymous Treatise on the Best Method of preparing Adhesive Mucilage under the word "Treatise" rather than under "Mucilage;"

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but it should be remembered that he who consults an alphabetical catalogue is supposed to know the title for which he is looking; and, in our own library at least, any one who remembers only the subject of the work he is seeking can always refer to the catalogue of subjects.

To treat more extensively of such points as these, in which none but cataloguers are likely to feel a strong interest, would not be consistent with the purpose of this article. For those who wonder what a librarian can find to do with his time, enough hints have been given to show that the task of "just cataloguing a book" is not, perhaps, quite so simple as they may have supposed. These hints have nevertheless been chosen with reference to the easier portions of a librarian's work, for a description of the more intricate problems of cataloguing could hardly fail to be both tedious and unintelligible to the uninitiated reader. Enough has been said to show that a cataloguer's work requires at the outset considerable judgment and discrimination, and a great deal of slow, plodding research. The facts which we take such pains to ascertain may seem petty when contrasted with the dazzling facts which are elicited by scientific researches. But in reality the grandest scientific truths are reached only after the minute scrutiny of facts which often seem very trivial. And though the little details which encumber a librarian's mind do not minister to grand or striking generalizations, though their destiny is in the main an obscure one, yet if they were not duly taken care of, the usefulness of libraries as aids to high culture and profound investigation would be fatally impaired. To the student's unaided faculties a great library is simply a trackless wilderness; the catalogue of such a library is itself a kind of wilderness, albeit much more readily penetrated and explored; but unless a book be entered with extreme accuracy and fullness on the catalogue, it is practically lost to the investigator who needs it, and might almost as well not be in the library at all.

In the task of entering a book properly on the alphabetical catalogue, the needful researches are for the most part made by the assistants; but the questionable points are so numerous, and so unlike each other, that none of them can be considered as finally settled until approved at head-quarters. After the proper entry has been decided on, the work of transcribing the title is comparatively simple in most cases. The general rule is to copy the whole of the title with strict accuracy, in its own language and without translation, including even abbreviations and mistakes or oddities in spelling. Mottoes and other really superfluous matters on the title-page are usually omitted, the omission being scrupulously indicated by points. As regards the use of capital letters, title-pages do not afford any consistent guidance, being usually printed in capitals throughout. Our own practice is to follow in capitalizing the usage of the language in which the title is written; but many libraries adopt the much simpler rule of rejecting capitals altogether except in the case of proper names, and this I believe to be practically the better because the easier method,[1] though the result may not seem quite so elegant. After the transcription of the entire title, the number of volumes, or other divisions of the book, is set down; and next in order follows the "imprint," or designation of the place and date of publication. Finally, the size of the book (whether folio, or quarto, octavo, etc.) is designated, after an examination of the "signature marks;" the number of pages (if less than one hundred or more than six hundred) is stated;[2] plates, wood-cuts, maps, plans, diagrams, photographs, etc., are counted and described in general terms. Any peculiarities relating not to the edition, but to the particular copy catalogued, are added be-

[1] Since this article was written, I have adopted the simpler rule, applying the French system of capitalization to all languages, with the sole concession to our English prejudices of capitalizing proper adjectives in English titles. Much time is thereby saved, and much utterly useless vexation avoided.

[2] In order to point out books of exceptionally large or small size. I believe it would be better to state the number of pages in every case

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low in a note; such as the fact that the book is one of fifty copies on large paper, or has the author's autograph on the fly-leaf. In many cases it is found desirable to add a list of the contents of the work; and if it be a book of miscellaneous essays, each essay often has an additional entry on a card of its own.[1]

These details make up the sum of what is entered on the body of the long card; but in addition to all this, the left-hand margin contains the date of reception of the book, the fund to which it is charged, or the name of the donor, and the all-important "shelf-mark," which shows where the book is to be found; while on the right-hand margin is written a concise description of the appearance of the book (*i. e.*, "5 vol., green cloth"), and a note of its price. When all this is finished, the book is regarded as catalogued, and is sent, with its card in it, to the principal assistant for revision. From the principal assistant it is passed on to me, and it is the business of both of us to see that all the details of the work have been done correctly. A pencil-note on the margin of the card shows the class and sub-class to which the book is to be assigned in the catalogue of subjects; and then the card is separated from the book. The book goes on to its shelf, to be used by the public; the card goes back to some one of the assistants, to be "indexed." In our library-slang, "indexing" means the writing of the "red" and "blue" cards which answer to the "long" card; in other words, the entry of the title [2] on the new alphabetical and subject catalogues begun in 1861. For the most part this is merely a matter of accurate transcription, requiring no research. When these "red" and "blue" cards have been submitted to a special assistant for proof-reading, they are returned to me, and after due inspection are ready to be distributed into their catalogues. But for the original "long card" one further preliminary is required before it can be put into its catalogue.

Besides the various catalogues above described, our library keeps a "record-book" or catalogue of accessions arranged according to dates of reception. This accessions-catalogue was begun October 1, 1827, and records an accession for that year of *one volume*, price ten shillings and sixpence! In 1828, according to this record, the library received twenty-one volumes, of which eighteen were gifts, while three were bought at a total cost of $14.50! But either these were exceptionally unfruitful years, or — what is more likely — the record was not carefully kept, for the ordinary rate of increase in those days was by no means so small as this, though small enough when compared with the present rate. The accessions-catalogue has grown until it now fills twenty-one large folio volumes. The entries in it are made with considerable fullness by transcription from the long cards. Usually a month's accessions are entered at once, and when this has been done the long card is ready to take its place in the catalogue.

In this account of the career of a book, from its reception to the time when it is duly entered on all the catalogues, we find some explanation of the way in which a librarian employs his time. For while the work of cataloguing is done almost entirely by assistants, yet unless every detail of it passes under the librarian's eye, there is no adequate security for systematic unity in the results. The librarian must not indeed spend his time in proof-reading or in verifying authors' names; it is essential that there should be some assistants who can be depended upon for absolute accuracy in such matters. Nevertheless, the complexity of the questions involved requires that appeal should often be made to him, and that he should always review the work for the correctness of which he is ultimately responsible. As for the designation of the proper entry on the subject-catalogue, the cases are rare in which this can be entrusted to any assistant.

[1] Where the essays are by different authors, a separate entry for each is of course always necessary, though this is not always made on the long cards.

[2] The marginal portions of the long card are not transcribed in indexing.

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To classify the subject-matter of a book is not always in itself easy, even when the reference is only to general principles of classification; but a subject-catalogue, when once in existence, affords a vast mass of precedents which, while they may lighten the problem to one who has mastered the theory on which the catalogue is constructed, at the same time make it the more unmanageable to any one who has not done so. To assign to any title its proper position, you must not merely know what the book is about, but you must understand the reasons, philosophical and practical, which have determined the place to which such titles have already been assigned. It is a case in which no mere mechanical following of tradition is of any avail. No general rules can be laid down which a corps of assistants can follow; for in general each case presents new features of its own, so that to follow any rule securely would require a mental training almost as great as that needed for making the rule. Hence when different people work independently at a classified catalogue, they are sure to get into a muddle.

Suppose, for example, you have to classify a book on the constitution of Massachusetts. I put such books under the heading "LAW — *Mass.* — Const.," but another person would prefer "LAW — *Const.* — Mass.," a third would rank them under "LAW — *U. S.* — Const. § Mass.," a fourth under "LAW — *U. S.* (Separate States), § Mass. — *Const.*," a fifth under "LAW — *Const.* § U. S. — *Mass.*," and so on, through all the permutations and combinations of which these terms are susceptible. Yet each of these arrangements would bring the title into a different part of the catalogue, so that it would be quite impossible to discover, by simple inspection, what the library contained on the subject of constitutional law in Massachusetts; and to this extent the catalogue would become useless. Many such defects are now to be found in our subject-catalogue, greatly to the impairment of its usefulness; and they prove conclusively that the work of classifying must always be left to a single superintendent who knows well the idiosyncrasies of the catalogue. This work consumes no little time. The titles of books are by no means a safe index to their subject-matter. To treat one properly you must first peer into its contents; and then, no matter how excellent your memory, you will often have to run to the catalogue for precedents.

As a rule, comparatively few cards are written by the librarian or the principal assistant. Only the most difficult books, which no one else can catalogue, are brought to the superintendent's desk. Under this class come old manuscripts, early printed books without title-pages, books with Greek titles, and books in Slavonic, or Oriental, or barbarous languages. Early printed books require special and varying kinds of treatment, and need to be carefully described with the aid of such dictionaries as those of Hain, Panzer, and Graesse. One such book may afford work for a whole day. An old manuscript is likely to give even more trouble. There is nothing especially difficult in Greek titles, save for the fact that our assistants are all women, who for the most part know little or nothing of the language.[1] In general these assistants are acquainted with French, and with practice can make their way through titles in Latin and German. There are some who can deal with any Romanic or Teutonic language, though more or less advice is usually needed for this. But all languages east of the Roman-German boundary require the eye of a practiced linguist. To decipher a title, or part of a preface, in a strange language, it is necessary that one should understand the character in which it is printed, and should be able to consult some dictionary either of the language in question or of some closely related dialect. One day I had to catalogue a book of Croatian ballads, and, not finding any Croatian dictionary in the library, set up a cross-fire on it with the help of a Servian and a Slovenian dictionary.

[1] We have since, I am glad to say, found an exception to this rule, and Greek titles are now disposed of in regular course.

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This served the purpose admirably, for where a cognate word did not happen to occur in the one language it was pretty sure to turn up in the other. Sometimes — in the case, say, of a hundred Finnish pamphlets — the labor is greater than it is worth while to undertake; or somebody may give us a volume in Chinese or Tamil, which is practically undecipherable. In such cases we consider discretion the better part of valor, and under the heading "FINNISH" or "CHINESE" write "One hundred Finnish pamphlets," or "A Chinese book," trusting to the future for better information. Sometimes a polyglot visitor from Asia happens in, and is kind enough to settle a dozen such knotty questions at once.

Another part of a librarian's work is the ordering of new books, and this is something which cannot be done carelessly. Once a year a council of professors, after learning the amount of money that can be expended during the year, decides upon the amounts that may be severally appropriated to the various departments of literature. Long lists of desiderata are then prepared by different professors, and handed in to the library. Besides this a considerable sum is placed under the control of the librarian, for miscellaneous purchases, and any one who wishes a book bought at any time is expected to leave a written request for it at my desk. As often as we get materials for a list of two or three hundred titles, the list is given, before it is sent off, to one of our most trustworthy assistants, to be compared with the various catalogues as well as with the record of outstanding orders. To ascertain whether a particular work is in the library, or on its way thither, may seem to be a very simple matter; but it requires careful and intelligent research, and on such a point no one's opinion is worth a groat, who is not versed in all the dark and crooked ways of cataloguing. The fact that a card-title is not to be found in the catalogue proves nothing of itself, for very likely the card may be "out" in the hands of some assistant. Nothing is more common than for a professor to order some well-known work in his own department of study which has been in the library for several years, and so long as the art of cataloguing is as complicated as it now is, such misunderstandings cannot be altogether avoided. Very often this is due to the variety of ways in which one and the same book may be described, and cannot be ascribed to any special cumbrousness or complexity of our system. All this necessitates a thorough scrutiny of every title that is ordered, for to waste the library's money in buying duplicates is a blunder of the first magnitude. Yet in spite of the utmost vigilance, it is seldom that a case of two or three hundred books arrives which does not contain two or three duplicates. One per cent. is perhaps not an extravagant allowance to make for human perversity, in any of the affairs of life in which the ideal standard is that of complete intelligence and efficiency.

The danger of buying a duplicate because a card-title does not happen to be in its place is one illustration of the practical inconvenience of card-catalogues. The experience of the past fifty years has shown that on the whole such catalogues are far better than the old ones which they have superseded; but they have their short-comings, nevertheless, and here we have incidentally hit upon one of them. Besides this, a card-catalogue, even when constructed with all the ingenuity that is displayed in our own, is very much harder to consult than a catalogue that is printed in a volume. On a printed page you can glance at twenty titles at once, whereas in a drawer of cards you must plod through the titles one by one. Moreover, a card-catalogue occupies an enormous space. Professor Abbot's twin catalogue of authors and subjects, begun fourteen years ago, is already fifty-one feet in length, and contains three hundred and thirty-six drawers! During the past six weeks some four thousand cards have been added to it. What will its dimensions be a century hence, when our books will probably have begun to be numbered by millions instead

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of thousands? Gore Hall is to-day too small to contain our books: will it then be large enough to hold the catalogue? Suppose, again, that our library were to be burned; it is disheartening to think of the quantity of bibliographical work that would in such an event be forever obliterated. For we should remember that while a catalogue like ours is primarily useful in enabling persons to consult our books, it would still be of great value, as a bibliographical aid to other libraries, even if all our own books were to be destroyed.[1] This part of its function, moreover, it cannot properly fulfill even now, so long as it can be consulted only in Gore Hall. Our subject-catalogue, if printed to-day, would afford a noble conspectus of the literature of many great departments of human knowledge, and would have no small value to many special inquirers. Much of this usefulness is lost so long as it remains in manuscript, confined to a single locality.

For such reasons as these, I believe that the card-system is but a temporary or transitional expedient, upon which we cannot always continue to rely exclusively. By the time Professor Abbot's great catalogue is finished (*i. e.*, brought up to date) and thoroughly revised, it will be on all accounts desirable to print it. The huge mass of cards up to that date will then be superseded, and might be destroyed without detriment to any one. But the card-catalogue, kept up in accordance with the present system, would continue as a supplement to the printed catalogue. The cumbrousness of consulting a number of alphabets would be reduced to a minimum, for there would be only two to consult: the printed catalogue and its card-supplement. Then, instead of issuing numberless printed supplements, there might be published, at stated intervals (say of ten years), a new edition of the main catalogue, with all the added titles inserted in their proper places. On this plan there would never be more than two alphabets to consult; and of these the more voluminous one would be contained in easily manageable printed volumes, while the smaller supplement only would remain in card-form.

It is an obvious objection that the frequent printing of new editions of the catalogue, according to this plan, would be attended with enormous expense. This objection would at first sight seem to be removed if we were to adopt Professor Jewett's suggestion, and stereotype each title on a separate plate. Let there be a separate stereotype-plate for each card, so that in every new edition new plates may be inserted for the added titles; and then the ruinous expense of fresh composition for every new edition would seem to be avoided. It is to be feared, however, that this show of having solved the difficulty is illusory. For to keep such a quantity of printer's metal lying idle year after year would of itself entail great trouble and expense. The plates would take up a great deal of room and would need to be kept in a fireproof building; and the interest lost each year on the value of the metal would by and by amount to a formidable sum. It is perhaps doubtful whether, in the long run, anything would be saved by this cumbrous method. Possibly — unless some future heliographic invention should turn to our profit — the least expensive way, after all, may be to print at long intervals, without stereotyping, and to depend throughout the intervals on card-supplements. But this question, like many others suggested by the formidable modern growth of literature, is easier to ask than to answer.

In this hasty sketch many points connected with a librarian's work remain unmentioned. But in a brief article like this, one cannot expect to give a complete account of a subject embracing so many details. As it is, I hope I have not wearied the reader in the attempt to show what a librarian finds to do with his time.

John Fiske.

[1] Thus I often find valuable information in the printed catalogue of the Bodleian Library, and wish that the splendid catalogue of the million books in the British Museum were as readily accessible.

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CHARACTERISTICS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FAIR.

IV.

PUBLIC education holds the next place to machinery among the evidences of American progress. A detailed investigation and report of this department belongs to specialists, but a visit to the little state cells in the southern gallery of the Main Building is instructive and amusing even to an idler. A few patent facts abide by me after a careless and cursory survey, such as the absence of representation from the Southern States, — below Virginia there is not a name, though this will not surprise anybody who has some acquaintance with the Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida; likewise the pretention of Massachusetts, which takes three times the space of any other State, with by no means thrice as much to show; also the intelligence and ambition of the West, — Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana. In these and some other States there is an immense advance within twenty years in the number of pupils, teachers, and school-houses, in the length of the school term, and in the salaries, as shown by statistical charts; the census-tables must be consulted, however, before conclusions can be drawn as to the improvement indicated by these figures. Much attention seems to be paid to natural history, to judge by cases of birds, insects, shells, minerals, and herbariums, all carefully classified; and these were particularly good in the above-mentioned Western States. There is a fine set of plates or photographs for astronomical study, where the sun is shown in every stage of sickness, including a horrible scorbutic bleeding at the edges while in eclipse; and the "groups of sun-spots in full activity" look like demoniac crustacea tearing each other. I wish as much could be said for the prospects of drawing. In many places it has been admitted as part of the public-school system only within a few years and after a struggle which still goes on, the parents often objecting on the ground of inutility and loss of time. The truth is that unless a better method of teaching be introduced, it *does* lose time. The condition of drawing is deplorable everywhere except in Massachusetts, where the work of the Boston Industrial School's free evening classes is the best, and in the city of New York at the Cooper Institute. These specimens are not remarkable, but they are respectable, and if they truly represent the average accomplishment of the pupils, they are all that can be asked. Next come some crayon-studies from casts, in the Ohio department, but as far as we could learn they are only from the Cincinnati School of Design, and therefore the work of art-students exclusively. This is not the place to discuss whether drawing be desirable as a part of public education; where it has been adopted, we may infer that it is judged to be so; but most people will agree that nothing can be gained by its being ill-taught. It is evident that the greater portion of the examples are copied from flat surfaces, and that there are extremely few drawn from nature; there are cases full of water-color flowers, exact in every detail, but as much like real ones as the flowers on chintz or tin-lacquer. There are other cases filled by small landscapes done with lead-pencil and stump on paper having ready-tinted skies, like the worst style of title-page vignette, — and designs of fanciful impossibilities fit only for cheap valentines. The execution is worthy of the conception. Now the pupils are not to blame for this, nor the teachers either, if they know no better, but somebody ought to make it his business to tell both parties how bad it is. The pity of it lies in the grace and sentiment expended on many of these wretched productions, the accuracy with which the flowers are copied, the ingenuity and taste shown in the adaptation of simple given forms, like a bell, a star, a square, a scalloped

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line, into designs for wall-paper, oil-cloth, etc. There is unmistakably great natural facility and capacity for development in this direction, and it is most desirable that those of them whose talent and inclination point to these vocations should not have their earliest instruction of a sort to put them on the wrong track or extinguish every spark of artistic discernment. As to others, for whom the chief result would be cultivation of the perceptive powers, it is equally important that they should be taught to see right and not wrong.

Indiana sends some very pretty, delicate black lace and embroidery on white muslin from the high schools at Fort Wayne, a little entangled in pattern, like the work of those unused to combining the elements of decoration, but promising well; however, the conditions for establishing lace-making as a branch of industry are wanting in this country, and at the West more than anywhere else; and long may it be so. Among the designs for pottery from the same place there are a few good ones for cups and saucers, simple, effective, and agreeable, having the true idea of decorative treatment. They were not startling, but sound, and equally removed from the affectation and exaggeration of much English work of the same order, and the dead imitation of nature which is the weak side of ours, an extreme instance of which is to be seen in the graceful and elegant wood-carving from Cincinnati in the Women's Pavilion, and also in the tile and china painting from the same place.

Pennsylvania education occupies a separate pavilion near the Art Annex, and outdoes the Massachusetts exhibit; but Pennsylvania is well entitled to the lion's share in show and space, considering what her share has been of the toil and cost of the Exhibition. Her public-school system has always stood high, and is here fully illustrated; the central compartment of the building is chiefly appropriated to a fine collection of scientific apparatuses. The surrounding alcoves represent for the most part the colleges of the State, which are too numerous, as is known to everybody interested in American universities. The alcoves of the Sunday-School Union offer a curious subject for examination and reflection; the tendency of their teaching, as far as it bears on secular information, which to a certain degree it frequently must, especially on history and science, is to contradict what the pupils are learning six days of the week. A melancholy though meritorious cause, "school ornamentation" as it is called by its advocates, is illustrated by a poor little muddy fountain, some sickly plants, a couple or so of paltry plaster-casts, and a good many poor engravings, lithographs, etc., though fortunately Rogers's groups are there also, and a very few fine old plates by Woollett and French engravers, as well as some good popular ones, such as Landseer's. The drawings and etchings from the Philadelphia School of Design and Girard College were very fair, but not original, and almost without exception copied from the flat.

One consequence of the bad method in drawing is the absence of handsome maps, although there are plenty of very creditable ones. Among the best is a large and careful one of Maine, exhibiting its principal resources, — lumber and fisheries, — by Masters Fogg and Frost, of Lewiston, Maine, whose names suggest the notion that the genii of the State have turned themselves into imps and gone to school. In the compartment of the same State there are a score or more of little slates hooked in a frame, every one inscribed, "Of making of books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh," as if a whole class of small souls had grown desperate simultaneously. Funny things may be seen by peeping into the copy-books, but to repeat them would be telling tales out of school. Ohio gives proof of praiseworthy energy and enterprise in all that relates to mental and artistic improvement. Our native inventiveness is shown in the educational department by many contrivances for keeping order and saving room, among which is the simple, efficient device of photographing blackboard-work, which otherwise could not

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be exhibited, on cards the usual size of a stereoscopic view. A survey of this field makes one realize with peculiar force the many-sided intelligence of our people, their versatility, their intellectual ambition, their strong æsthetic propensities. From one point of view their position is pathetic, for they are as sheep wanting a shepherd. No doubt in time worthy ones will be found; meanwhile the danger to the flock is in believing that they can dispense with them.

It is somewhat depressing to descend from these higher regions to the floor of the Main Building, and begin a round of indigenous shops and factories. I have noticed that people grow cross in the Main Building more easily than in other parts of the Exhibition; the want of homogeneousness in the array at once distracts and fatigues the attention. Perhaps this general fact, and the sensitiveness of patriotism, may account for a degree of irritability which a prolonged examination of our national industries produced in me. If there was not actually more vulgarity than in the British department, it was more annoying. The furnished rooms look like the bridal chambers of our hotels or the saloons of our great river steamboats: there are huge mirrors in hideous frames; elaborate chimney-pieces over closed fire-places where no cheerful glow can ever brighten the hearth; handsome, heavy, tasteless carpets and curtains. A few are not so bad; among others, a library and dining-room by Moore and Campion, of Philadelphia; but the chairs and sofas looked stiff and hard. The fault of our furniture is that it is not comfortable, though almost always too fine for use. We do best in what appertains to summer use; the bamboo, willow, and wicker-ware, which the Delaware Cane and Wakefield (Massachusetts) Rattan companies, notably the latter, have carried to such a point of prettiness and convenience, could hardly be excelled for uniting comfort and coolness; a room furnished entirely with them, with India matting and muslin curtains, would have been a refreshing sight during the month of July. Henkel, of Philadelphia, has a very pretty set of bed-room furniture for a country-house, in what he calls "style of 1776," made of a maple-tree from Independence Square supposed to have been over two hundred years old; there could not be many sets equally venerable, but the same articles in maple of younger growth would replace very happily the so-called cottage furniture, which has gone out of favor. There is a display of furniture all made of looking-glass, by a New York house, of course, which might have been useful to the Inquisition for subjects who could not be quelled by the rack. Our mirrors are entirely inferior to the French, for ornamental purposes. It would be worth while to try to fathom the source of the vulgarity which spoils so many of our productions. Why are our terra-cotta garden-figures so ugly and common-looking, even when they reproduce the Diana of the Louvre, the Apollo Belvedere, or the vase of the Villa Albani? The specimens in the Italian department are coarse, about as bad as possible for Italy, in fact; but how superior to ours! Compare, too, Rogers's groups, the talent and spirit of which are undisputed, with Eugène Blot's *figurines* in the French department. The latter have the advantage of being in clay, not plaster, and of being modeled by the artist's hand, instead of being turned out wholesale from a mold; but the difference lies deeper: the French groups represent every phase of the shore-life of Norman fisher-folk, and every type of the class; these people are not handsomer, more intelligent, nor more interesting objects than American soldiers, village divines, country doctors, and Mr. Rogers's other subjects, and they are simply occupied about their homely calling, with none of the sentiment and pathos of Mr. Rogers's "situations;" yet M. Blot's works have a stamp of distinction which, apart from any question of talent, raises them far above our countryman's pleasing compositions. No one who has seen a French burying-ground will be over-severe on our own bad taste in the *memento mori* line, yet did any foreign international exposition ever present such a funereal

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show as the necropolis in the Main Building, with its mortuary columns and vases and inconsolable females, its monument with the names of a dead wife and child, its shiny pillar and urn, ready for immediate use, and sold to a Western senator?

The question whether we are, or are to become, a musical nation seems to meet a favorable answer in the number of manufacturers who send their pianofortes, melodeons, and organs from all the principal cities of the Union, from the valley of the Ohio and green hills of Vermont. Some of the pianos, the Chickering and Steinway certainly, take rank with the best foreign ones, and I know by experience that Erard, Pleyel, and Broadwood do not stand our climate so well as the former. The finest American piano I ever heard was one of Chickering's, last winter, in New York. It was so powerful, sweet, brilliant, yet full-toned and even, that its mere sound was delightful, like the notes of a beautiful human voice, independent of the performer or what he played. There was great satisfaction in knowing it to be a native American instrument, and not merely naturalized, like Steinway's and so many others.

The ferocious, unrelenting heat of July caused the saddest falling off in the dressing of the ladies at the Exhibition. What we suffered, which was much aggravated by our clothes, suggested to men and women all sorts of vain hopes for a real dress-reform, something which should approximate to the Chinese fashion, in both shape and material: it was trying to behold the coolness of those barbarians in their light, loose attire. Nevertheless it is hard that the ordinary dressing of American women, who come next to the French in that accomplishment, should be traduced by Madame Demorest's paper patterns, with horrible wax-figures bedizened like scarecrows to show her perfect work. The remarkable improvement in our dress-goods brings good dressing within the reach of every class of our countrywomen, without laying them open to the reproach of extravagance, which they have incurred from revolutionary times until this day. The cotton prints are as pretty as possible, neat, fresh, elegant, and of endless variety. They look just as they ought to do. The Lowell and Fall River manufactures are the best, where all are good; they are really as pretty as French linens, and incredibly cheap. There are also very nice alpacas from the Manchester mills. Some brocaded pieces in Quaker colors are as handsome as Irish poplins, to the sight. Of course in all textile fabrics the final test is touch, which cannot be applied here, but they look soft and rich. The silks are not so beautiful, relatively, as the prints, but are in very good taste as to both color and pattern; of those I noticed the best came from Mr. Stearns, of New York, and the Passaic Mills, Paterson, New Jersey. Our woolen goods, blanket shawls, and rough cloth stuffs for men's winter wear are also very nice-looking, though generically uninteresting to a *dilettante*.

In going through the department of home-manufacture I was constantly struck by the better provision made for the million than for the few, and with this observation came the distressing doubt whether with all our aptitude and versatility we should ever attain to the more splendid and refined branches of luxury and taste, the fruits of which few only covet and fewer still can command. Some objects of domestic use may be either necessaries or luxuries according to their beauty and costliness, and the position of these in our manufactures confirms my fears. For instance, our wall-papers are not pretty and our carpets are mostly hideous, but they improve in inverse ratio to the price; the cheapest are the prettiest; it does not imply that the classes that can afford only an ingrain carpet have truer taste than those that buy velvet ones, but that more thought and talent are given to designing the former than the latter. The only remedy for this which occurs to me at present is, that those who purchase the more expensive kinds should refuse to pay for vulgarity and ugliness. By furnishing bedrooms, halls, stair-ways,

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with pretty, cheap, home-made carpets, enough would be saved to buy in India one for the drawing-room or the library.

Though much of the American exhibition is exceedingly good, that alone which struck me as thoroughly complete and perfect was the section of the signal-service, coast-survey, military engineers, and exploring expeditions, in the United States Government Building. These are so fully and explicitly illustrated, so systematically and simply arranged, that with a little attention the most complex contrivances become intelligible to the least scientific comprehension. The models of light-houses and break-waters, and of the submarine excavations at Hellgate, would be delightful playthings if they were not most interesting demonstrations. There are more of these reduced copies in the naval department than in any other, but they are larger and less enticing. Among them, however, is a most beautiful miniature reproduction of a French line-of-battle ship, the Dante, built in 1600, a three-decker, carrying seventy-four guns. The uniforms of our army and navy are worn by a set of life-size manikins, of such absurd figure and physiognomy that some wag must surely have had a hand in constructing them.

The Government Building gives the most realizing sense of the immense size and resources of the country, which seems to unroll before us as we advance, revealing unsuspected wealth in the familiar fields around our daily paths, until we penetrate those marvelous mid-regions where everything is as strange as the landscape of another planet. There is a section devoted to native arborology, where the little streets are lined with tree-trunks, above which, like mural decorations, are assorted the pressed leaves and blossoms of each species. Pomology makes a magnificent display, reassuring after the frequent fears and predictions that our apples were gradually failing. Then follow enormous pumpkins and squashes, as at a state fair. Our fisheries are represented in every form and branch, from the admirable and beautiful collection of fac-similes of our native fish sent by the Smithsonian Institution, to

> "The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sea-boats of Cape Ann"

in miniature, with all their implements and appliances; and those who look for the first time on a lobster-pot or a basket eel-pot will find new subjects of surprise. The hunter's life is not forgotten, with the paraphernalia of the chase and its cunning traps and springs. Akin to this is the department of the American Indians, containing a full collection of weapons, costumes, and handiwork, baskets and bead-work and rude embroidery on cloth and buckskin. An effigy of Red Cloud in full warrior's panoply makes a centre for this zone of wild life. With the tragic fate of General Custer and his brave troops so fresh in mind, not many of us are inclined to sentimentalize over the Indian just now; yet there is matter for melancholy and remorse too in the position of things. The contrast between this enormous exhibition of what we have achieved since our forefathers came from the other hemisphere, our rapid prosperity, and our incalculable future, with the fate of the true children and masters of the soil, cries shame upon us. It is false to say that the wrong is not of our day and doing, that it is too late to mend and useless to bemoan it; the wrong is repeated every day, and its correction is a problem with which those to whom it is set as a lesson do not concern themselves. The futility of some of the proposed solutions may be seen in the show-cases of the Indian schools: drawings of the same grade as were made on birch-bark two hundred years ago, and a patch-work quilt which is about as poor a sample of needle-work as one can see, the performance of nine Modoc girls after two years' tuition. One is glad to turn away from the miserable and helpless pathos of the sight to the more distant tribes of the north-western coast, with whom we have neither wars nor treaties. I do not know whether ethnology has detected any relationship between them and their Mongolian neighbors of the steppes, but they seem to differ distinctively in many re-

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spects from the red men of our plains. They live not in tents or wigwams but in small, square, wooden houses, whose fronts are daubed with the most grotesque and barbarous devices, among which a lidless, browless eye recurs with disquieting frequency. The entrance is in the centre, through an opening in a projecting post rudely carved into a series of hideous monsters one on top of the other, painted in crude colors; some of these figures have a distant, deformed resemblance to man, others to the lower animals; one of these was a monster unlike anything on earth or in the water under the earth, on the head of which sat a monster like a seal, on which again sat a monster like a man in a peaked hat. This was a simple one, for there were others in which birds alternated with beasts surmounted by human prodigies, ten deep, the mankind having huge noses projecting like pump-handles. But the real mystery begins when we get among the remains of the mound-builders, and of the cave-cities so far more wonderful than the lake-villages of Europe. The stone utensils are like those of most early communities; the little leering and mowing stone images are as ugly and malign as Chinese joshes and other Eastern idols; but the pottery presents some riddles: on several fragments there is the Doric fret, archaic in its proportions, but variously treated, evidently a familiar decoration. There are also small jars with human heads and bodies uncouthly indicated, showing the anthropologic tendency which has of late been the subject of speculation as found in the ancient Greek vases, and of which instances are given in M. Schliemann's book on the antiquities of Troy. Among the old Mexican earthenware are horrible little half-formed faces not bigger than a gold-eagle piece, recalling, nevertheless, the perfectly executed little Japanese masks, which look as if intended for a Liliputian carnival. No doubt the day will come, as it has come for Egypt and Nineveh, when scholarship will disclose the secrets of these civilizations, but at present they are locked very close.

On reaching the end of the building, we confront a large window whose panes are beautiful photographs, on glass, of our wild, far Western scenery. There are the tremendous heights, depths, flats, and contortions of Colorado and Arizona; the plains, ravines, ridges, and peaks amid which nature has indulged in so many Titanic freaks that the phenomena of all lands seem to meet together there. The geological specimens, besides the riches they disclose, give one glimpses into a realm of unfathomed metallic and mineral beauty; there are amethystine and amber-colored masses of quartz-like formation; fragments of coral red; blocks of translucent sapphire-like rock. The geological outlines are formidable, redoubtable, in their fantastic forms; there are horrible crags which look like fossil fungi or groups of petrified penguins of gigantic size. As we examine the photographs and plans in relief which give the natural features of these scarcely-explored tracts, we become conscious of a semi-mythical character which belongs to them, and a sort of preternatural influence which breathes from them. They explain some of the singularity and excess of Joaquin Miller's poetry, which bears their impress, as by Buckle's theory the mind of man always corresponds in one way or another to the nature amid which he is born. There is wonderful beauty too, as in the lakes of Santa Maria and San Cristoval, and their lovely setting of woodland, hill, and vale; but beauty is overpowered by more stupendous forces, which make it a relief to return to the machines and maps to see what man can do.

There is a grand series of charts showing the vegetable conditions and resources of the country, the proportion of forest and arable land, of sugar and textile crops, and the price of farm labor. A very curious and sinister study is offered by a table which hangs beside those of the United States census, showing by means of colored parallelograms the positive and relative degrees of homicide and suicide in different parts of the country. In the eastern portion suicide ap-

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pears to be six times as frequent as murder. (I had no means of measuring but by the eye, so that these statements are only approximate, but they are not very far wrong, I think.) In the western there is a rather larger proportion of the latter, and about two thirds less of the former. The South presents a broad field of homicide, nearly twice as large as that of all the rest of the country, with a very narrow strip of self-destruction. In New York and New Jersey suicide is as about three to one of murder; in Pennsylvania about two to one; in Delaware and Maryland just the reverse of these, murder exceeding suicide by one third and one half. Homicide in the District of Columbia is appalling, compared with its population; there appears to be little disposition to *felo de se*. In Virginia the suicide is about a quarter of the homicide; in West Virginia the two crimes are nearly equal, suicide preponderating slightly. In the Carolinas murder is to suicide as three to one; in Florida the number of both is much larger in proportion to the population, but the excess of homicide over suicide remains as three to one. In Texas the area of murder is something awful, unless one can pitch one's mood to the key of De Quincey's famous essay; it is ten times as great as suicide. In Nevada the proportion of the latter is about one fifth of the former. In California there is a vast amount of both, suicide preponderating; can it be because of the homesick Chinese? With regard to murder, the distribution is not difficult to understand, but it seems impossible to get at any general laws respecting suicide. The proportion of female suicides (indicated by a delicate pink tint) varies very much in the different States, but generally falls far short of the male suicides. In Delaware, the District, and Oregon there are no female suicides; in Minnesota and North Carolina the number nearly equals that of the other sex; in South Carolina it is considerably in excess; in Florida it is very small. There is a ghastly fascination in these statistics and the speculations which they suggest. As I was making my notes from the chart, I heard two men behind me commenting: "Humph! going to add one more to the list." *Which* list they charitably refrained from specifying. Presently came a party of girls, whose curiosity about my occupation quickly transferred itself to the chart: "My! look at Texas!" "Yes, they believe in killing in Texas," replied one of the others, in a tone of complacency which made me desire to know which State set her age down in its census. The names and opinions of the visitors to the Exhibition furnish a good deal of interest in themselves. The occupants of rolling-chairs are unmistakably the objects of a slight scorn to those on foot, akin to the superciliousness of early risers. And, notwithstanding hundreds of daily instances to the contrary, the pedestrians are evidently persuaded that everybody in a chair is the victim of some strange maiming or malady, about which they cannot conceal their curiosity. The interest taken in any purchase by the by-standers is so intense as to be painful to the purchaser; a ring forms immediately round the latter and the vendor, which increases momentarily until the transaction is over, all hanging speechless on the dialogue between the two; when this is carried on in a foreign language the audience looks discomfited and displeased, as if balked of its rights. A lady acquaintance told me that just as her purchase was concluded and the article replaced in the case, so that it became indistinguishable among its fellows, a stranger of her own sex arrived on the scene, and, seeing that it was too late, dogged her until they reached a secluded spot in one of the less frequented departments; then she accosted her in a low voice: "You bought something just now." "Yes." "What was it?" But this inquisitiveness is generally sympathetic. I witnessed the sale of an India shawl, at which the buyer was anxious to see it folded and tried on. A couple of good-natured young Englishmen, evidently novices in playing shopmen, were helplessly pulling it hither and thither, when a very nice-looking middle-aged woman with an ardent gaze stepped from the circle, took

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it from their hands, gave it in a trice the proper twist, and then turning about deftly threw it over her own shoulders and stood there on exhibition until everybody concerned or not concerned was satisfied. That sort of readiness to oblige is a characteristic of our country-folk, but both abroad and at home it renders us liable to be imposed upon by foreigners, which is to be observed at the Exhibition in the conduct of the attendants. A friend who has been at more than one of the European exhibitions recognized in several of the departments men whom he had seen at Paris or Vienna, where they had been civility itself; under the influence of our good-humored democracy they have become extremely impertinent. The same change has taken place in the manners of many of them since the opening of our Exhibition, notably in those of the waiters at the restaurants; but if spoken to in the right tone they come to heel at once, except the Germans, who are apt to be ill-trained curs everywhere. On the other hand, the misconduct of one's own country-people has a more pungent power of annoyance than that of any other, and it was almost intolerable to see them handling articles the most easily broken or soiled, with a total disregard of the placards, where one would suppose to the commonest consideration placards would be superfluous. I wish I could have felt certain that the person who rapped and shook every article in the Chinese annex was not a fellow-countryman: unfortunately there could be no doubt of the nationality of a pair, male and female, like the first sinners, who having broken down the protecting rope were spreading themselves in their dusty clothes on the Gobelin sofas in the French department. There is certainly something like possession by devils in the uncontrollable desire to point with one's cane, against which we are so stringently adjured in the picture galleries; it seems to be an instinct of our fallen nature, which we should do well to defeat by leaving the provoking weapon at the check counter, bore as it is to go eighteen hundred and eighty feet to reclaim it.

I looked everywhere wistfully for signs and tokens from the Southern States, and strove to resist the depression begotten by the absence of so many old names. But one by one the names came into sight, with specimens of minerals, cereals, textiles, and rare, exquisite feathers and shells. Mississippi had a fine array of the first three, including some very fine wool, called cashmere, besides the collection of woods of which her beautiful little log-house is built. The Shelby Iron Company, of Alabama, holds its own beside the great Pennsylvania works, and South Carolina sends samples of the phosphorite beds on which her future prosperity may rest. North Carolina appears with credit in several departments, as those will be glad to know who remember General Ransom's moving and spirited appeal in the Senate last winter: I observed particularly a fine botanical collection for medical purposes. Georgia does no justice to her special delicacies in the Southern Restaurant; it is a cool, clean, roomy resort, where large vases of fresh flowers on the principal tables cheer the eye blinded by the glare of the asphalt, and civil negroes come to wait on one instead of saucy Frenchmen or boorish Teutons; but the bill of fare offers none of the famous Southern dishes, and vindicates its sectional character only by the poor quality of the milk, whose blue must be intended for local color, since it is excellent everywhere else in the grounds. Florida has in the Agricultural Building a pretty stock of curiosities, familiar to the thousands who have been to St. Augustine or the St. John's River: alligators' teeth, shining sea-beans, fans of brilliant-feathered birds, and other mementos of those woods and shores where the meeting of the tropic and temperate zones, the lingering traces of a civilization and a barbarism both extinct, bestow so strange a charm on the life and landscape. West Virginia has a fine state building, distinct from Old Virginia, containing her entire exhibition, principally, of course, natural products; among the manufactures is the wood paper-hanging, a beautiful substi-

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tute for leather or panels on library, hall, or dining-room walls.

The state buildings as a rule do not add to the beauty of the grounds, although some few of them are very pretty and original. But the idea was good. The visitors' books, in which only the names of people from the State whose roof gives them shelter are registered, will become valuable statistical records at the end of the Exhibition. Several of the buildings — those of West Virginia, Kansas, Colorado, Arkansas, Missouri, and Maryland — contain either complete or partial exhibitions, the application for room in the Main Building probably not having been made in time. Of these little edifices the Western are for the most part far the prettiest, most suggestive and picturesque. Arkansas has hers arranged with extreme good taste as well as intelligence. Kansas and Colorado occupy a large rotunda in common, the theatrical appearance of which is altogether astounding for the first moment; but I think nobody can refuse hearty admiration to the ingenuity and fancifulness of the decorations. The most prominent feature is a mountain of rockwork covered with coniferous trees, mosses, and lichens, down which trickles a stream; it might be mistaken for a cliff of Ararat, since here Noah's ark seems to have discharged its freight. There are eagles, doves, owls, opossums, hedgehogs, rabbits on their hind legs, squirrels, goats, bears, panthers, deer, and so on, all a good deal occupied in preying upon each other, or being preyed upon. The water falls into a pool full of fish, where a tortoise sits all day upon a stone; around we must fancy the plains, for there are its wild denizens, — snakes, prairie-dogs, buffaloes. "Six hundred animals, and all stuffed by one woman," said a fair neighbor, breathlessly. "Wall, — don' b'lieve *that!*" said her fair companion after due deliberation. Disbelief in their own sex is much stronger in some women than in any man. Mrs. Maxwell, huntress and taxidermist, who not only stuffed, but also shot these animals, stands before her own zoölogical show, selling her own photograph; so she cannot object to a passing mention. She is a straight-featured, trim-built little figure-head, about middle height, rather tanned and weather-beaten. She was born in Pennsylvania, and more than half a life passed in Kansas has not taken away her sharp midland twang, so much stronger and shriller than the Yankee, nor taught her the mellow tones of the West; but it has given her the Western glance, that clear and steady eye which neither seeks nor shuns yours, and the ready reply, brief, prompt, to the point. "Do you go out into the wilds for your game?" asked a by-stander who shared my own vague notions that in the Territories one might bag one's bear or stag out of window. "No, they come right into town to be shot," was the instantaneous answer, given with perfect good-humor. Her small rifle, "presented by her friends," hangs hard by. There is always a crowd here.

Michigan's pavilion has an unprepossessing gingerbread-work exterior, but is one of the handsomest within; the reading-room is paneled entirely with native woods, alternating below the wainscot with marble; one end is taken up by a particularly good square projecting window directly facing the chimney-place, over which is a large glass reflecting the window and view: the whole arrangement is worthy of an English country-house. Iowa greets each as he enters with "Welcome to Iowa," inscribed in large letters in the hall, which was a happy thought. The pleasant impression, however, is damped by a melancholy spectacle in the sitting-room: two huge wreaths, each composed of seven hundred and fifty flowers made of human hair, the result of eight months' constant labor, as a label tells us. It is a depressing performance, such as belongs fitly only to solitary confinement for life. Tennessee spreads a big tent for her children, containing a deal table, a stove (it was in August, so I presumed the latter was for future use), and a placard to say that she exhibits in the Main Building, — which she does handsomely. Maryland has a large, rather

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bare mansion, in the principal apartment of which, a sort of hall, is a good demonstration of her fisheries and oyster-gardens; the walls are hung with historical portraits, which lend the place a certain air and an interest which none of the other state buildings possess. Connecticut set out bravely, but has broken down half-way. Her interior is very pretty, lined with wood and ceiled with beams and rafters; a little railed gallery runs around below the casement-windows underneath the roof, for there is no second story to the main room. The house looks like a Swiss *châlet* or a hunting-lodge; there is a fine, lofty, wooden mantel-piece with two shelves, on which stand old brass and crockery; there are handsome brass fire-irons, dogs, and fender; a spinning-wheel stands in the chimney-corner, an old clock opposite, old arms and relics adorn the walls, and there is some old furniture. Somebody, with an exquisite connection of ideas, has graced the chimney with a string of wooden nutmegs made from the Charter Oak. So far, so good; but conspicuous among these venerable objects are a modern melodeon and two glittering plated monuments of great size, one a filter, the other an ice-pitcher, which are the first and last things one sees. The New York building, with considerable external pretension, is on the whole in the worst taste within, and also the most cheaply and trashily got up. I heard a New Yorker say, uncontradicted by anybody, that it is a disgrace.

In order to pay every respect to my country, I ordered dinner for once at the Great American Restaurant, notwithstanding my prejudices and forebodings, and the grudge every one must bear it for having transformed a beautiful grove of old cedars into the semblance of a camp-meeting, with booths and benches; I have never dined anywhere else at the Exhibition, since. I found the piazza cooler and cleaner, the view more pleasing, the food better and cheaper, the arrangements altogether more comfortable, than at any of the other places, and the friends whom I have taken there agree with me; the bill of fare gives you capital American cooking instead of poor German or French. Reënforced by this meal I went to the shoe and leather exhibition, which has a building to itself. It is a very full exhibition, doubtless a very fine one, yet I found it impossible to take a deep interest or pleasure in leather and prunella. There are large screens, English and Russian, covered with skins of the finest texture and colors, which raised visions of superb libraries; and the Russian show-case, with boots and slippers of barbaric splendor, brass-heeled, turned up in a peak at the toe, gilded, scalloped, and betasseled with the brightest hues, had its attractions. But while my brain was thronged like the great fair of Nijni-Novgorod by caftans and furred pelisses, my eye was arrested by the cases of Messrs. How & Co., Haverhill, Massachusetts. Of course I had expected to see every sort of useful shoe from the numberless benches of Lynn, but I did not expect to see in the Massachusetts department the prettiest, daintiest, and best-shaped shoes. They were all of leather or kid, but as delicate and elegant as satin. None others, not even the far-famed Philadelphia boots and shoes, compared with them; nearly all the rest were either common and ugly to deformity in shape, or fit to be worn only by ballet-dancers or circus-riders.

Of the Agricultural Building much has been and more might be said, for it is a most interesting and instructive department, and in many quarters a highly ornamental one. But I will say one thing only: where are the American bees? Not many years ago a row of straw or glass hives was a pretty and poetic feature in every kitchen garden; of late I have looked for them in vain in my own neighborhood. I may have overlooked them in the Agricultural Building: I certainly saw bees from many lands, but none of our own.

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RECENT LITERATURE.

THE life of Dr. Macleod[1] is one of the most interesting and affecting biographies of a year singularly prolific in important memoirs. It is written by his brother, the Rev. Donald Macleod, and beautifully written; with great tenderness, and at the same time a most dignified restraint of eulogy. Dr. Macleod's reputation as a Scottish churchman, a genial and agreeable author, and one of the few really great and persuasive preachers of the age, has been extensive for a generation. The present volumes abundantly explain his power. It seems to have been largely the result of temperament, — of a cordial and splendid combination of qualities, animal, mental, affectional, and spiritual, which is at once intensely human and especially Scotch. We meet with kindred natures constantly in the annals of the Celtic race in Scotland: in scores of old-time heroes, in Burns, in John Brown, in Walter Scott, in the hearty, haughty, but ever vigorous and delightful men of the Noctes Ambrosianæ. And we can no more explain why this warm and wealthy temperament should flower so profusely upon those bleak fells, than why the dreariest deserts and the most uncouth shrubs in the world should yield the delicate and gorgeous cactus flower. Given that "principle within" which seems almost to be a Scotchman's birthright, tending always to restrain license and subdue self-will, and religious faith finds in these natures a peculiarly favorable soil. The very ardor of their vitality, their keen realization and enjoyment of the present life, make it inconceivable to them that life should be extinguished. Their fond love for home and kindred and natural beauty, all the faces and the places that are seen, overflows into the spaces of the unseen, and furnishes these also with objects of affection. The world and the flesh are to them so palpable and powerful, that a struggle with these forces becomes heroic, and allures to imitation by the magnetism which belongs to all perilous and doubtful conflict. Dr. Macleod's religious life seems not so much a definite consecration, as a progressive and finally triumphant victory of the soul over the senses.

He was born in 1812, at Campbelltown in the Highlands, and bred up in the "plain living and high thinking" of a Scotch manse. At the age of twelve he was sent to Morven, to an uncle who was also a minister, to learn Gaelic and fit himself to be a Highland clergyman, the lot for which he was destined by his father. After two years passed amid the picturesque scenes and yet more picturesque character of that classic region, years which his memory glorified ever afterwards, he entered the University of Glasgow, where he took a four years' course of arts, going thence at the age of nineteen to study theology at Edinburgh. Dr. Chalmers, who was then professor there, and against whom young Macleod was so soon to be ranged in opposition, had sufficient respect for his character and ability to recommend him to Mr. Preston of Moreby, as a suitable tutor to accompany his young son for a year's study in Weimar. Indeed, Macleod's intimate associations in college were invariably with the best minds and those destined to future distinction; yet he was not himself a remarkable scholar, and seems to have been valued for the warmth of his affection and his delightful and abundant wit more than for his mental activity. John Shairp, now principal of Saint Andrews, writes of him in those days: "It did not need any such bonds of early association to make a young man take at once to Norman. To see him, hear him, converse with him, was enough. He was overflowing with generous, ardent, contagious impulse. Brimful of imagination, sympathy, buoyancy, humor, drollery, and affectionateness, I never knew any one who contained in himself so large and varied an armful of the humanities. Himself a very child of Nature, he touched Nature and human life at every point. There was nothing human that was without interest for him, nothing great or noble to which his heart did not leap up instinctively. In those days, what Hazlitt says of Coleridge was true of him, 'He talked on forever, and you wished to hear him talk forever.' Since that day I have met and known intimately a good many men more or less remarkable

[1] *Memoirs of Norman Macleod, D. D.* By the REV. DONALD MACLEOD. Two vols. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1876.

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and original. Some of them were stronger on this side, some on that, than Norman; but not one of all contained in himself such a variety of gifts and qualities, such elasticity, such boundless fertility of pure nature, apart from all he got from books and culture. On his intellectual side, imagination and humor were his strongest qualities, both of them working on a base of strong common sense and knowledge of human nature. On the moral side, sympathy, intense sympathy with all humanity, was the most manifest, with a fine aspiration that hated the mean and selfish and went out to whatever things were most worthy of a man's love. Deep affection to family and friends, affection that could not bear coldness or stiff reserve, but longed to love and be loved; and if there was in it a touch of the old Highland clannishness, one did not like it the less for that." In after years Dr. Macleod used often bitterly to lament that he had not better improved his early opportunities for study; but it may be doubted whether a deeper knowledge of books would better have fitted him for the great work which he was to do upon the hearts of men.

It is easy to see how fascinating to a nature like this, at the age of twenty-four, must have been the brilliant society of Weimar at a time when the after-glow of Goethe's genius yet illuminated the sky, within one year only after Thackeray's eyes "behold the master in dear little Weimar town." Here, besides imbibing the congenial lesson of the uses of art and luxury, Norman encountered at the hands, or perhaps the eyes, of the beautiful and famous Melanie von S—— his first sentimental experience; light and visionary as the attachment was, it seems to have withheld him for many years from marriage, which he would naturally have sought early, and "awakened," says his biographer, "a world of æsthetic feelings which long afterward breathed like a subtle essence through the common atmosphere of his life. When working against vice and poverty in his parish in Ayrshire, during the heats of the Disruption controversy, amid prosaic cares as well as in the enjoyment of poetry, art, and song, Melanie haunted him as the sweet embodiment of happy memories, the spirit of gracefulness and culture. Yet, despite all these subtle allurements, the religious faith of the young Scotchman remained unshaken by the rampant rationalism of the German capital, and he returned to his theological studies at Edinburgh and his installment in the little parish of Loudoun, with deepened convictions and a hardly sobered enthusiasm for a preacher's calling."

To follow in detail the story of his noble, cheerful, arduous ministry among the weavers of Loudoun and Dalkeith, and the struggling, suffering poor of the immense Barony parish at Glasgow, would be impossible in a brief notice. It should be read by all who care for the records of sincere and self-devoted lives, in his brother's graphic narrative, illustrated by copious extracts from his own self-searching, but certainly never morbid journals, and from those full and cheery letters, bristling with anecdote and droll caricature, which must have been so precious to his friends. In 1843, when he was thirty-one years of age, came the famous controversy which ended in the disruption of the ancient kirk of Scotland, and young Macleod, like his father, remained loyal to the old establishment. His heart was wrung by the separation from his early and beloved teacher, Chalmers, and some of the greater revolutionists, and he strove hard for a spirit of gentleness and tolerance toward all. But there was something essentially repugnant to his high and free spirit in what he could not help regarding as the cheap and somewhat ostentatious martyrdom of many of Chalmers's followers; and all his life long the things he had hardest work not to hate virulently were the crabbed and Pharisaic asceticism, the Sabbatarianism, teetotalism, and all the other exaggerated and unlovely *isms* which found so ready an asylum in the dissenting kirk.

In 1845, he visited Canada and Nova Scotia on a sort of mission tour among the scattered members of the old kirk living in exile there, and this is how he found his way to the hearts of the expatriated Highlanders. "While walking the upper deck" (of a steamer bound to Toronto) "I heard a number of voices joining in a Gaelic chorus. I went down and found a dozen Highlanders. After they had finished, the following conversation took place, I speaking in high English: 'Pray what language is that?' 'Gaelic, sir.' 'Where is that spoken?' 'In the Highlands of Scotland.' 'Is it a language?' 'It 's the only true *langidge*! English is no langidge at all, at all!' 'It must be banished. It is savage.' 'It 's no you or any other will banish it.' 'Pray let me hear you speak a sentence of it. Address a question to me.' 'Co as a thanaig thu?' (Where do you come from?)

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'Thanaig mis as an Eilean Sgianach.' (I come from the Isle of Skye.) 'Oh, fheudail! Se Gael tha am!' (Oh goodness, he's a Highlander!) These men had never been in Scotland. They were all Glengarry men and were of course delighted to meet me."

Within a year after his return from this North American tour, Dr. Macleod engaged with enthusiasm in the formation of the Evangelical Alliance, and was sent by that earnest but short-lived organization on another mission tour in Prussian Poland and Silesia. Every year now added to his influence, increasing both his labors and his fame. In 1854, while taking his autumnal rest at Crathie, he was summoned to Balmoral to preach before the queen and Prince Albert, and received the appointment of one of her Majesty's chaplains. But it was the formal and naturally formidable visit of condolence which he paid to the queen and her children after the death of the Prince Consort in 1860, which seems to have been the true commencement of an almost intimate acquaintance with the various members of the royal family, which continued through the remaining years of his life and was characterized on both sides by the utmost dignity, simplicity, and sincerity. The letter which the queen in her turn wrote after the death of Dr. Macleod to his brother (the author of his memoir), despite its third-personal clumsiness, and a certain feebleness of expression, is full of heartfelt sorrow.

In 1860, Dr. Macleod assumed the editorship of Good Words, and added to his arduous parochial labors the conduct of an immense correspondence and the preparation of frequent contributions, which soon made his name familiar beyond the broad circle of his personal influence. The Old Lieutenant, The Highland Parish, Peeps at the Far East, and the charming story of the Starling, were all reprinted from the pages of Good Words. He allowed his waning life to become yearly more closely crowded, under the confessed pressure of the solemn admonition, "Work while the day lasts, for the night cometh." But amid the hurry of its outward activities, the hidden life was steadily deepening and broadening. Whatever in his earlier phraseology might have seemed to savor of cant fell away from his fervent speech as the husks fall from ripened grain. More and more he identified himself with that class of English thinkers, at once so serious and so generous, whose labor of love it has been to try to reconcile the old dispensation and the new, — with Kingsley, Thomas Hughes, Dean Stanley, Arthur Helps, and the friend of his own boyhood, Principal Shairp. He did not fear to face the real issues of the day. "They are squabbling," he cried sadly in his last year, "about the United Presbyterian, Free Church, or Established, when the world is asking whether Christ is risen from the dead." For himself he seems never to have doubted that resurrection nor its power, but to have believed that Christ had indeed become the first fruits of the great and dear multitude who sleep. Yet his charity embraced even those who had never believed or who had ceased to believe it. He pleaded for the spirits in the prison of Hades before a congregation trained in the straitest sect of the old Calvinism. When they sent him to India to examine the workings of the evangelical mission system, his ready sympathy showed him so clearly the Oriental point of view that he began at once to doubt the validity and efficacy of the old missionary methods. "Was it necessary," he asked, in the last public speech he ever made, when he resigned the presidency or convenership of the India mission, "was it necessary to give those minute and abstract statements of doctrine to Orientals, whose habits of mind and spiritual affinities might lay better hold on other aspects of divine truth, and who might mold a theology for themselves, not less Christian, but which would be Indian, and not English or Scotch? The block of ice, clear and cold, the beautiful product of our Northern climes, will at the slightest touch freeze the warm lips of the Hindoo. Why insist that he must take that or nothing?" And in the last entry in his journal made only a few days later, June 3, 1872, after recording his sixtieth birthday, his mind recurs to another aspect of the same strenuous question. "Where is the germ of the church of the future? In what church? In what creed? In what forms of government? It may come from India, as the first came from the East. But all our old forms are effete as old oaks, although young ones may grow out of them. Neither Calvinism nor Presbyterianism, nor Thirty-nine Articles, nor High Churchism, nor Low Churchism, nor any existing organization, can be the church of the future. May God give us patience to wait!"

Men who have labored, and especially who have felt as much as Dr. Macleod, are

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old at sixty, and he had long felt himself to be so. The trip to India had developed the dormant seeds of disease, and he was beginning to suffer greatly. "I have not felt well for fourteen years," is his pathetic afterthought, when the physicians have finally induced him to give up everything and take complete rest. But the order came too late. He had once said that he never felt like praying to be delivered from sudden death, but only that he might be ready for it. And so when the end came stealthily, in sleep, before the friends had dispersed who had gathered to celebrate his birthday, those whose grief was keenest looked upon it as an answer to his prayer, and found nothing awful or unnatural in the abrupt setting of that beauteous orb, whose shining had been ever more and clearer until the supreme moment when it was hidden from human ken.

—It is very desirable that the problems presented by the science of political economy should be widely discussed in this country, and that some at least of the discussions should be had on a plane suited to the comprehension of those who have not made a study of the science; of ordinary people, in short, including those whose time is chiefly occupied with daily toil in our workshops, but who have votes to throw when the days of election recur, and who are accordingly powerful agents in determining the course of legislation, state and national. If the phrase, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," possesses some degree of truth, it is chiefly applicable to matters of this sort. We are accordingly glad to see the volume [1] in which Mr. Gladden has collected a series of sermons (from the hint in his preface we take them to be such) preached at his church in Springfield to a congregation, many of whom, he tells us, "were mechanics and operatives who could not be familiar with all the current treatises on social science, and who therefore were not offended by instruction of a somewhat elementary character." He says further, "I think I know my audience pretty well. The greater part of my life has been spent among working people, in working with them or working for them. I count among them some of my most valued friends; I know their ways of living and of thinking; and I have tried to make these discussions intelligible and helpful to them." The various chapters of the book betray modesty and earnestness on the part of the writer; there is nothing very profound in them, but their views are sound, and it appears to have been his aim to regard the topics successively considered from the point of observation likely to be taken by his hearers, and to carry these along with him while he unfolded popular fallacies likely to deceive them and to cause mischievous results. There is a strong religious flavor in the book; Mr. Gladden is fond of resorting to citations from the Bible, and he introduces many happy illustrations from that sacred source. Thus, in his first chapter, on The Duty and Discipline of Work, he points out that the same commandment which prescribes rest on the seventh day positively enjoins labor on the other days of the week: "Six days shalt thou labor." This mode of reasoning is well known to be effective, at least in this part of the country, among our native-born population, to whom the language of the Bible has been familiar from their earliest years. No better service can be done than by pointing out the advantages of industry, sobriety, and frugality, and by inducing the laboring classes to seek the improvement of their condition by such means rather than by agitations, strikes, and the doubtful expedients of the trades unions. Mr. Gladden does not omit giving a chapter on The Duties of Employers, and closes with a picture of The Future of Labor, in which he deprecates all visionary schemes that partake of an agrarian or communistic character, a great national loan-agency, or kindred delusions, but expresses himself hopefully with regard to the principle of coöperation, to be brought into use by slow degrees.

— A more ponderous volume, in which some of the same problems are discussed, is that of Professor Walker,[2] all of whose claims to recognition by the public we do not give, confining ourselves to the mention that he inherited from his father, the late Amasa Walker, of North Brookfield, the taste for the special studies which have given him reputation in his work as superintendent of the ninth census of the United States, and as professor of political economy and history in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College. Professor Walker's discussions of the topics he has selected are more elaborate and profound than those

[1] *Working People and their Employers.* By Washington Gladden. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. 1876.

[2] *The Wages Question: a Treatise on Wages and the Wages Class.* By Francis A. Walker. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1876.

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of Mr. Gladden; but it is noteworthy that he manifests the same willingness to consider them fairly from the point of view of the greater number interested in them, that is, of the wages class, to use the designation he employs. Political economy is nothing without definitions. Professor Walker begins by setting forth that all the questions of political economy may both conveniently and appropriately be grouped under four titles: the production, the distribution, the exchange, and the consumption of wealth. Wealth is exchanged when the producer and the consumer are different persons; and this whether different persons have united in the production of it or not. On the other hand, wealth must be distributed when different persons having separate legal interests unite in production; and this whether the product is to be exchanged or not. The author considers that this distinction between exchange and distribution, although not important in the general theory of political economy, has an immediate application to the problem of wages, which is a question in the distribution of wealth; and while in treating of the production of wealth it is necessary to carefully distinguish industrial *functions*, which has been done with success and completeness by the systematic writers, Professor Walker maintains that in treating of the distribution of wealth we need rather to distinguish industrial *classes*, recognizing industrial functions only as they serve to characterize such classes. It does not follow that because labor and capital perform parts which can be clearly distinguished in production, they will receive separate shares in the distribution of the product. That will depend on whether these functions are or are not united in the same persons. Accordingly he is not satisfied with the classification which has heretofore been made by the systematic writers, resulting from carrying forward into the questions of distribution their analysis of the processes of production. Such an analysis naturally recognizes five classes of laborers: First, the class who work for themselves, by themselves, either on their own land (the "peasant proprietor" of Europe and the American "farmer") or in mechanical trades. Second, the tenant occupier of land, like the cottar of Ireland or the ryot of India, who receives the whole produce, subject only to the deduction of rent for the natural powers of the soil. Third, the class of persons working for hire, such as domestic servants, soldiers, and clergymen, who are paid out of the revenue of their employers, and are not employed with any reference to the profits of production. Fourth, the class of persons working for hire, whether in agriculture, in trade, or in mechanical pursuits, who are paid out of the product of their industry, and are employed with reference to the profits of production. And fifth, the employers themselves, in so far as they personally conduct and control business operations, their remuneration being styled the "wages of supervision and management." To this generalization, so far as it relates to the discussion of the problem of wages, Professor Walker objects, pointing out that only the third and fourth classes do in fact receive a remuneration for their services distinct from that which is received for the use of capital, being the only classes which receive "wages" in the ordinary meaning of that word; and that the fourth and fifth classes combine persons having interests as strongly opposed as human interests could well become. In his twelfth chapter he continues the process of elimination, insisting that the wages class includes only those who are employed. The employers, the whole class of peasant proprietors or independent farmers, master workmen purchasing their own materials, as well as the cottars and ryots, forming the vast majority of the human race, are thus excluded. Next he counts out all those who, though employed, are employed on shares. It is of the essence of wages that they are stipulated in amount. He also excludes, although with an expression of doubt with regard to receiving general assent for the proposition, those persons who are supported out of the revenues of those who employ them; giving to such persons the name of "the salary or stipend class," of which he mentions the domestic servant, as perhaps furnishing the best illustration, and cites Adam Smith's remark that "a man grows rich by employing a multitude of manufacturers; he grows poor by maintaining a multitude of menial servants." Unless the reason for employing others is found in the expectation of a profit to the employer out of the production in which the laborer is to be engaged, he does not find in such employment the true sign of the wages class; justifying the broad statement, "No profits, no wages." The wages class proper, therefore, according to Professor Walker's definition, includes all persons who are employed in production with a view to the profit of their

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employers, and are paid at stipulated rates. Even with these limitations, he says, of the eighty millions of English-speaking people, probably three fourths, certainly two thirds, subsisting on wages, come within the definition, and furnish material enough for a volume.

The province of his work thus defined and limited, the principal doctrine which Professor Walker sets himself to refute is the proposition that there exists a certain wages-fund, irrespective of the numbers and industrial quality of the laboring classes, constituting the sole source from which wages can at any time be drawn. Taking the proposition in the terms in which it has heretofore been enunciated, we think it will generally be admitted that our author has been successful in his attack upon it; and with it falls the corollary that the average amount of wages to be received by each laborer is precisely determined by the ratio existing between this wages-fund and the number of laborers, or, as it is sometimes described, between capital and population. Professor Walker adduces a variety of illustrations to prove that wages are in fact paid, not out of capital, but out of profits. He admits, however, that frequently, if not in most cases, they must be *advanced*, wholly or in part, out of capital; and in this admission, perhaps, his opponents may find a large concession to the basis of their position.

Professor Walker also combats the doctrines that competition is so far perfect that the laborer as producer always realizes the highest wages which the employer can afford to pay, or else, as consumer, is recompensed in the lower price of commodities for any injury he may chance to suffer as producer; and that in the organization of modern industrial society, the laborer and the capitalist are together sufficient for production, the actual employer of labor being regarded as the capitalist, or as the stipendiary agent of the capitalist. In the enforcement of his arguments he lays great stress on the necessity of insuring the mobility of the laborers, and gives due prominence to the position of the *entrepreneur*, standing between the capitalist and the laborer, making his terms with each, and directing the courses and methods of industry with almost unquestioned authority. Incapable employers live at the expense of the laboring class. Nothing costs the working classes so dearly in the long run as the bad or merely commonplace conduct of business.

Our space will not permit us, nor if this were otherwise would we willingly assume the task, to follow in detail Professor Walker's course of reasoning under the definition he has laid down, in support of the propositions to which he attaches importance. His style is well adapted to his subject; it is lucid, sometimes diffuse, but this is recognized as a fault on the right side in a treatise on political economy. His points are illustrated by a wealth of information of varied range, the collection of which gives proof of strong powers of observation. He does not scorn the occasional use of a pertinent anecdote, as the subjoined extract, which carries us back to the year 1645, will show: —

"This notion of a see-saw between wages and profits is well hit off in a story which Governor Winthrop tells: 'I may upon this occasion report a passage between one of Rowley and his servant. The master, being forced to sell a pair of oxen to pay his servant his wages, told his servant he could keep him no longer, not knowing how to pay him the next year. The servant answered him that he would serve him for more of his cattle. But how shall I do (saith the master) when all my cattle are gone? The servant replied, You shall then serve me, and so you may have your cattle again!' Surely, if a man becomes an employer in industry only because he is a capitalist, the servant in this story was not more of a wag than a political economist." (Pages 240, 241.)

Professor Walker of course has his chapter upon coöperation, which he defines as "union in production, upon equal terms; democracy introduced into labor." The chapter is well written, and fairly explains the principles upon which the doctrine of coöperation is based, and admits their excellence in theory. He points out three advantages which would result from the system if fairly established, in addition to those which the wages class generally contemplate: First, it would by the very terms of the system obviate strikes; second, the workman would be stimulated to greater industry and greater carefulness; and third, he would be incited to frugality. But the distinction which our author has everywhere insisted upon between the capitalist and the entrepreneur, and the importance which he attaches to the function of the latter, as standing between the capitalist and the laborer, make him little sanguine of the success of the scheme of coöp-

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eration in productive industry. A manager would be essential to the successful conduct of the business; this manager would be found with difficulty, and it would be hard for the workmen to see large amounts taken out of the product of the labor for his remuneration. Our author finds the more hopeful path of progress for the immediate future in the reduction of profits and consequent enhancement of wages, through increasing intelligence, sobriety, and frugality on the part of the wages class, securing them a prompt, easy, and certain resort to the best market. He adds that there are of course some departments of industry where the services of the entrepreneur can be more easily dispensed with than in others, and that in these coöperation under good auspices may achieve no doubtful success; and he finds some words of encouragement for the plan of partial cooperation, by which the employer admits his workmen to a participation to a certain extent in the profits of the business, while retaining the full responsibility of its conduct.

Professor Walker proceeds to show, however, that the objections to productive cooperation do not apply with the same force to distributive coöperation, or the supplying to the wages class of the necessaries of life through agencies established by themselves. Although the principle is by no means unknown in this country, and has been acted upon to a considerable extent, the "union stores" in our cities and towns have not generally assumed the position of importance which similar establishments enjoy in London, where they receive the support of almost all well-to-do people, who find a decided advantage in dealing with them. The principles upon which their success rests are simple, and are well explained by Professor Walker.

Not purporting to be a complete treatise upon political economy, but a discussion of only a part of that large subject, the book abridges considerably the proportions of the particular topic selected. We have no complaint to make of this; the science can be perfected only by a thorough analysis of its component parts. It is, however, apparent that the present necessity of these separate discussions goes far to discourage the study of political economy by ordinary people, and leads to frequent impatient expressions of the opinion that there is really no such thing. It certainly seems as if each new book that appears, while it may add somewhat to our resources, failed to complete anything. We can only hope that we are by degrees coming nearer to the perfection of the science, when the whole of its principles may be set forth in a text-book no bigger than a school arithmetic.

— Señor Guerra, Baron de Sant' Anna, Portuguese Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, has done us good service by the publication, in English, of his Notes on Portugal.[1] Secluded as that little kingdom is from the usual routes of pleasure travel, and debarred by our tariff from commercial intercourse with us, less is known here of Portugal than perhaps of any other nation of equal importance in Europe. We are too apt to confuse her history with that of Spain, from whose western flank her narrow territory has been sliced; and our knowledge of her literature, is confined pretty much to the dissertations of Bouterwek, Sismondi, Schlegel, and the like.

Portugal ought to be better known. Her history is most interesting and instructive. Her modern career in the pathway of freedom has been more glorious and inspiring than that of any other European nation. She is to-day as free as England. With an elective house of deputies, having absolute control over the public purse; a peerage which, though hereditary, descends only upon abundant evidence of good character and capacity on the part of the claimant; with a responsible ministry, an independent judiciary, trial by jury, and religious toleration, Portugal has approached, within the last forty years, very near to the republican model.

The condensed information given us by Baron de Sant' Anna concerning his interesting country is, of course, entirely trustworthy, and his high position in Portuguese councils has enabled him to gather a mass of important data and statistics which have an especial value for students. Beginning with an *aperçu* of Portuguese history, the author gives us, in a brief, sententious method, chapters on the language and literature of Portugal; its social life, industries, educational institutions, its army and navy, its frame of government; with descriptions of its famous vineyards and its wide-scattered colonies, and discussions of many other topics illustrative of the present condition of the country. It seems to us that the work must take rank as an almost indispensable handbook on Portugal, and that the author has

[1] *Notes on Portugal.* By E. A. G. Philadelphia: Philadelphia Catholic Publishing Company. 1876.

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set an excellent example to other foreign ministers, who would in telling us about their own countries promote good feeling and a wider fraternity on the part of ours.

— The success of this series of books, which give readers of English the gist of the classics, seems to be established, to judge from the fact that a number of new authors are about to be added to the list which already seemed complete. The first of these, which is the volume about Livy's history,[1] is now published. The work is well done, and will be found of service not only by the reader anxious to renew his knowledge of half-forgotten lore, and by that vague person, the general reader, who, we may suppose for the occasion, has neglected the study of the ancient tongues, but also, possibly, by the young student of Latin, who by reading this book would get a notion that Livy's history was full of something beside subjunctives and elusive dates. This synopsis is interesting and complete; moreover, the editor has added some original matter of his own, treating of Livy's position as a historian, and of the relative value of different parts of his work. In short, though necessarily hardly more than superficial from the nature of the requirements, the tone of the book is still scholarly. No one will find it out of place in his library.

— Mr. Scudder's novel[2] will be apt to have a double effect on readers of it. Opening spiritedly, with a promise of picturesqueness and an agreeable strain of humor that raise considerable expectations, it does not eventually fulfill its prospect. Mr. Scudder has hardly, we think, made the most of his opportunity for amusing or romantic incident, offered by the close juxtaposition of the houses of the court in which his persons dwell; and a more serious obstacle to the interest of his story is the want of a sufficiently deep-seated individuality in the characters. Some of them, as Paul Le Clear, Dr. Chocker, and Mr. Manlius, are marked out with decided emphasis; but the peculiarities touched are chiefly on the surface, and these three people are subordinates in the plot. The chief actors are vaguely outlined, and neither repel nor attract us. It is an interesting speculation how far this may be due to Mr. Scudder's practice in a department of writing where he has become widely known, that of fiction for children; for this sort of writing probably develops the fancy more than the formative imagiuation. But there are two excellent tendencies in the present novel. One is that of the dry humor shown, for example, in the author's amusing treatment of the four German musicians; the other, which is more important, is his reliance on simple sentiment as an element of interest. Mr. Scudder's success as a novelist probably depends on his development of these traits and on his learning to penetrate into character rather more boldly than he has here done.

EDUCATION.

To men and women who are striving to solve the problems of popular education, who feel the weight of the mighty interests at stake, and to whom the inevitable friction and the conflict of detail seem at times hopelessly perplexing, the recent study of The Free-School System of the United States, by Mr. Francis Adams, secretary of the National League for Promoting Elementary Education in England, must come as a positive refreshment.

Working each at his own scrap of the great web, and now and again conscious that the pattern we are to follow was drawn for quite other days and other threads, and seeing how some of the best of our work fades almost before our hands leave it, not a few among us will hear with gratitude this cheering voice from beyond the sea. It speaks in sympathy and charity those words of approval and of warning which every man who has ever held a responsible

[1] *Livy.* By the Rev. W. Lucas Collins, M. A., author of Etoniana, The Public Schools, etc. Ancient Classics for English Readers: Supplemental Series. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1876.

[2] *The Dwellers in Five-Sisters Court.* By H. E. Scudder. New York: Published by Hurd and Houghton; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1876.

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position longs for, in the strong desire that some cool head and clear eye, quick to see merit, not blind to defects or failures, but yet, like one's self, knowing all the difficulties, might closely survey the work and give an impartial judgment.

We think no such exhaustive review of our school-records has ever been made before. The authorities cited are from every part of the country, and one cannot fail to read between the lines that the citations show only a small part of the material used. The testimony for and against has been so carefully selected and so justly balanced that we doubt if personal observation of the schools could have added to the fairness of the statement. Certainly the same comprehensive view of the matter could not have been obtained by personal inspection, short of a life-time spent in it. And surely, we on this side have no reason to ask for more, since the verdict has been rendered upon our own showing. Our superintendents and boards of education have told their own story to their own best advantage. Mr. Adams's attempt to make clear to the English mind the principles and working of our system has furnished us with the best *résumé* of our work that we have ever had.

We regret that want of space forbids us to quote from the chapters on Government, Cost, Grading, and Course of Study. We note only that wherever there is occasion to compare our system with the English, whether in scope or in result, Mr. Adams unhesitatingly pronounces for ours. His conclusions differ most widely from those of the writer in the Quarterly Review last spring, who had apparently set himself the task of finding how much of truth of detail is compatible with the largest amount of untruth and unfairness in general conclusions. We ought to be grateful to Mr. Adams for his searching exposure of its fallacies. Passing over much both of interest and of profit, we confine ourselves to the remarks on two or three of the questions now most discussed among us.

The opinion recently expressed by a high authority here, as to the effect of a too general employment of women as teachers, has been the subject of varied comments, some of them not a little absurd. Mr. Adams confirms this opinion, both from his experience in England and from his study of the facts here. At the same time, he is an unprejudiced observer, as may be seen from the following: "The extensive employment of women as teachers in America has been due partly to natural causes, but more to the conviction, which experience has confirmed, that women are better qualified for elementary teaching than men." "The deficiency of training is much less observable than in other countries, on account of the great natural aptitude of Americans, and especially of American women, for the work of teaching." Nevertheless, he is compelled to observe "how brief the school-life of female teachers is, and how great a difficulty it entails upon the American system. . . . At present it is estimated that teachers in the States do not continue in service on the average more than three years."

Of the direct effect of the short term of service for women upon the permanency and stability of the teacher's profession, he says, "The large preponderance of female teachers in the States will always render the occupation of the teacher more or less a temporary one. As a matter quite of course, women do not look to teaching as a life-long career. In England, scarcely one in twenty of the female teachers reaches her tenth year of service. Of the female teachers trained at Bishop's Stortford it has been ascertained that the average school-life was under five years. The proportion of female teachers in America is ten times greater than in England. Female teachers may have other advantages over males, and in the United States are generally conceded to have, but the length of their school-life is not one of them."

Of our methods of examining teachers, there are one or two pertinent sentences which we commend to superintendents and school committees: "The regulations respecting the examinations of teachers appear to be responsible, to some extent, for the frequent changes which occur, and which form a special blot upon the American system. . . . To one who intends to follow the profession of teaching for life, an annual examination must be insufferable." "The fact that the examiners are not in all cases[1] teachers causes a good deal of friction at times." "Teachers are even too apt to believe that the leading object of the examination is to give the examiners a chance of showing off their own attainments."

His praise of our teachers is frequent and emphatic. "The general testimony as to the worth of American teachers is very high. Energy and enthusiasm are their predominant characteristics." "The cities

[1] Mr. Adams might have said "so seldom."

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and large towns possess a class of teachers not to be surpassed in the world." "In America the school-master is a civil officer, and his profession is attended by the highest honor and respect. In England he has long been a church-official of the lower grade." So far the advantage is on our side, but he adds, "The teachers of America and England have one bond of fellowship — they have been equally badly paid."

Of the "religious difficulty" Mr. Adams speaks with the determination and vigor of a man himself engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. Threatening as it looks, and demanding as it may, for the sake of greater good, the surrender of something very precious to New England hearts, it is not, at any rate, involved with so many vested rights and social traditions as in England. The question, though vital, is however simple. He says: "In fact, if it were not for the Roman Catholics, a chapter on the religious difficulty in the States might be as brief as the famous chapter on snakes in Iceland. . . . Not that the difficulty is wholly Irish or Roman Catholic; but it would be a long time before any overt manifestation appeared, were it not for the numbers and energy of the Irish faction."

No doubt Mr. Adams would be thankful if it could be met as squarely in England as he believes it might be here. "If it be true, as it probably is, that the Roman Catholic hierarchy . . . would not be content with anything short of the division of the school fund, the last thing they would rejoice to see would be the expulsion of the Bible from the schools. It would deprive them of their present undoubted grievance. The *locus standi* from which they demand a division of the school fund would be gone, immediately the Protestant custom of Bible reading were surrendered."

It is doubtful if there is at present here so strong a party in favor of "purely secular schools" as might be inferred from his words. But if ever the contest narrows itself to an alternative, one cannot question that he has truly and hopefully prophesied the result: "Either the present basis of the common school must be abandoned and the parochial school substituted for it, or the teaching in it must be purely secular. Of these alternatives, there can be little doubt that the overwhelming majority of Americans would prefer the latter. . . . The conversion of the Roman Catholics to the common school as a national institution is more likely than the conversion of Americans to a denominational system. But it does appear probable that the common school will in time be made purely secular. Large numbers of schools are wholly secular already. The idea that the secular school is godless or infidel does not exist outside the Roman Catholic communion. . . . The fact that these secular schools do exist, and find favor with the American people, is noteworthy, especially when it is remembered that religious feeling is much more general and has taken a far stronger hold on the masses than in this country."

Compulsory education appears to Mr. Adams to be a growing necessity for us. "Compulsion is the greatest want under which the American system labors." Yet he does full justice to the good accomplished by our truant laws, wherever they are faithfully executed. "Greater stringency is required in England in the application of compulsion, since in the chief American cities (New York, perhaps, excepted) they are doing as well without compulsion as we are with it." But he finds in these laws, as in the various attempts at indirect compulsion, a fatal want. Outside a few large cities "there is no one whose special business and duty it is to see that a law is enforced." The law in Michigan, for instance, "depends for its results upon the action of amateur detectives. Amateurs do not readily come forward to undertake offices of this kind." School officers in Michigan are required to take action upon written notice from any tax-payer of a violation of the law. But every attempt, Mr. Adams says, at indirect compulsion, even with the coöperation of employers, has shown "that there is a class of parents who cannot be reached except by direct compulsion. The experience of England and the United States on this subject points to exactly the same conclusion."

Mr. Adams finds also that this idea is gaining upon our people. "The wedge of despotism," and "opposed to the genius of American institutions," have been oft-repeated phrases. "But the Americans are the last people in the world to be frightened by phrases." "So strong is the determination to have efficient schools, that Americans have to a large extent overcome their natural repugnance to compulsory school-laws." "The demand for this reform has daily grown more emphatic." "Its universal adoption throughout the States is now, as in England, only a question of time."

We ourselves, while gladly recognizing

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this growing conviction among our people, have somewhat sadly felt that this change of sentiment marks very strongly the time at which "the New England spirit" is ceasing to be the predominant one. What would the parents of the New England of forty years ago have thought of the suggestion that they needed to be compelled to send their children to school? But the day has come when in order to follow the *spirit* of their teaching, in order to be as loyal as they to truth and to freedom, we must heartily adopt methods utterly alien to the *letter* of their precepts.

To return to Mr. Adams. We do not remember to have seen anywhere more clearly set forth the need for a general and uniform action in this matter. One community or one State cannot move alone, for the children whom we most wish to reach will be at once removed by their ignorant and short-sighted parents to places where their labor can be employed without the interruption or hindrance of school. Mr. Adams meets this by the suggestion, which is obviously the only useful one, that we should supplement local powers by state (not federal) authority. His views upon this point are, with perhaps one exception, the most remarkable in the book. For almost all foreign observers are sure to lament the want of centralization in our system, to emphasize the need of a national organization, and to deprecate the absence of federal authority in the matter.

Mr. Adams has been too sympathetic a student of our institutions and has too truly divined their spirit to make this mistake. He sees that "the advocates of a federal law under which large powers would be vested in the National Bureau of Education are at present in a hopeless minority." But he believes "that of late years a disposition has been manifested to increase the powers of state superintendents and state boards of education; and in the view of Englishmen this is a movement in the right direction. The principle of local government should be supplemented by adequate power in the executive of the State to meet those cases in which, from public apathy or other causes, the local authorities fail to perform their duties." But for such purposes and such only would he invoke a central authority. The plea of uniformity, which is beguiling so many of our people, has no charms for him. "It is certainly better that each district should be able to fix its own standard of education than that the State should have power to prescribe a low standard for the whole country. The results of the exercise of such a power are manifest in England to-day."

"That which impresses us most in regard to America is the grasp which the schools have upon the sympathy and intelligence of the people," says Mr Adams, in another place. "The wide-spread popular regard which constitutes the propelling power appears to be chiefly due to two features: government by the people, and ownership by the people. . . . For no reason is the principle of local government more dearly prized than because of the control which it gives the people over the schools." "The most conspicuous feature of the American school system is its representative character. . . . The doctrine of the sovereignty of the people is carried to its furthest limits in the schools of the country. . . . The school laws are in harmony with the sympathies of the people; . . . the interposition of the government to insure provisions for education is unnecessary. . . . The simple principle of the American school laws is that the people can be trusted to attend to their own business." "In the United States they have actually that which Mr. Forster promised to give England by the act of 1870, but which at present we are far from the realization of, 'an education of the people's children, by the people's officers chosen in their local assemblies.'" Significant words these, all, to be remembered when next the friends of common schools have to defend them from disparagement and slight.

For the future, Mr. Adams has no misgiving, but the largest hope: "If the work to be done is mighty, there is a mighty energy at the head of the system, as those who love America best are glad to know." "Every movement is forward. In the ultimate accomplishment of the destiny of the republic, the usefulness and success of its education-system, and its influence as a first measure in the development of national power and prosperity, are unlimited."

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